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NOUVEAU RECUEIL DE CHANSONS CHOISIES.

TOME SEPTIEME.

A LA HAYE,
Chez JEAN NEAULME,
M. DCC. XXXVI.

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SELON LES SUJETS DONT ILS TRAITENT.

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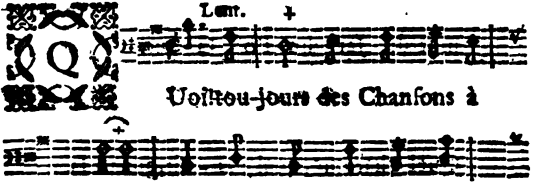
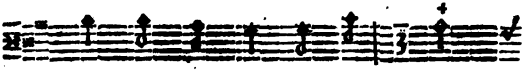
NOUVEAU RECUEIL DE CHANSONS.

CHANSON A MANGER.

De Mr. Le Maire.

RECIT DE BASSE.



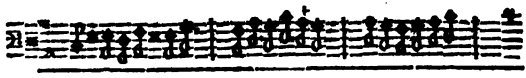


mais des Chan-ſons à Man - ger?

Leger.

De la Vi-gne par-tout on cé-

lé-bre la Gloi- - -



Lent.

- re, Per-ſon-ne ne dit

mot du Jar-din Po-ta-ger. ger.

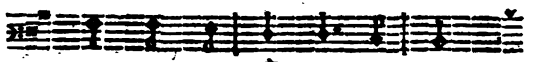
Lent.

Quel char-me, quel plai-ſir, quand la

Faim

Leger.

Faim nous do - mi - ne, De dé - vo-

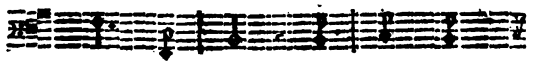


rer un Gi - got ſuc - cu - lent!

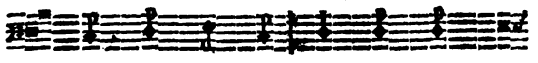
On eſt las de man - ger Per-

drix & Bec-caſ - ſi - ne, On ra-

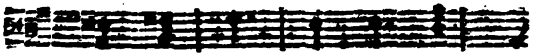
ni - me ſon Goût d'un Tur - bot



ex - cel - lent. Le Vin, par

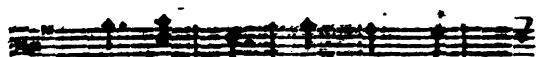


un ef - fet é - tran - ge, Met

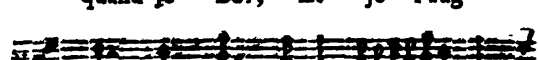


tous vos Sens en def - a-

roi. Je perds ma Rai - son

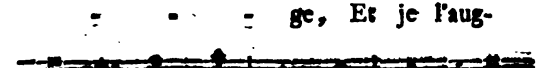


quand je Boi, Et je l'aug-



men - te quand je Man- -

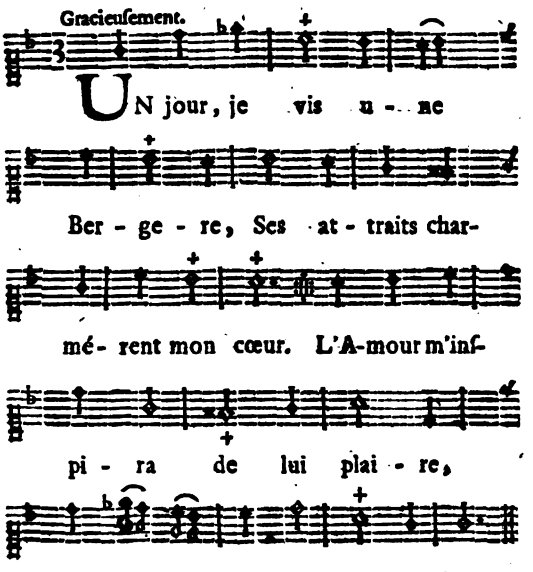
- - - ge, Et je l'aug-



men - te quand je Man - ge.

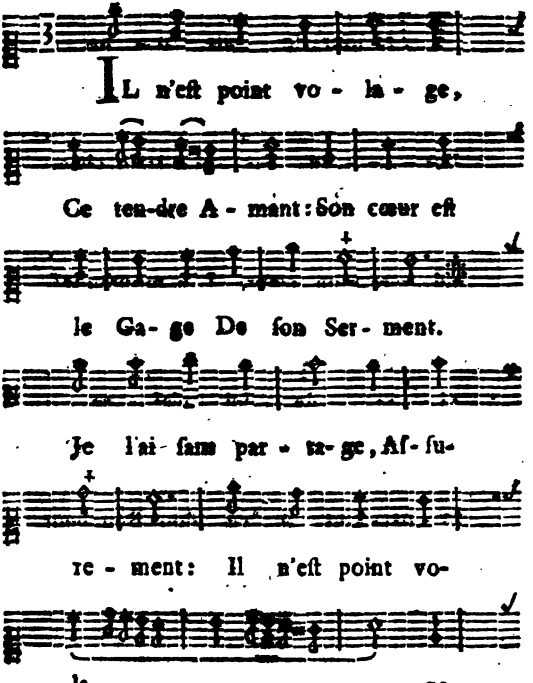
AIR

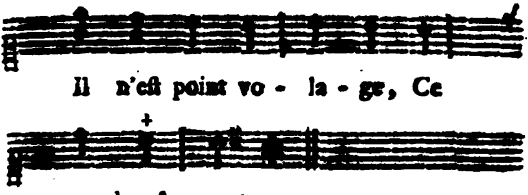
AIR *de Mr. Bouvan.*



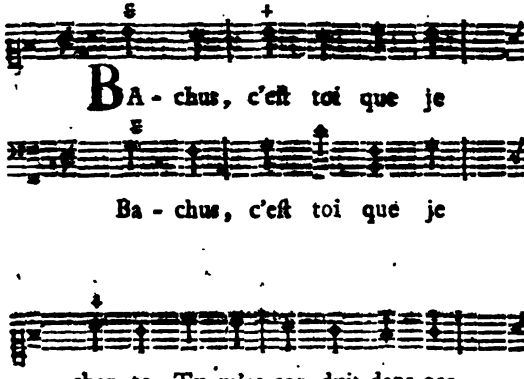
AIR BADIN.

De Mr. Le Maire.





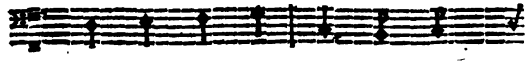
DUO EN RONDEAU.



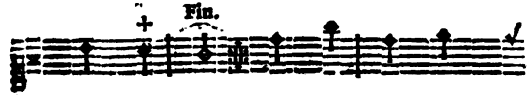
lieux. Tout m'y plait, mon A-me eſt con-

lieux. Tout m'y plait, mon A-me eſt con-

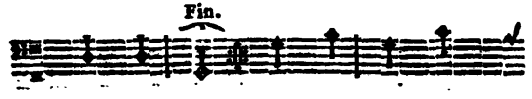
ten- te, Ju- pin n'eſt pas mieux



ten- te, Ju- pin n'eſt pas mieux



dans les Cieux: Par tes ſoins on



dans les Cieux: Par tes ſoins on

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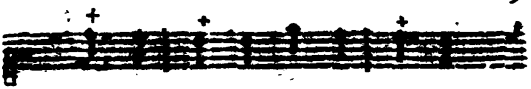
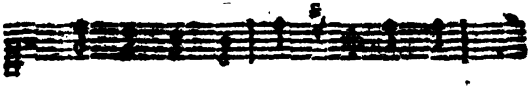
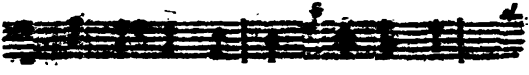


me pré - ſen - te, Doux Ob- jets, &c

me pré - ſen - te, Doux Ob- jets, &c



Vins dé - li - ci - eux. &c. Ton Jus



Vins dé - li - ci - eux. &c. Ton Jus

pe - til - lant m'en-chan - te, Tout

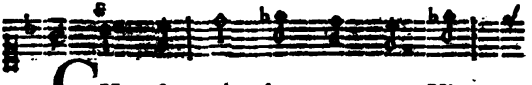
pe - til - lant m'en-chan - te, Tout

chan-

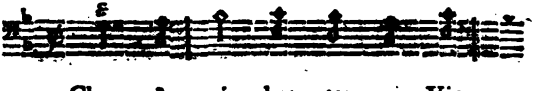
char-me mon goût & mes yeux. &c.

char-me mon goût & mes yeux. &c.

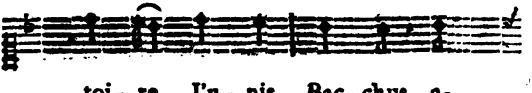
DEUXIEME RONDEAU.



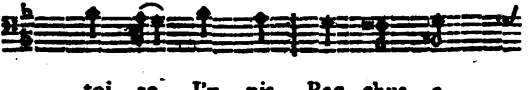
CHers A-mis, chan-tez ma Vic-



Chers A-mis, chan-tez ma Vic-



toi-re, J'u-nis Bac-chus a-

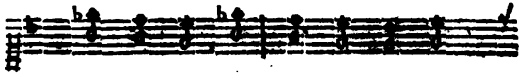


toi-re, J'u-nis Bac-chus a-

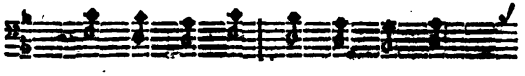
vec

vec l'A-mour. Dieux char - mans,

vec l'A-mour. Dieux char - mans,

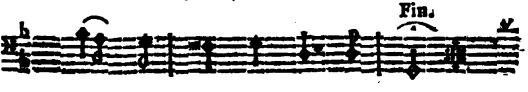


cé-lé-brez ma Gloi-re, Re-gnez



cé-lé-brez ma Gloi-re, Re-gnez

tour à tour dans ce ſé-jour.

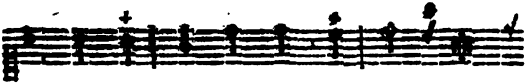


tour à tour dans ce ſé-jour.

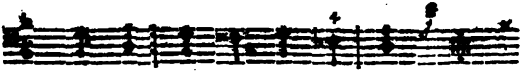
Ten-

Tendre A-mi-te, Che-re Pin-te,

Tendre A-mi-te, Che-re Pin-te,



Li-vrez-vous à tous mes coups. &c.



Li-vrez-vous à tous mes coups. &c.

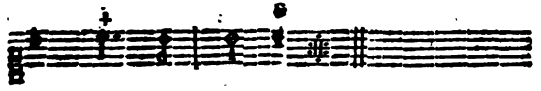
Tout m'ex-ci-te, Tout m'ir-

Tout m'ex-ci-te, Tout m'ir-

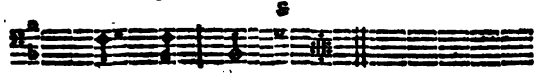
rite,

ri - te, Vrais at - traits, Re-gnez

ri - te, Vrais at - traits, Re-gnez



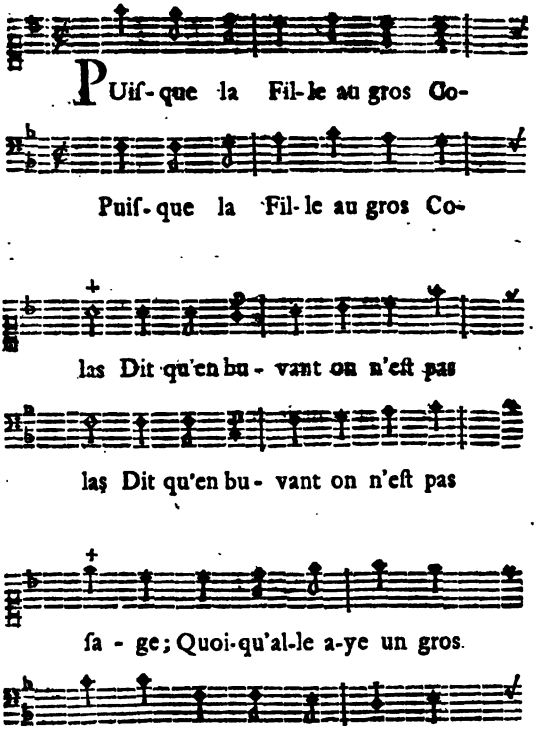
à ja - mais. &c.



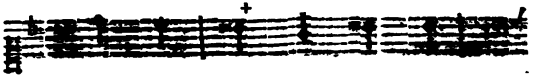
à ja - mais. &c.

DUO PAÏSAN.

De Mr. Renier.

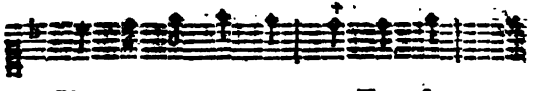


Hé-

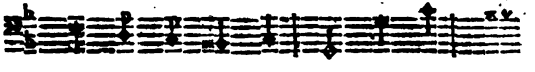


Hé - ri - ta - ge, Tout ſon

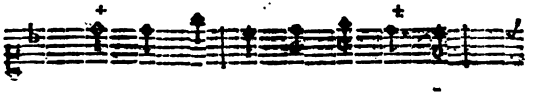
Hé - ri - ta - ge, Tout ſon



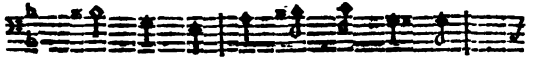
Bian ne me ten-te pas, Tout ſon



Bian ne me ten-te pas, Tout ſon

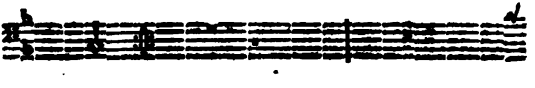


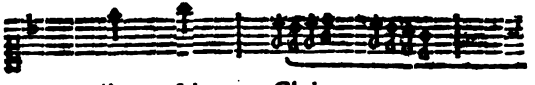
Bian, tout ſon Bian ne me ten-te



Bian, tout ſon Bian ne me ten-te

pas. J'ai - me Pa - ret-te, &


pas.


j'en fais Gloi- -

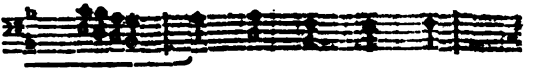
J'ai- me Par - ret-te, & j'en fais

re, j'ai- me Pa - ret-te, &

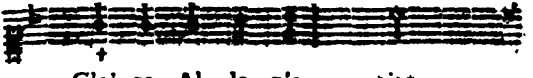
Gloi-

j'en

j'en fais Gloi- re, Et j'en fais

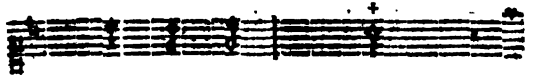


- re, Et j'en fais

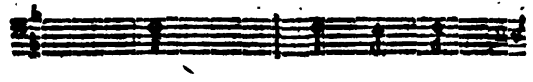


Gloi-re. Al - le n'a rian,

Gloi - re. Al- le n'a



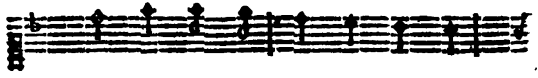
Je le fai bian,



rian, Je le fai

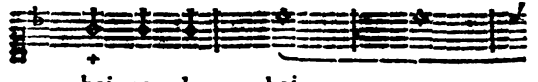
Al - le n'a rian, Je le ſai

bian, Al - le n'a rian, Je le ſai

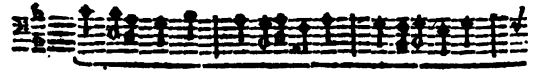


bian, Mais al - le me per-met de

bian, Mais al - le me per-met de

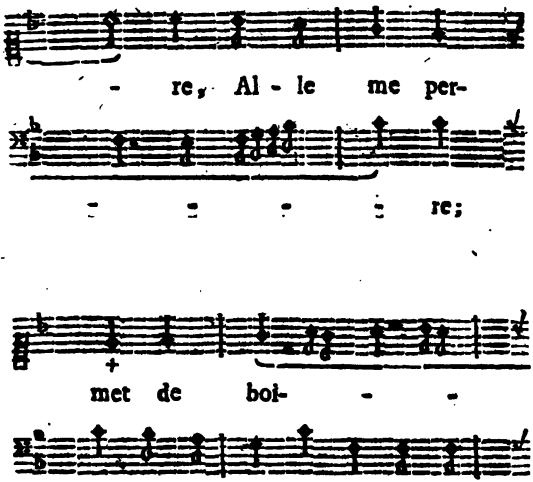


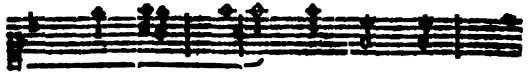
boi-re, de boi- - -



boi- : : : :

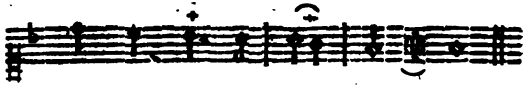
re,


re, Al - le me per-
re;
met de boi- - -
Mais, al - le me per-met, al - le
me per- met, al - le me per-



- - - re, Al - le

met de boi - re, Al - le



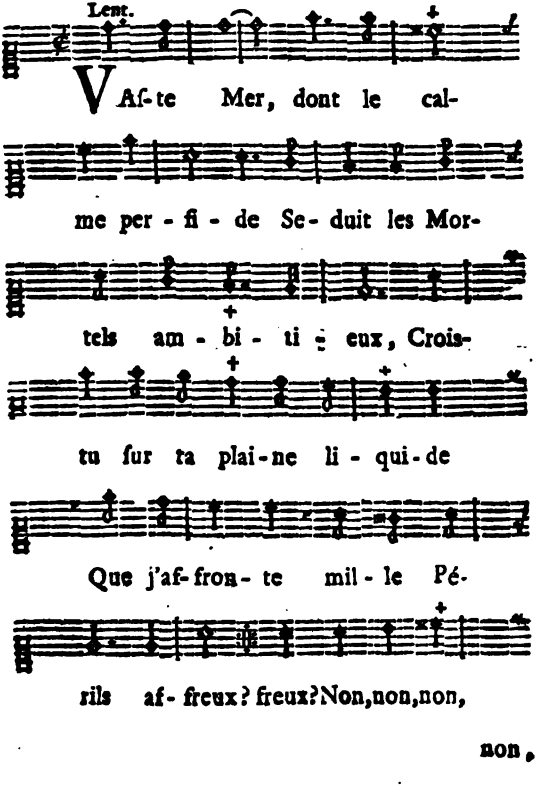
me per- met de boi - re. re.

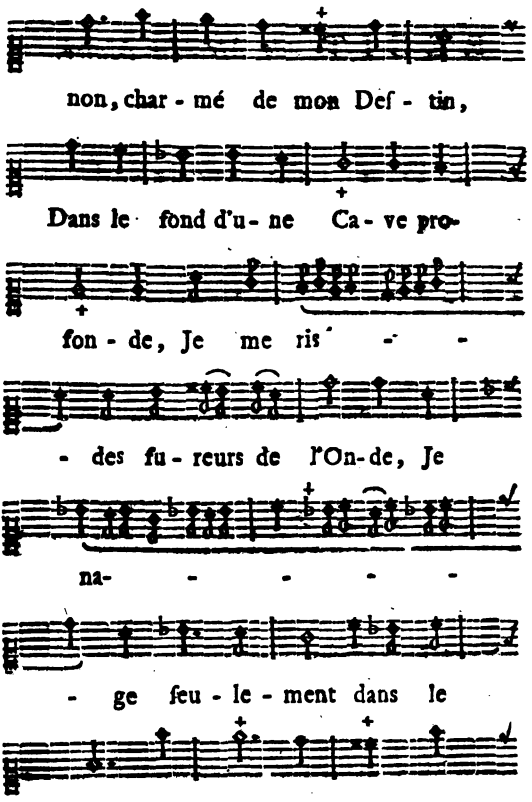
me per- met de boi - re. re.

RE-

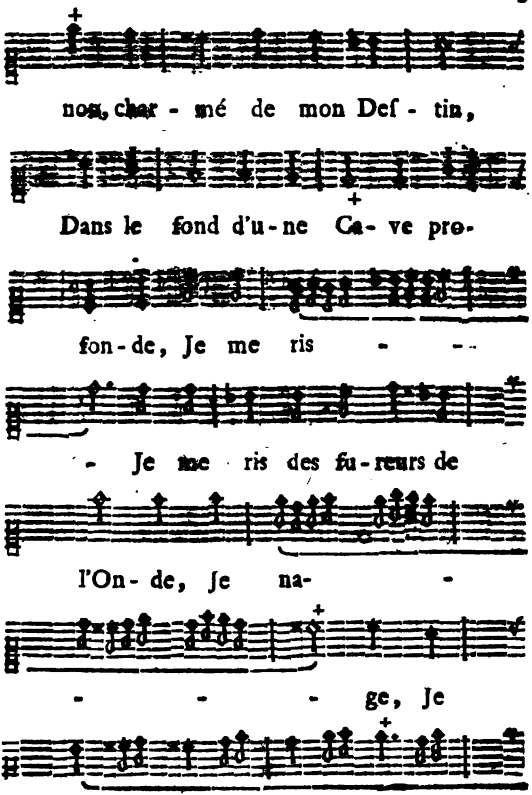
RECIT *de Mr. Le Maire.*

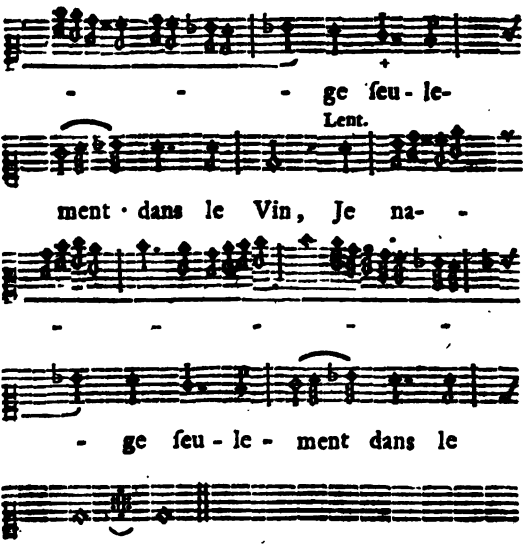
Pour un Deſſus ou une Baſſe.




non, char - mé de mon Deſ - tin,
Dans le fond d'u - ne Ca - ve pro-
fon - de, Je me ris - -
- des fu - reurs de l'On - de, Je
na- - - - -
- ge ſeu - le - ment dans le
Vin. Non, non, non, non, non,

non,


non, char - mé de mon Def - tin,
Dans le fond d'u - ne Ca - ve pro -
fon - de, Je me ris - -
- Je me ris des fu - reurs de
l'On - de, Je na -
- - - ge, Je
na - - - -


- - - ge ſeu - le-
Lent.
ment · dans le Vin, Je na- -
- - - - -
- ge ſeu - le - ment dans le
Vin. Vin.

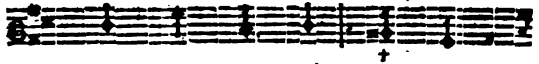
VAU-

VAUDEVILLE.

De Mr. Corette.

QUe les Mor - tels re-

dou-tent le tré - pas, Et que tout

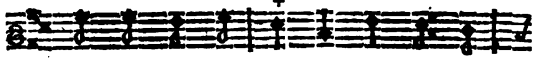


Hom-me ait gran de en - vi - e,

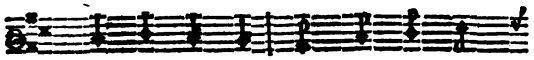
De jou - ïr long-tems de la

Vi- e, Ce- la ne me ſur-prend

pas: Mais, que cha - cun à

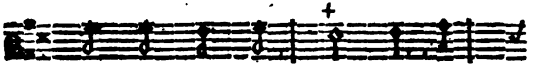


l'a-bre-ger s'a- don-ne, Et que pour



en hâ- ter le cours, Leur In-tem-

pe-rance ait re-cours Aux Ex-pé-



di- ens les plus courts, C'eſt-là

ce qui m'é-ton- ne.

Que Cupidon ſuive tous les pas
D'une Beauté qui lui reſiſte,
Que plus on fuit, plus il perſiſte,
Cela ne me ſurprend pas:

Mais,

Mais, que bien-tôt cette ardeur l'abandonne,
Quand on lui fait un doux accueil,
Que le Port lui ſerve d'Ecueil,
Et que ſon but ſoit ſon cercueil,
C'eſt-là ce qui m'étonne.

Que le Mari d'un objet ſans appas
Cherche un Amuſement aimable,
Quoiqu'au fond il ſoit très-blamable,
Cela ne me ſurprend pas:
Mais, que l'Epoux d'une Beauté mignonne,
Qui de bien vivre a le Renom,
La quitte pour une Guenon,
Qui jamais ne repondit non,
C'eſt-là ce qui m'étonne.

Que Ducs & Pairs, Seigneurs, & Magiſtrats,
Trouvent ſouvent ſur leur paſſage
Des Gens qui leur rendent Hommage,
Cela ne me ſurprend pas:
Mais, qu'une Cour tous les jours environne
Un Faquin, qui ſur un Brancard
Foule des Couſſins de Brocard,
Aux depens du tiers & du quart,
C'eſt-là ce qui m'étonne.

Que des Objets qui ſont nez délicats,
Sans leur Equipage & leur Suite,
Ne puiſſent faire une viſite,
Cela ne me ſurprend pas:
Mais, que Philis, qui long-tems fut pietonne,
Ait eu Maux de Gorge & Hoquets,
Pour avoir été ſans Laquais,
Du Guichet au Quais Malaquais,
C'eſt-là ce qui m'étonne.

Qu'à s'ajuſter du haut juſques en bas,
Iris, pour paroitre jolie,
Paſſe les trois quarts de ſa vie,
Cela ne me ſurprend pas:
Mais, qu'un Abbé tous les jours s'amidonne,
Et qu'à pas comptez ce Poupin,
Sur la pointe de l'Eſcarpin,
Marche toujours droit comme un Pin,
C'eſt-là ce qui m'étonne.

Qu'au Châtelet, Doyens & Candidats
Plument comme il faut une Dupe,
Qui dans un Procès les occupe,
Cela ne me ſurprend pas:

Mais,

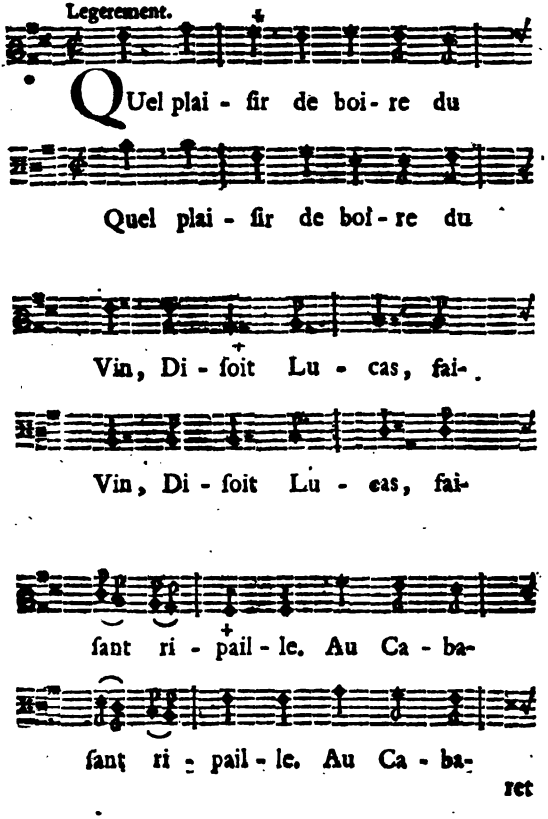
Mais, qu'en quittant cette Troupe gloutonne,
Un Plaideur aille dans l'inſtant
Chez un autre où l'on gruge autant,
De ſes fonds porter le reſtant,
C'eſt-là ce qui m'étonne.

Que dans Alger on trouve des Ingrats;
Et que chez le Peuple Tartare
La Reconnoiſſance ſoit rare,
Cela ne me ſurprend pas:
Mais, qu'à Paris mainte & mainte perſonne,
Qui vint vous demander Lundi,
Un Plaiſir, qu'on lui fit Mardi,
N'y penſe plus le Mercredi,
C'eſt-là ce qui m'étonne.

Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Pannart.

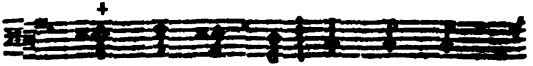
DUO PAÏSAN.

De Mr. Aubert.



ret

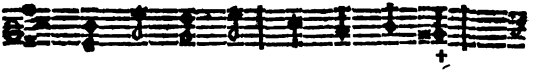
ret point de cha-grin, J'ou-bli-



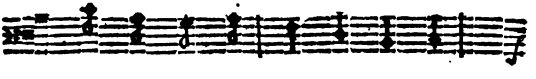
ret point de cha-grin, J'ou-bli-

ons nos Fem-mes, la tail-

ons nos Fem-mes, la tail-

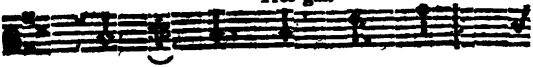


le, De-meu-rons-y juſ-qu'à de-

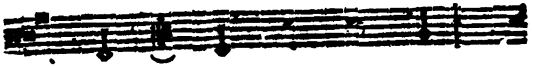


le, De-meu rons-y juſ-qu'à de-

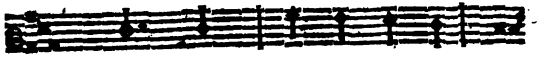
Très-gai.



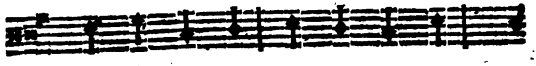
main : main : Mor - gué, mor-



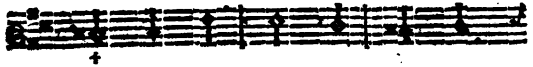
main : main : Mor-



gué, lui re - pon - dit Gre-



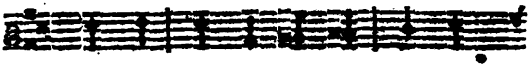
gué, mor-gué, lui re - pon - dit Gre-



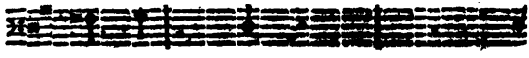
goi - re, Sai - fi d'un Ba - chi-

goi - re, Sai - fi d'un Ba - chi-

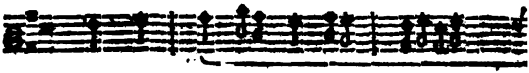
que



que tranſ-port; De- meurons - y tou-



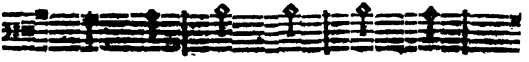
que tranſ - port;



jours à boi- - -

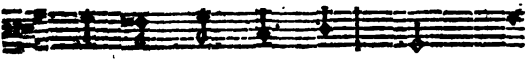
De-meu-rons - y tou-

- - re, Il n'en

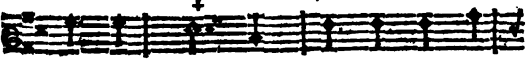


jours à boi - re, Il n'en

cou - te que quand on ſort. Mor-



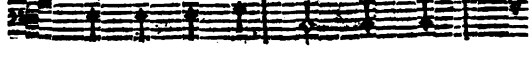
cou - te que quand on ſort.



gué, mor - gué, lui re - pon - dit Gré-

Mor-gué, mor - gué, lui

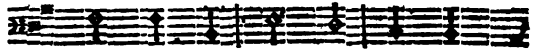
goi - re, lui re - pon - dit Gré-



re - pon - dit Gré - goi - re, Gré-

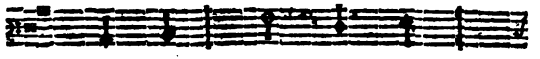
goire,

goi - re, Sai - ſi d'un Ba - chi-



goi - re, Sai - ſi d'un Ba - chi-

que tranſ - port, De - meu - rons-

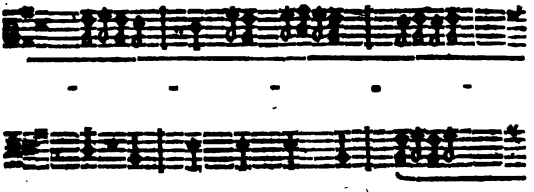


que tranſ - port, Il n'en

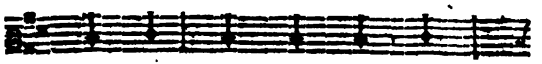
y tou - jours à boi-

cou - te que quand on ſort, De-

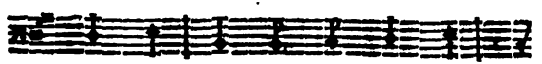
meu


meu-rons-y tou-jours à boi-re, Il n'en
re, Il n'en
cou-te que quand on fort; De-
cou-te que quand on fort;

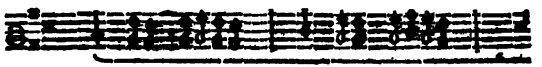
meurons-



meu-rons - y tou-jours à



Il n'en cou-te que quand on



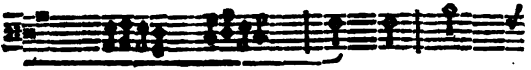
boi- - - -

ſort ; De-meurons - y tou-jours à

- re, Il n'en

boi- - - -

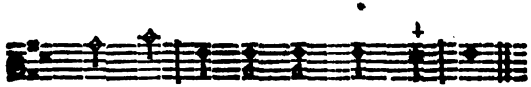
cou-te que quand on ſort, Il



- = = - re, Il

n'en cou-te que quand on ſort,

n'en cou-te que quand on ſort,



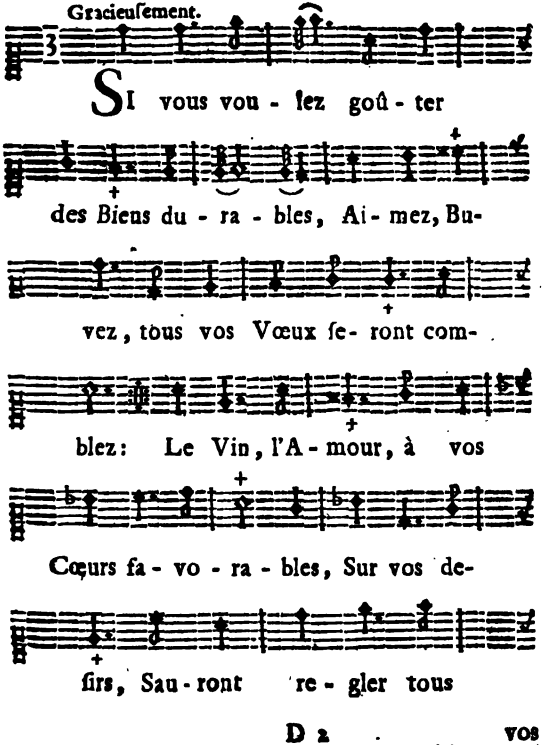
Il n'en cou-te que quand on ſort.

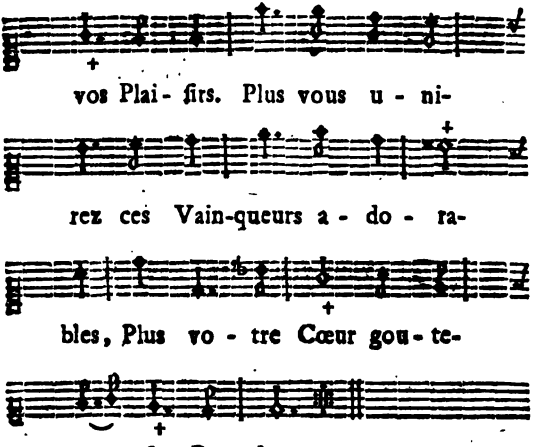
Il n'en cou te que quand on ſort.

PA-

PARODIE, tirée des FETES GRECQUES & ROMAINES.

De Mr. de Blamont.



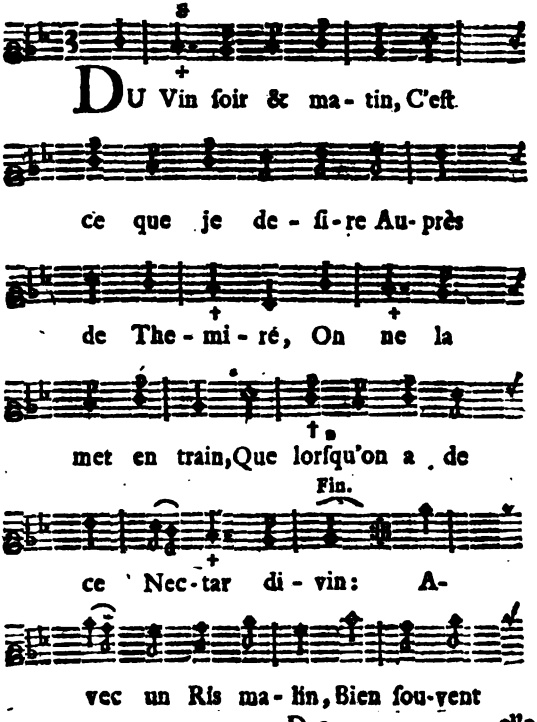


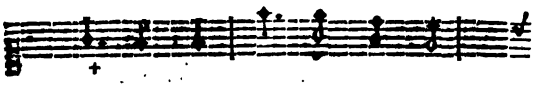
Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Bailly.

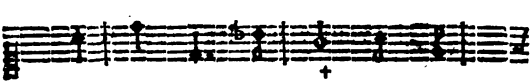
PA-

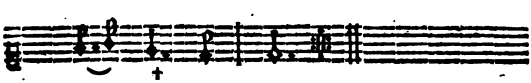
PARODIE des FETES GRECQUES & ROMAINES.

De Mr. Blamont.







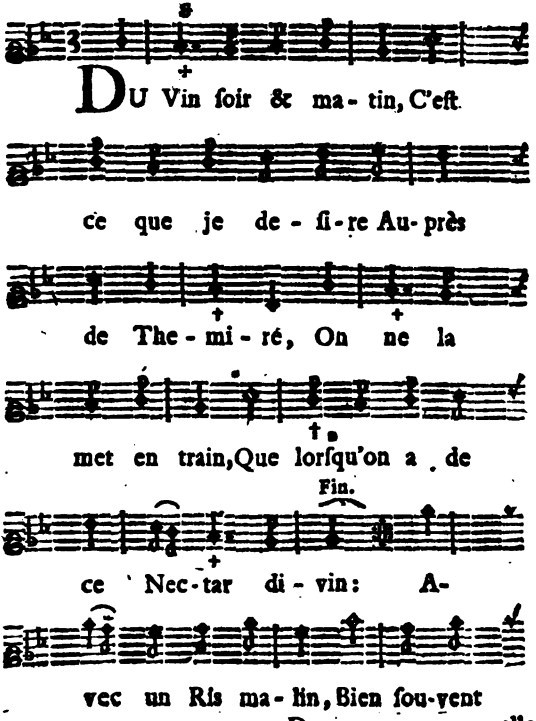


Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Bailly.

PA-

PARODIE des FETES GRECQUES & ROMAINES.

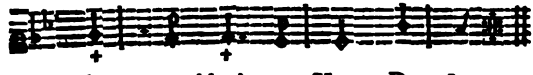
De Mr. Blamont.



te, En- ton- ne Ba- chus. Char-

mant A- mour, A ton tour, Ver-

ſe tes Biens pré - ci - eux, Mets



le comble à nos Vœux. Du, &c.

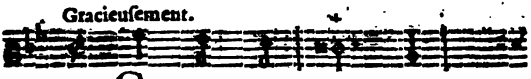
Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Bailly.

DUO

DUO EN DIALOGUE.

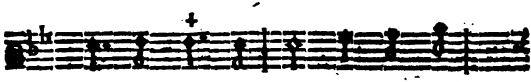
De Mr. Le Maire.

Gracieuſement.

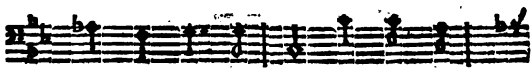


SI je te plais, pour-

Si je te plais, pour-

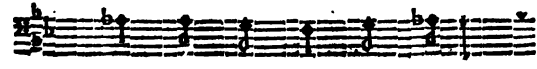


quoi tant de fa - çon? Fai-ſons l'A-



quoi tant de fa - çon? Fai-ſons l'A-

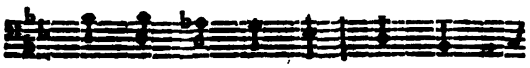
mour comme on fait au Vil-



mour comme on fait au Vil-

lage,

la - ge: Co - lin, je te crois



la - ge: Ma foi, je suis un

bon Gar - çon, Il ne m'en faut

bon Gar - çon, Que te fau-droit-

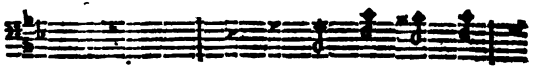
pas da-van-ta - ge? ge: Je

il da-van - ta - ge? ge:

t'ai-

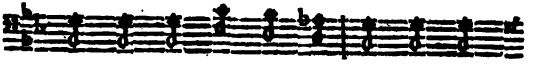
§ Repriſe.

t'ai-me-rai tant, Je te bai-ſe-rai



Je t'ai-me-rai

tant, Et ſi ten-dre-ment, A



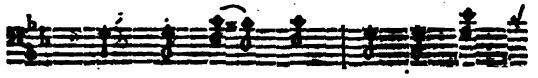
tant, Je te bai-ſe-rai tant, tant, tant,

ta Li-ſet-te, En-ga-ge ta

tant, tant, tant, tant, Et ſi ten-dre-

foi,

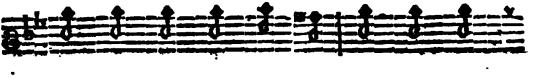
foi, Tu ver-ras ta Bru-net-te, Con-



ment, jeu-ne Li-ſet-te, Je

ten-te de toi, Je t'ai-me-rai

ju-re ma foi, Que tu ſe-ras Bru-



tant, Je te bai-ſe-rai tant, tant, tant,

net-te, Con-ten-te de moi, Je

tant,

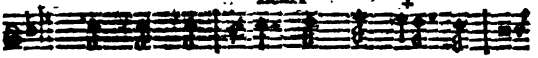
tant, tant, tant, tant, Je t'ai-me-rai

t'ai-me-rai tant, Je te bai-se-rai

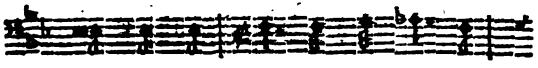
rant, Je te bai-se-rai tant, tant, tant,

tant, tant, tant, tant, tant, tant, tant, Je

Lent.

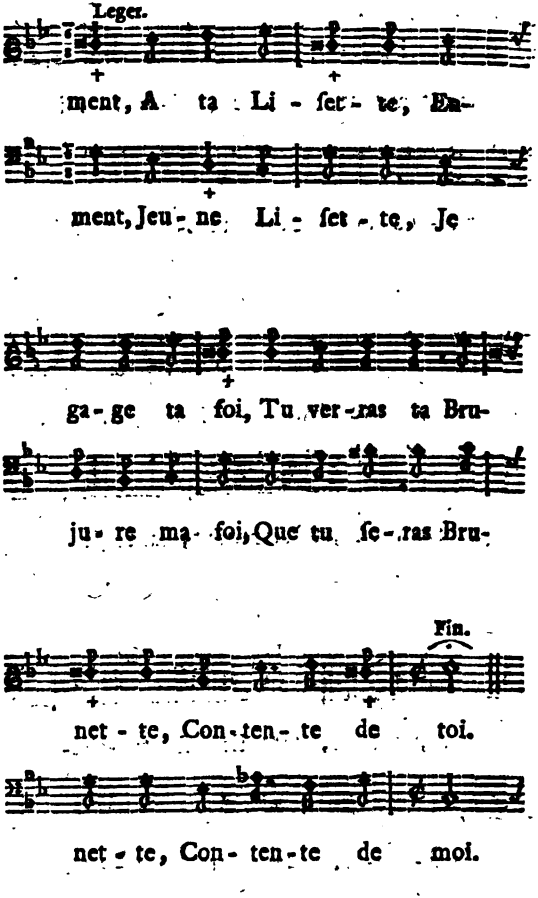


tant, tant, tant, tant, Et si ten-dre-



t'ai-me-rai tant, Et si ten-dre-

TAYLOR INST. OXFORD

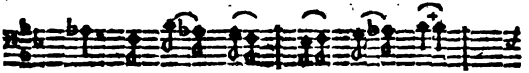

Leger.
ment, A ta Li - ſet - te, En-
ment, Jeu - ne Li - ſet - te, Je
ga - ge ta foi, Tu ver - ras ta Bru-
ju - re ma foi, Que tu ſe - ras Bru-
Fin.
net - te, Con - ten - te de toi.
net - te, Con - ten - te de moi.

SEUL,

SEUL.

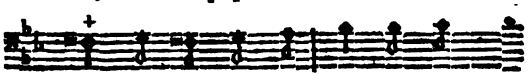
Mets donc ta main dans la

mienne un mo-ment, Puis nous i-

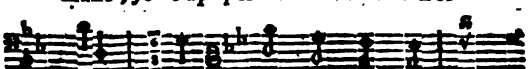


rons tous deux sur la Fou-ge-

re; Tu m'ap-pel-le-ras ton A-

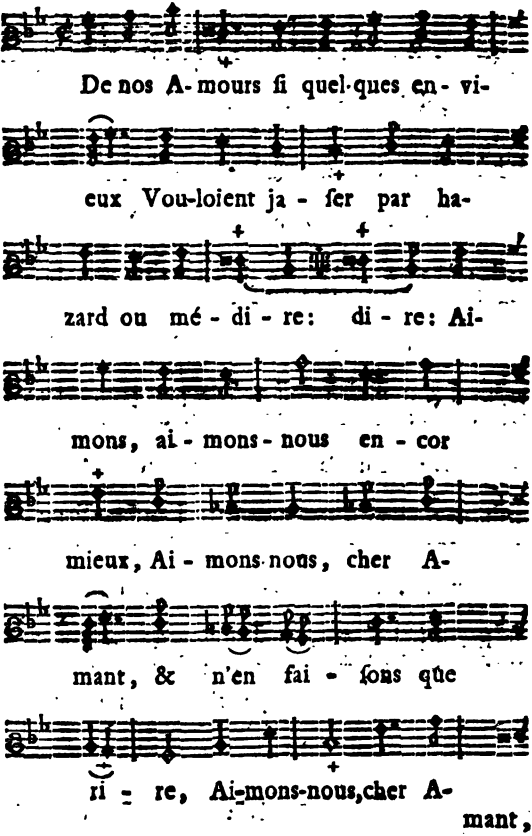


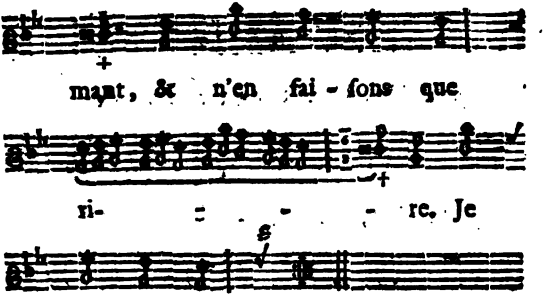
mant, Je t'ap-pel-le-rai ma Ber-



ge-re. Je t'ai-me-rai, &c.

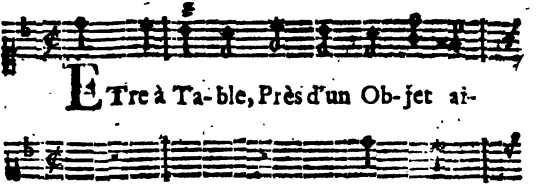
SEUL.

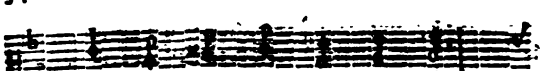

De nos A- mours ſi quel-ques en- vi-
eux Vou-loient ja - ſer par ha-
zard ou mé - di - re: di - re: Ai-
mons, ai - mons - nous en - cor
mieux, Ai - mons nous, cher A-
mant, & n'en fai - ſons que
ri - re, Ai-mons-nous,cher A-
mant,



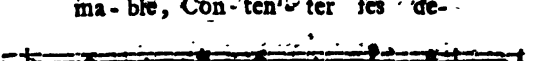
LES PLAISIRS DE LA VIE.

DUO *de Mr. de Blamont.*



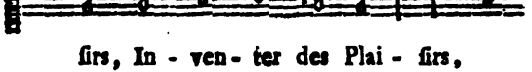


ma - ble, Con - ten - ter ſes de-



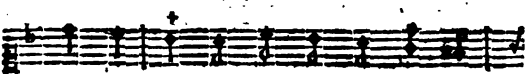
ta - ble, Con - ten - ter ſes de-

ſirs, In - ven - ter des Plai - ſirs,



ſirs, In - ven - ter des Plai - ſirs,

De l'I - vreſ - ſe, Paſ - ſer à la Ten-



De l'I - vreſ - ſe, De la Ten-

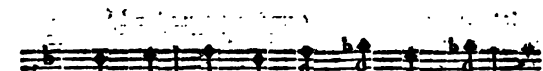
dreſſe,

dref- ſe, Eſt - il, pour vi-vre heu-

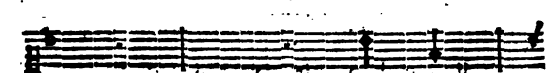
dref- ſe, Eſt - il, pour vi-vre heu-

reux, Deſ- tin plus glo - ri - eux?

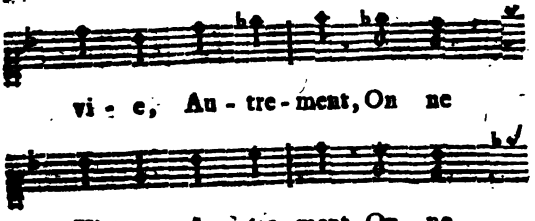
reux, Deſ- tin plus glo - ri - eux?



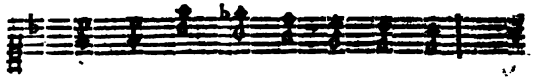
C'eſt la Vi - e, Qu'il faut qu'on en-



C'eſt la

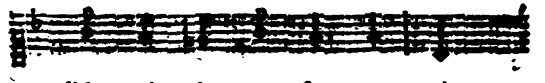

vi - e, Au - tre - ment, On ne
Vi - e, Au - tre - ment, On ne
reſ - ſent que tourment. L'ai-ma - ble Fo-
reſ - ſent que tourment. L'ai-ma - ble Fo-
li - e, Ban - nit la Mé - lan - co-
li - e, Ban - nit la Mé - lan - co-
lie;

li - e, Du Cha - grin, C'eſt

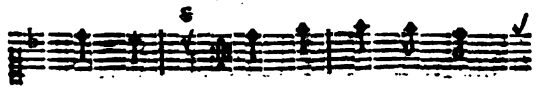


li - e, Con - tre le Cha-grin, C'eſt

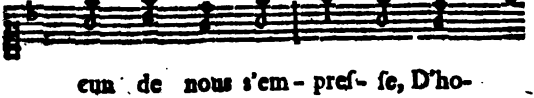
l'An - ti - do - te ſou - ve - rain.



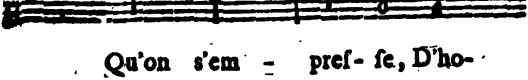
l'An - ti - do - te ſou - ve - rain.



E,tre à, &c. Que ſans ceſ - ſe, Cha-

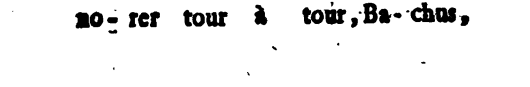


cun de nous s'em- preſ- ſe, D'ho-

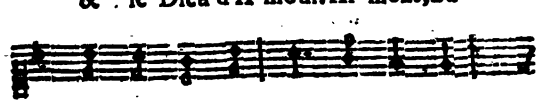


Qu'on s'em - preſ- ſe, D'ho-

no- rer tour à tour, Ba- chus,



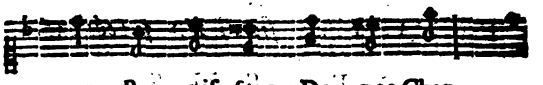
no- rer tour à tour, Ba- chus,

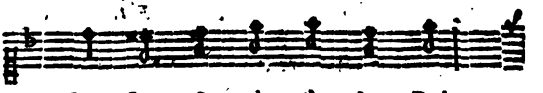


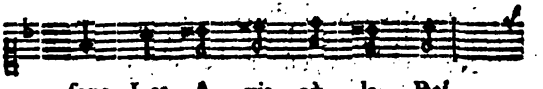
& le Dieu d'A-mour. Ai- mons, Bu-

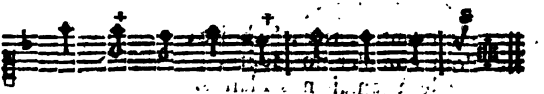
& le Dieu d'A-mour. Ai- mons, Bu-

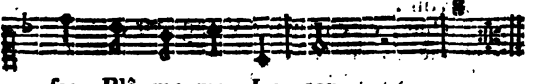
vons











Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Tanevot.

PA-

PARODIE, *sur l'Air précédent.*

DESSUS.

De mon Ame,
Je veux bannir ma flame,
Et cet Amour si doux,
Qui m'attachoit à vous.
L'inconstance,
Va servir ma Vangeance:
Vous négligez mes feux,
Je forme d'autres nœuds. *Fin.*

Un Cœur tendre,
Qu'on cherche à surprendre,
En Amour,
Veut que l'on ait du retour.
Brisons notre chaîne,
N'augmentons point notre peine:
Votre ardeur,
Ne sauroit faire mon bonheur.
De mon Ame, &c.

Que la gloire,
De chanter, rire, & boire,
Pour combler nos desirs,
Regle à jamais nos Plaisirs.
Trinquons,
Buvons.
Bachus, ce charmant Vainqueur,
Ramene, par sa Liqueur,
La Paix dans mon Cœur.
De mon Ame, &c. *Jusqu'au mot Fin.*

Les Parodies sont de Mr. Bailly.

LE

PARODIE, *sur l'Air précédent.*

BASSE.

Non, mon Ame
Ne reſſent plus pour vous
Ces mouvemens ſi doux.
L'inconſtance
Sert ma Vengeance :
Vous mépriſez mes feux,
Je forme d'autres nœuds. *Fin.*

Un Cœur tendre,
En Amour,
Veut que l'on ait du retour.
Briſons notre chaîne,
N'augmentons point notre peine.
Non, votre rigueur
S'oppoſeroit à mon bonheur.
Non, mon Ame, &c.

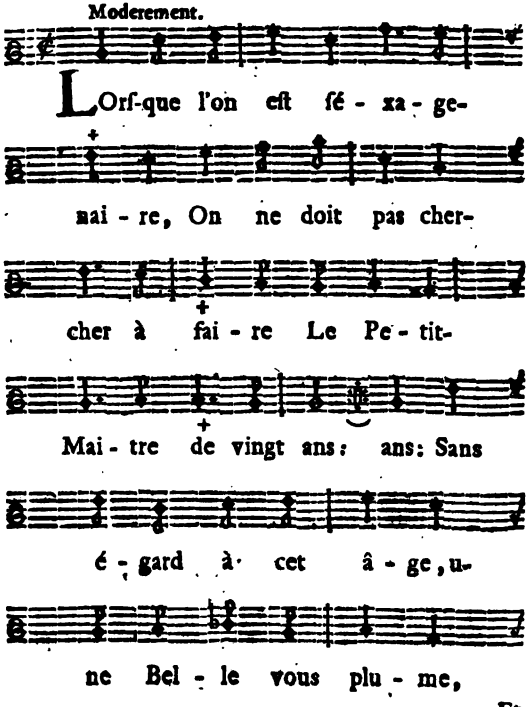
Rire, & boire,
Pour combler mes deſirs,
Fera toujours mes Plaiſirs.
Trinquons,
Buvons,
Bachus, ce charmant Vainqueur,
Ramene, par ſa Liqueur,
La Paix dans mon Cœur.
Non, mon Ame, &c. *Juſqu'au mot Fin.*

Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Bailly.

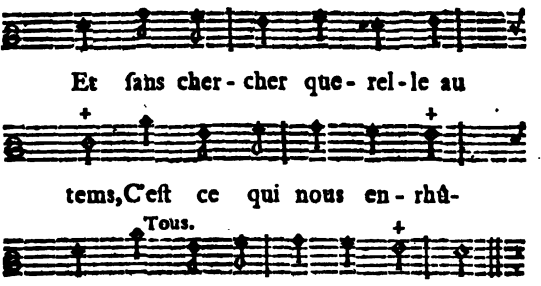
LE RHUME.

De Mr. Mouret.

VAUDEVILLE.



Et



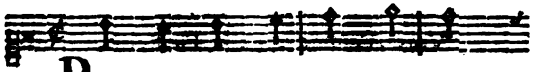
Votre Femme aime la Fleurette,
Votre Maîtreſſe eſt trop coquette,
Nature ainſi les fit pancher:
Vous les voudriez envain remettre ſur l'enclume:
A quoi ſert-il de les prêcher?
C'eſt ce qui vous enrhûme.

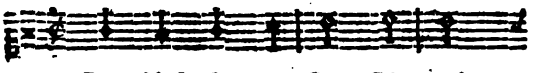
Fillettes, quand une Excellence,
Pour vos yeux, ſe met en dépenſe,
Vous le prenez ſur le haut ton:
Mais, ſi bien-tôt le ſort, comme c'eſt la coûtume,
Vous reduit au dernier Juppon,
C'eſt ce qui vous enrhûme.

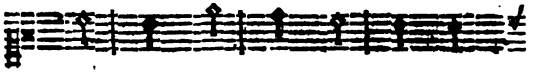
Lorſqu'une Piece eſt délicate,
Que l'Art, l'Eſprit, le tout en flatte,
L'on ne nous voit jamais broncher:
Mais, ſi l'Ouvrage ſort d'une méchante Plume,
On n'entend que touſſer, cracher,
C'eſt ce qui vous enrhûme.

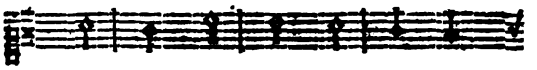
DUO, de Voix égales. *De Mr. Alarius.*

PARODIE.





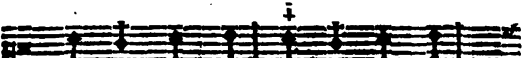




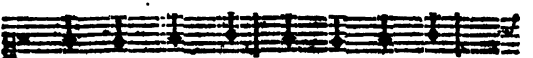
l'A-

l'A-mour em-prun-te ſes feux:

l'A-mour em-prun-te ſes feux:

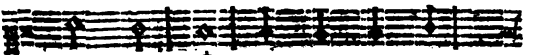


Son ai-ma-ble Empi-re, En de-



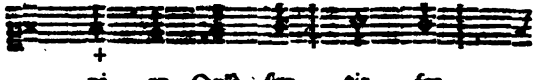
Son ai-ma-ble Empi-re, En de-

vient plus doux, Et cha-cun n'aſ-

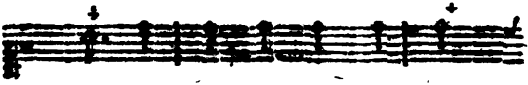


vient plus doux, Et cha-cun n'aſ-

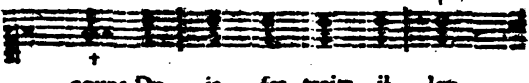
pi - re, Qu'à ſen - tir ſes



pi - re, Qu'à ſen - tir ſes

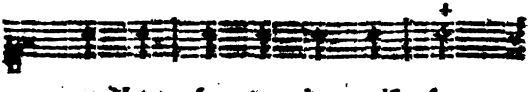


coups. De ja - ſes traits il lan-



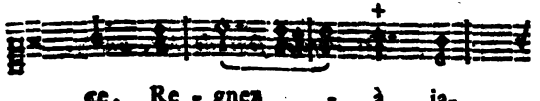
coups. De ja - ſes traits il lan-

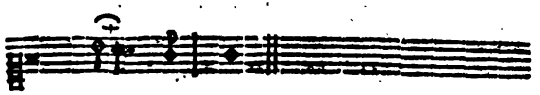
ce, Nous ſen- tons leur puiſ - ſan-

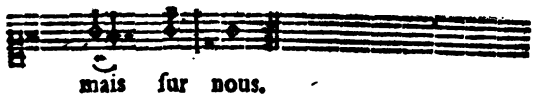


ce, Nous ſen- tons leur puiſ - ſan-

ce;







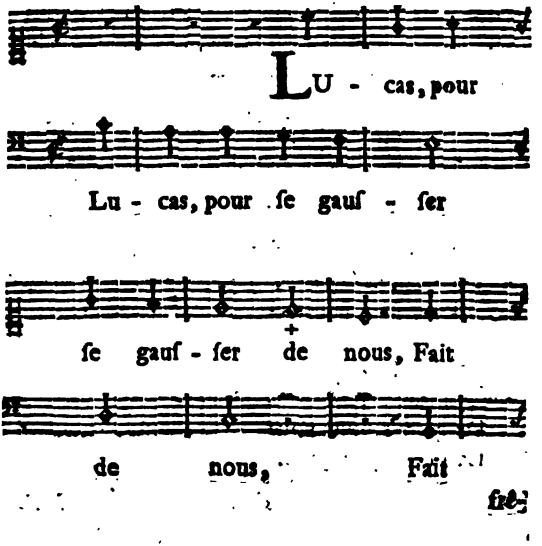
Brulons tous les deux,
Des mêmes feux,
Pour être heureux,
Ne formons que d'aimables nœuds:
{ Iris, / Tircis, } je le jure,
De garder pour vous
La Foi la plus pure,

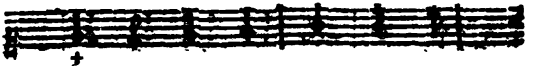
Malgré nos Jaloux,
Dieu, Vainqueur de nos Ames,
Pour ſoutenir nos flames,
Reguez à jamais ſur nous.

Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Bailly.

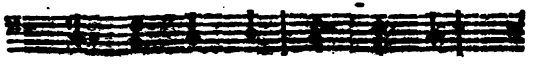
DUO PAÏSAN.

De Mr. Rameau.

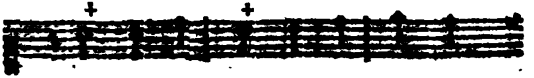




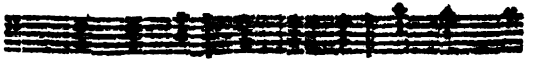
frê- me d'a - gaſ - ſer no - tre



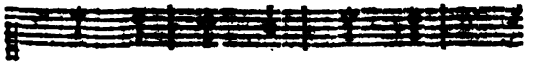
frê- me d'a - gaſ - ſer no - tre



jeu- ne Voi - ſei- ne. Eh! pal- ſan-



jeu- ne Voi - ſei- ne. Eh! pal- ſan-



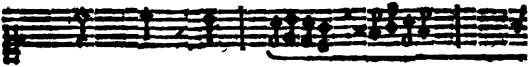
gué, Je voy- ons bian tre-

gué, Je voy- ons bian tre-

tous;

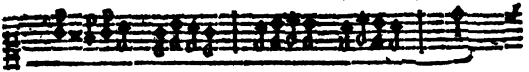
tous, tre-tous, Qu'il n'en veut qu'à

tous, tre-tous, Qu'il n'en veut qu'à



no-tre Cho-pei- - - -

no-tre Cho - pei - ne,



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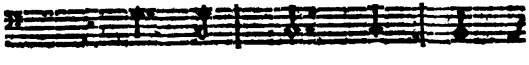
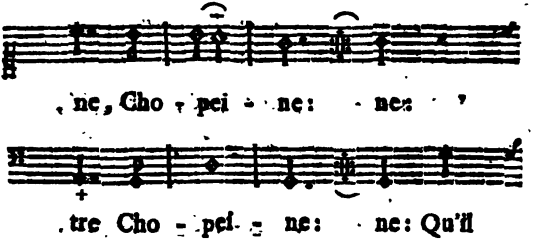
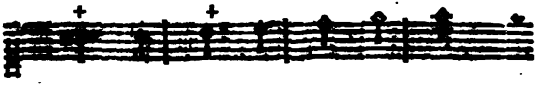


Qu'il n'en veut, qu'à no-

ne,


ne, Cho - pei - ne: ne:
tre Cho - pei - ne: ne: Qu'il
Qu'il se tré - mouf -
se tré - mouf - se, Qu'il
se a-
se tré - mouf - se a-

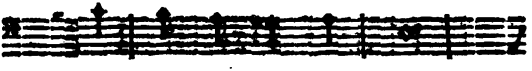
vec



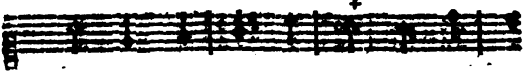
vec Ca - tin, Mor-gué, mor-gué,

vec Ca - tin, Mor-gué, mor-gué,

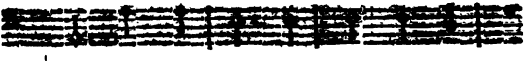
Je n'en fe-rons pas mei-



Je n'en fe-rons pas mei-



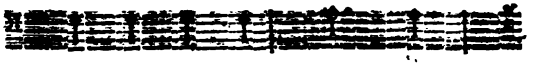
ne; Mais, s'il viant goû-ter no-tre.



ne; Mais, s'il viant goû-ter no-tre

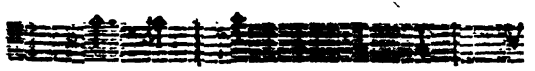
Vin,

Vin, Pour nous gauf-

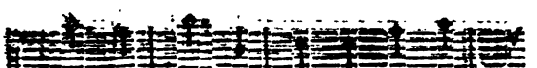


Vin, Pour nous gauf - fer de

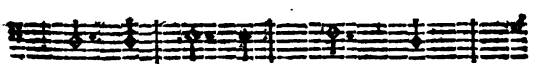
fer de li, Ta-



li, Ta - pons, pour nous gauf-

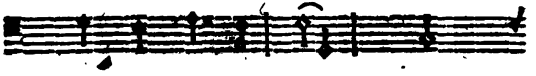


pons, ta - pons, ta - pons, mor-gué, ta-

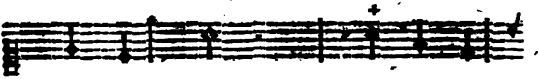


fer de li, Ta - pons, ta-

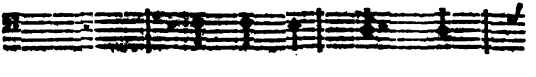
pons ſur ſa Be - dai - ne, Ta-



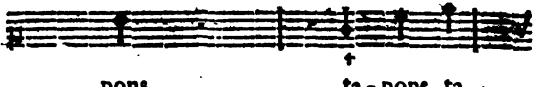
pons ſur ſa Be - dai - ne,



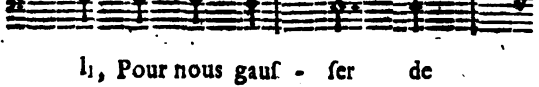
pons, mor - gué, mor-gué, ta-



Pour nous gauſ - ſer de



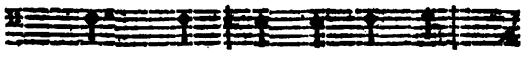
pons, ta-pons, ta-



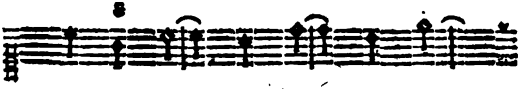
li, Pour nous gauſ - ſer de

pons

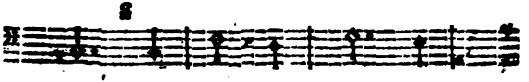
pons à grands coups de gour-



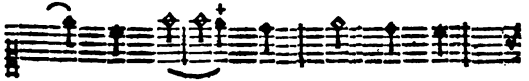
li, Ta - pons, mor-gué, ta-



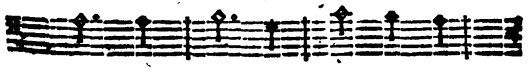
dins, Ta - pons, mor - gué, ta - pons,



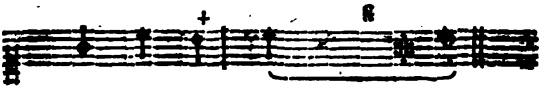
pons, mor - gué, ta - pons, mor-



- ta - pons, ta - pons à grands



gué, ta - pons, ta - pons à grands

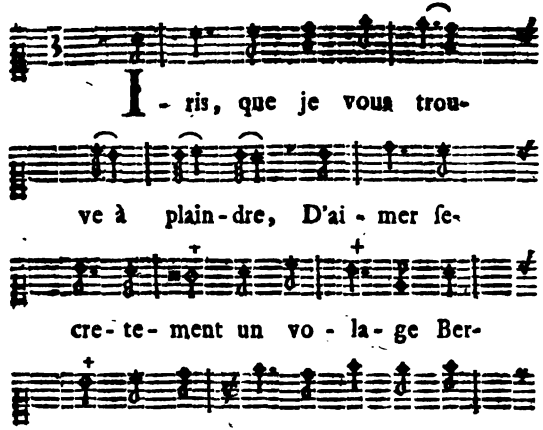


coups de gour - din. din,

coups de gour-din. Qu'il, &c. din.

AIR TENDRE.

De Mr. Le Peintre.



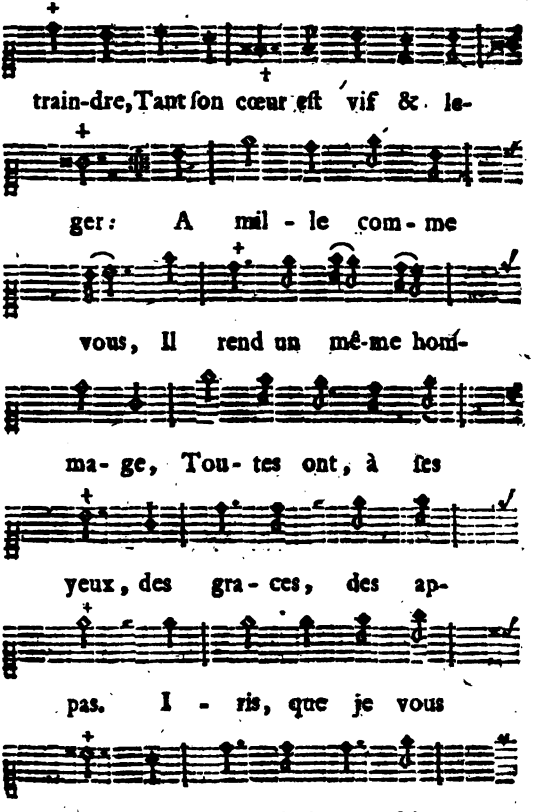
I - ris, que je vous trou-

ve à plain-dre, D'ai - mer se-

cre - te - ment un vo - la - ge Ber-

ger, Que vos yeux ne peu-vent con-

traindre,

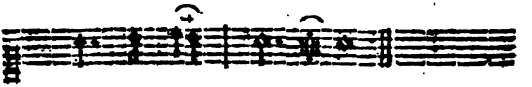

train-dre, Tant ſon cœur eſt vif & le-
ger: A mil - le com - me
vous, Il rend un mê-me hom-
ma- ge, Tou- tes ont, à ſes
yeux, des gra - ces, des ap-
pas. I - ris, que je vous
plains d'ai - mer Qui ne ſait

pas en fai-re un plus u-

fi-le u-fa-ge. Que je vous

plains d'ai-mer qui ne fait

pas en fai-re un plus u-



ti-le u-fa-ge. ge.

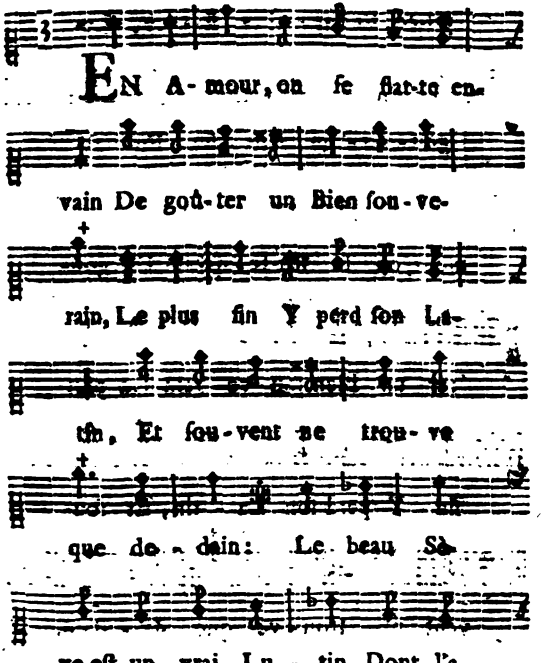
Les Paroles sont de Mr. Bailly.

AIR

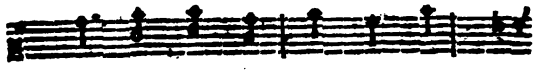
AIR du BALLET DES SENS.

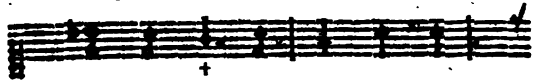
De Mr. Mouret.

PARODIE.



bord eſt fier & hau-tain, Le ca-


pri-ce, Et l'ar-ti-fi-ce, Le


gou-ver-ne ſans fin. En A-

mour, on ſe flat-te en-vain De goû-

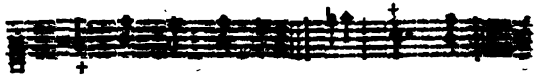
ter un Bien ſou-ve-rain, Le plus

fin y perd ſon La-tin, Et ſou-

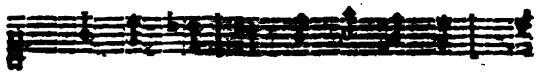
vent ne trou-ve que de-dain.

N'ai-

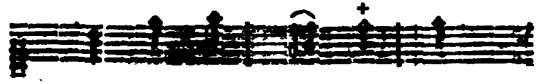
N'ai-mons plus, for-mons le deſ-



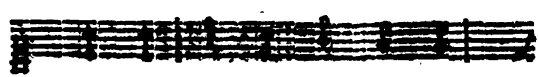
ſein De bra-ver ſon re-gard ma-



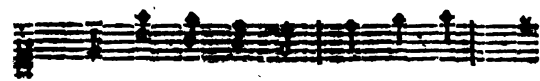
lin. Le bon Vin Eſt le Me-de-



cin, Qui rend le Cœur ſain.



En A-mour, on ſe flat-te en-

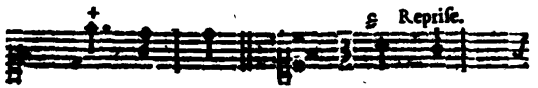


vain De goû-ter un Bien ſou-ve-

rain, Le plus fin y perd ſon La-

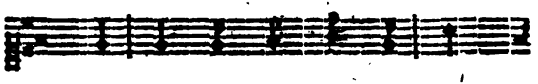
tin,

tin, Et ſou-vent ne trou-ve



que de-dain. Pour nous

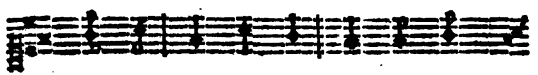
fai-re un heu-reux deſ-tin, Bu-



vons tous du ſoir au ma-tin.

Que Ba-chus tri-om-phe ſans

ceſ-ſe, Qu'il ſoit l'a-me de



ce Feſ-tin, Verſe, A-mi, juſ-ques

à de- main, Le Nec - tar que pro-

duit le Rhin, Pour cal - mer l'en - nui

qui nous preſ- ſe, Le re - me-

de eſt di - vin. Loin d'i - ci

tout eſ - prit chā - grin. Que tou-

jours no - tre Ver - re plein Dé

ce Jus - pō - til - lant & fin

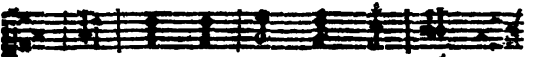
Nous

Nous é - ga-ye & nous re-

met-te en train, &c. Que l'A-mour,

ce pe - tit ba - din, Vo-ye i-

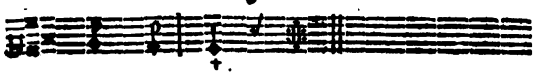
ci mé- pri ſer ſes- chat-mes.



Of - frons au Dieu du Rai - ſin

Nos ſou - pirs, nos ſoins, & nos

char- mes. Le Ver- re à la



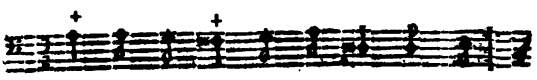
Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Bailly.

LE MUSICIEN A JEUN.

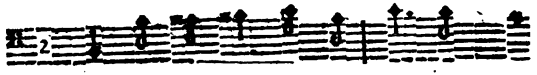
RECIT DE BASSE.

De Mr. Le Maire.

raſ - - - ſe, Tout aug-

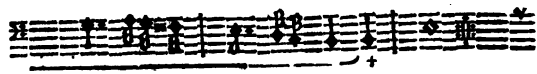


mente à la fois la ri-gueur de mon



ſort; Ma Mé-moi-re s'en fuit, &

mon Go-zier ſe gla- -

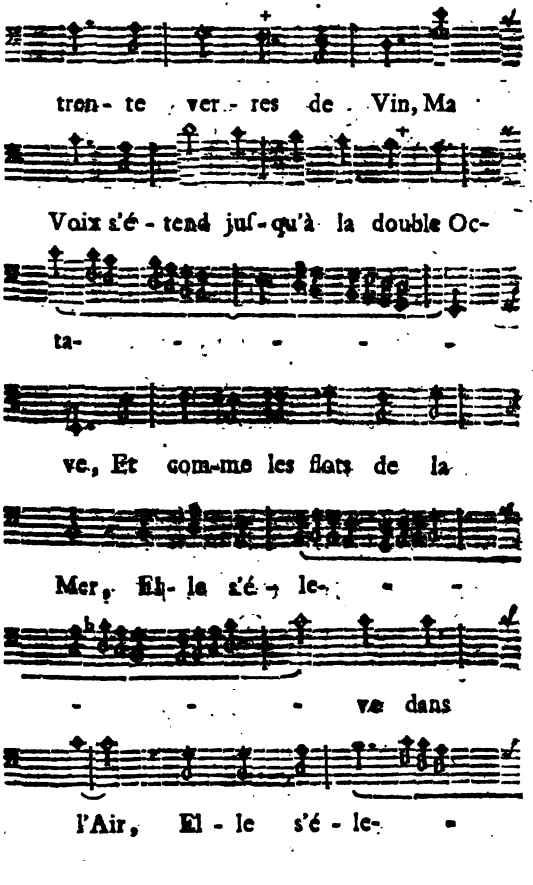


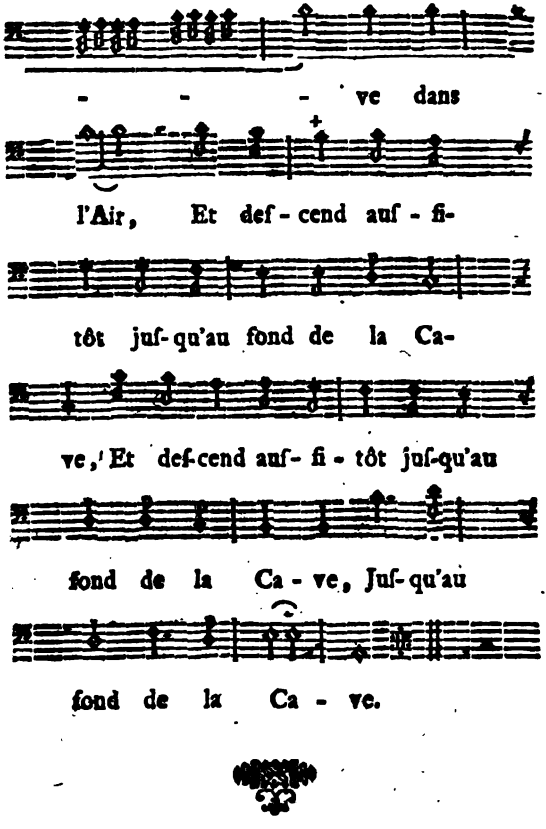
- - - - ce.

Mais, lorſqu'en un Re-pas, un plus heu- -

reux deſ - tin M'a fait ſa - bler

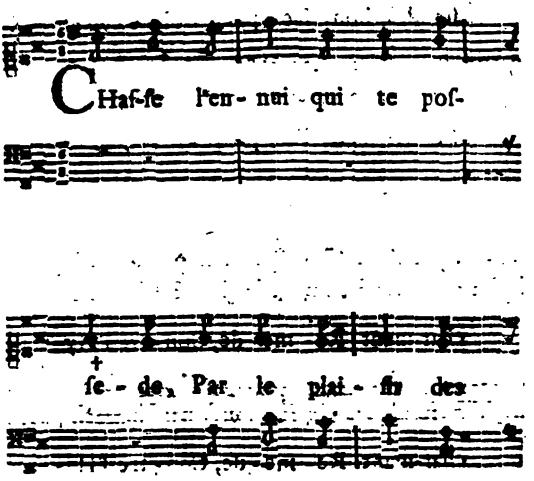
trente


tron- te ver- res de Vin, Ma
Voix s'é- tend juſ- qu'à la double Oc-
ta- - - - - -
ve, Et com-me les flots de la
Mer, El- le s'é- le- - -
- - - - ve dans
l'Air, El - le s'é - le- -

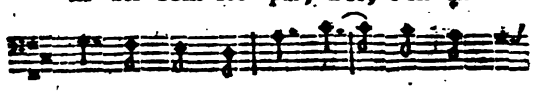

- - - ve dans
l'Air, Et def - cend auſ - fi-
tôt juſ-qu'au fond de la Ca-
ve, Et def-cend auſ- fi - tôt juſ-qu'au
fond de la Ca - ve, Juſ-qu'au
fond de la Ca - ve.

DUO

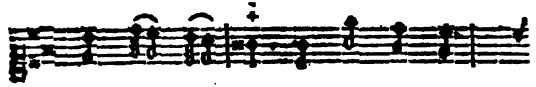
DUO *de Mr. Bernier.*



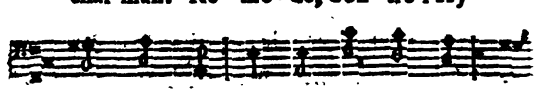
ſir des bons Re-pas, Boi, c'eſt un



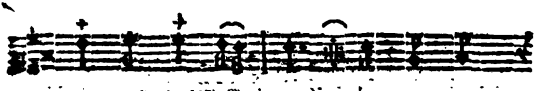
ſir des bons Re-pas, Boi, c'eſt un



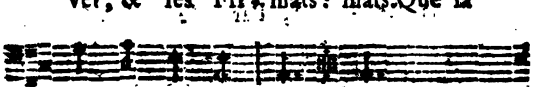
char-mant Re-me-de, Con-tre l'Hy-



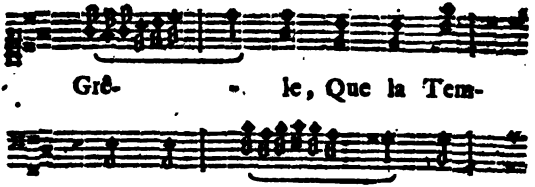
char-mant Re-me-de, Con-tre l'Hy-

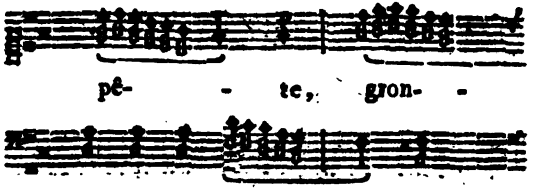


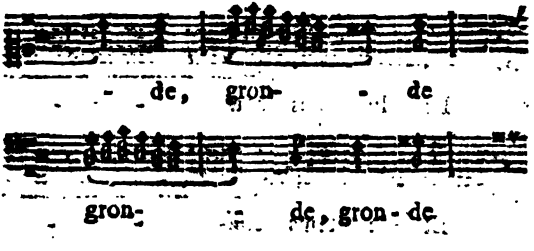
ver, & ſes Fri-mats: mats: Que la

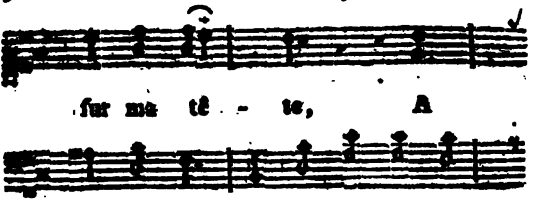


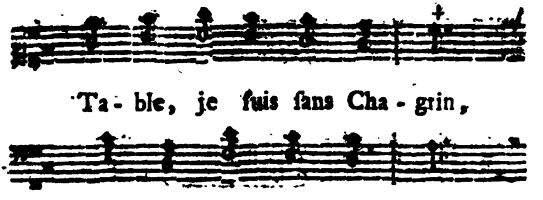
ver, & ſes Fri-mats: mats:

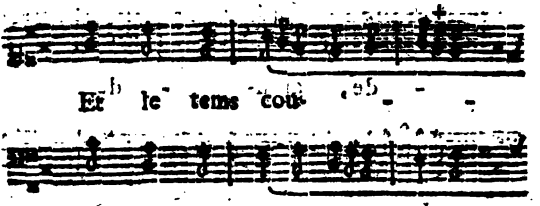

Grê- - le, Que la Tem-
Que la Grê- = le,


pê- - te, gron- -
Que la Tem-pê- = te,

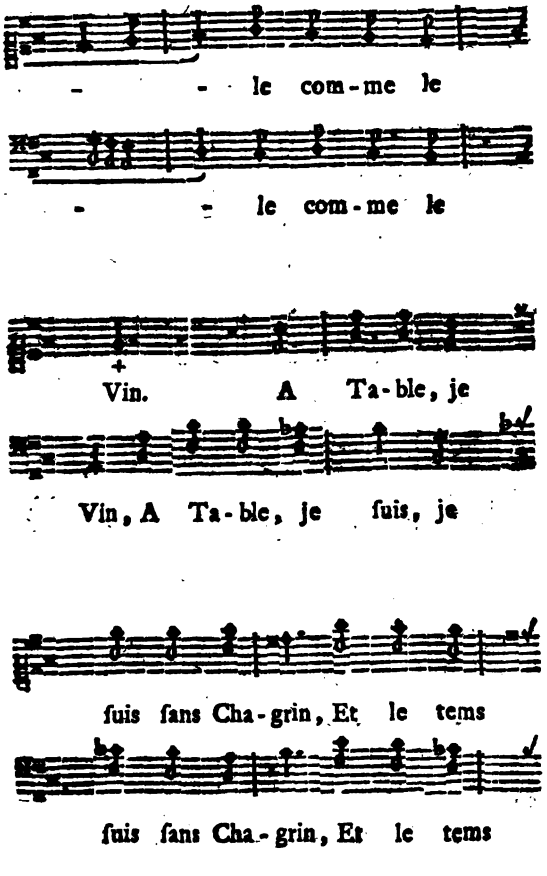

- de, gron- - de
gron- = de, gron-de

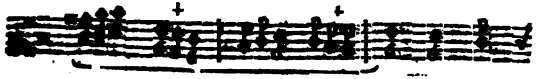

ſur ma tê - te, A
ſur ma tê - te, A Ta - ble, je


Ta - ble, je ſuis ſans Cha - grin,
ſuis, je ſuis ſans Cha - grin,

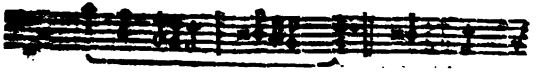

Et le tems cou - le -
Et le tems cou - le -

le


- - le com-me le
- - le com-me le
Vin. A Ta-ble, je
Vin, A Ta-ble, je ſuis, je
ſuis ſans Cha-grin, Et le tems
ſuis ſans Cha-grin, Et le tems



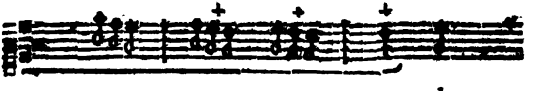
com- - - - - le com-



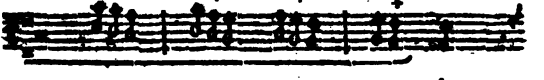
cou- - - - - le com-

me le Vin, Et le tems cou-

me le Vin, Et le tems cou-



- - - - - le

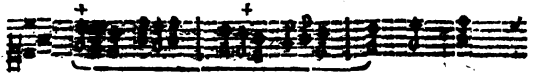


- - - - le

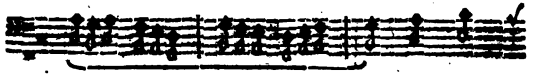
com-

com-me le Vin, Et le tems

com-me le Vin, Et le tems



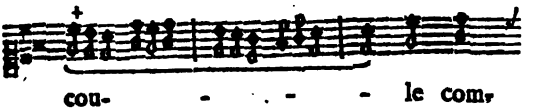
cou- - - - le com-

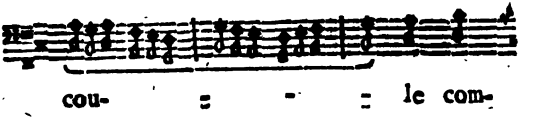


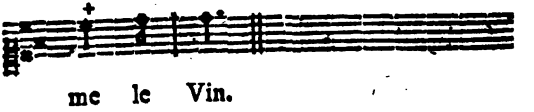
cou- - - - le com-

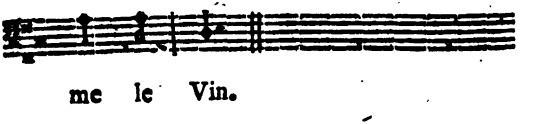
me le Vin, Et le tems

me le Vin, Et le tems



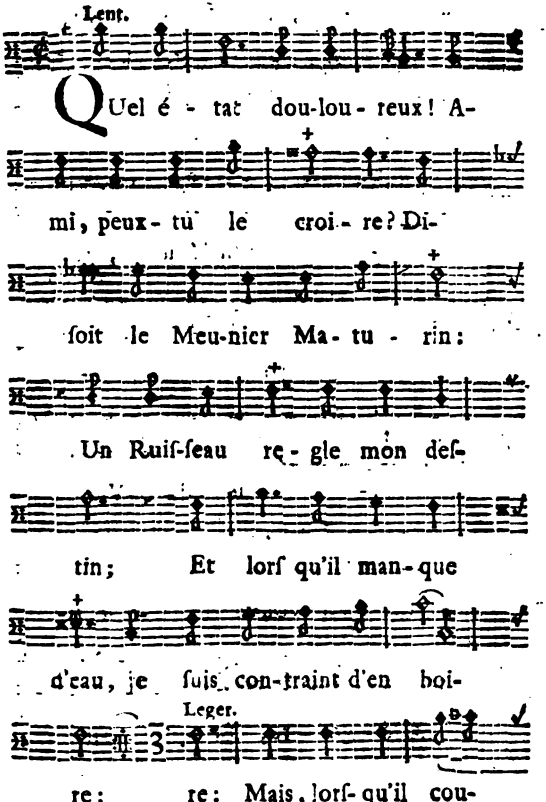


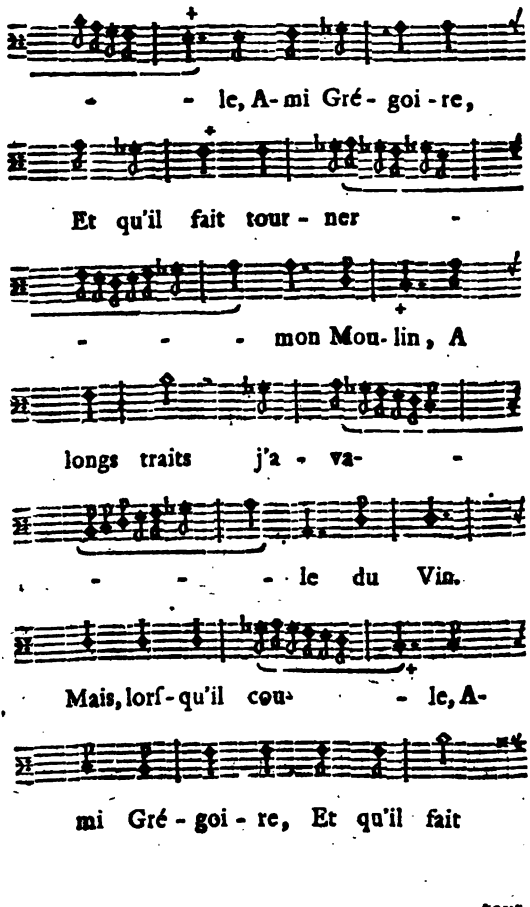




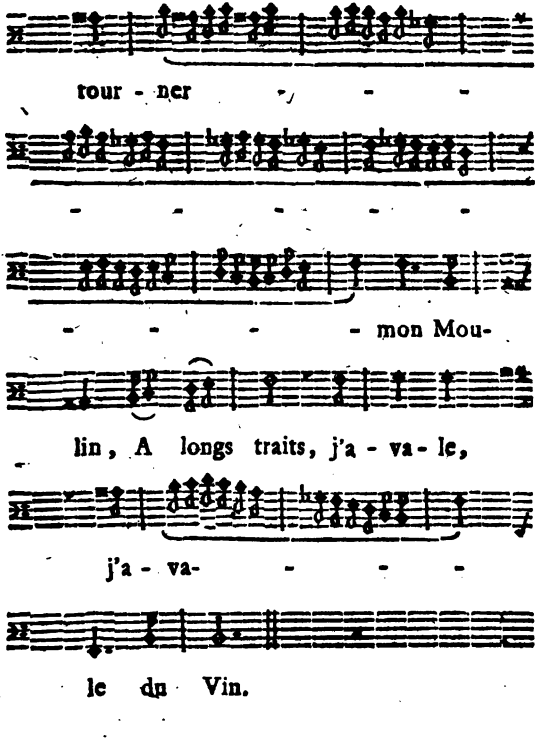
RE-

RECIT DE BASSE.




- - le, A- mi Gré - goi - re,
Et qu'il fait tour - ner -
- - - mon Mou- lin, A
longs traits j'a - va- -
- - - le du Vin.
Mais, lorſ-qu'il cou- - le, A-
mi Gré - goi - re, Et qu'il fait

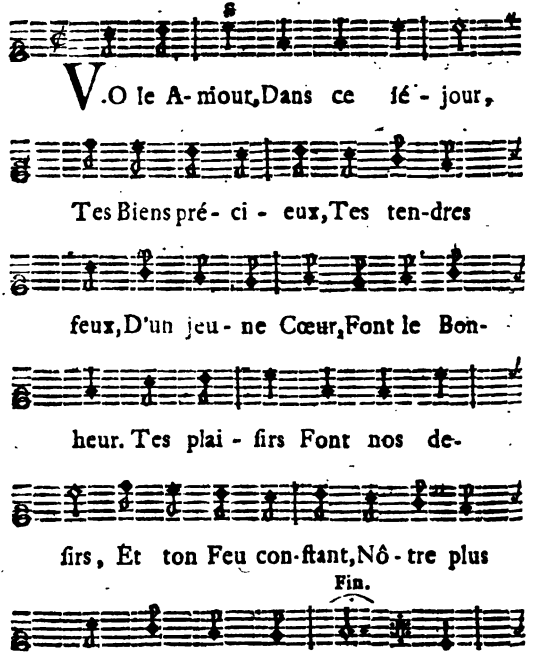
tour-


tour - ner
- - - - -
- - - - mon Mou-
lin, A longs traits, j'a - va - le,
j'a - va- - - -
le du Vin.

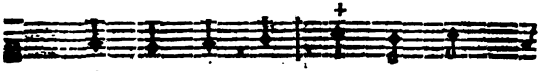
MUSETTE.

De Mr. de Blamont.

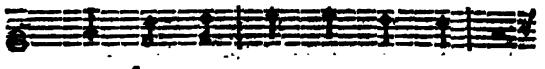
PARODIE.



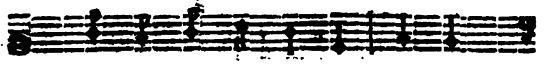
tes



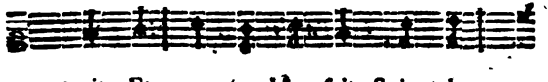
tes fa- veurs, Et par tes dou-



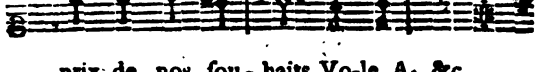
ceurs, Tu nous fais Un ſort ſui-



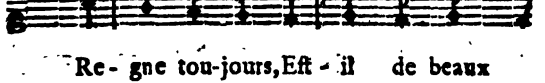
vi de mil-le attraits. Lan - ce tes



traits, Et que tes bien-faits Soient le



prix de nos ſou - haits. Vo-le A-, &c.

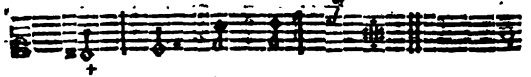


Re- gne tou-jours, Eſt - il de beaux

jours, Si les Amours N'en re-glent le

cours? T'on pou - voir tou-jours puif-

ſant, Rend no - tre ſoit doux &

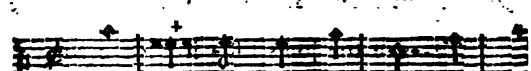


con - ſtant. Vo-le A-, &c.

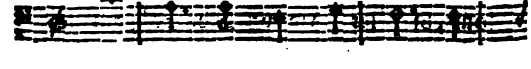
Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Bailly.

DUO.

De Mr. Deſtouches.



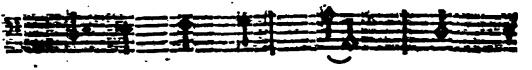
MArs laiſ- ſe re - po - ſer Bel-



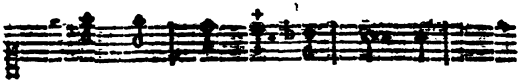
Mars laiſ- ſe re - po - ſer Bel-

lone

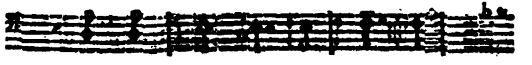
lo-ne & la Vic - toi - re,



lo-ne & la Vic - toi - re,

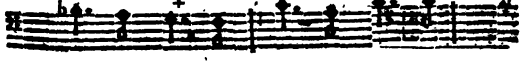


Vos Ex-ploits é - cla - tans vont

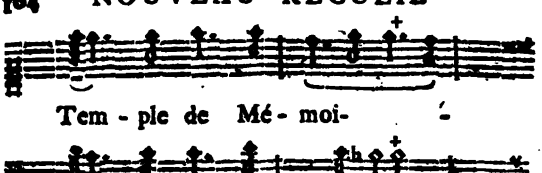


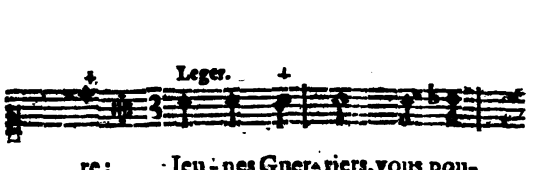
Vos Ex-ploits é - cla - tans vont

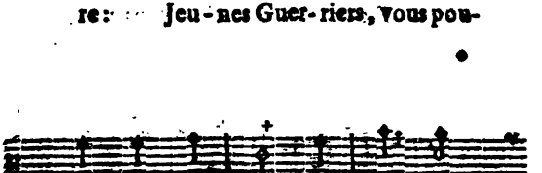
ê - tre pour ja - mais Gra-vez au



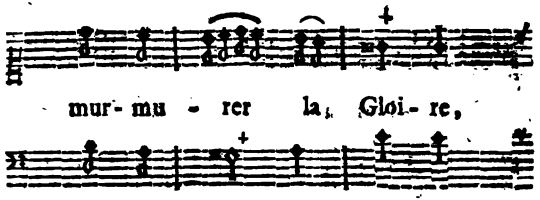
ê - tre pour ja - mais Gra-vez au

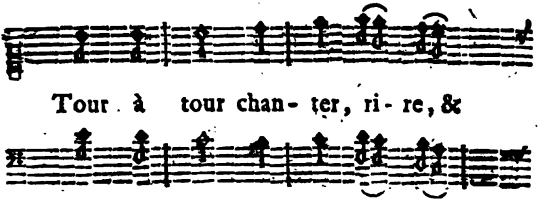

Tem - ple de Mé - moi-
Tem - ple de Mé - moi-

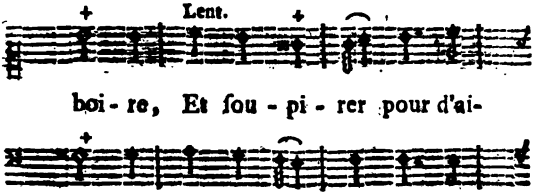

Leger.
re: Jeu - nes Guer - riers, vous pou-
re: Jeu - nes Guer - riers, vous pou-


vez def - or - mais, Sans fai - re
vez def - or - mais, Sans fai - re

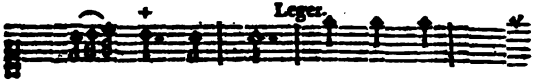
mou-


mur-mu - rer la Gloi-re,
mur-mu - rer la Gloi-re,

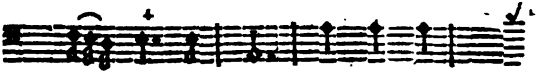

Tour à tour chan-ter, ri-re, &
Tour à tour chan-ter, ri-re, &


Lent.
boi-re, Et ſou-pi-rer pour d'ai-
boi-re, Et ſou-pi-rer pour d'ai-

mables



ma-bles at-traits. Jeu-nes Guer-



ma-bles at-traits. Jeu-nes Guer-

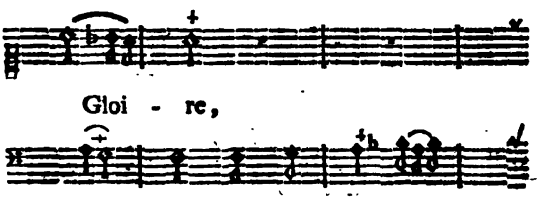
riers, vous pou-vez def-or-mais,

riers, vous pou-vez def-or-mais,

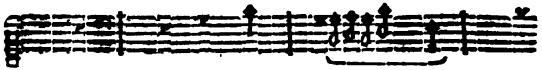
Sans fai-re mur-mu-rer la

Sans fai-re mur-mu-rer la

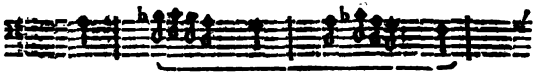
Gloire,


Gloi - re,
Gloi - re, Tour à tour chan-
ri - re, & boi - re,
ter, Tour à
ri - re, & boi - re,
tour chan - ter, ri - re, & boi - re,

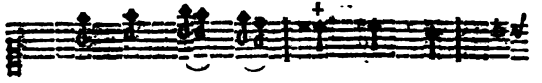
chan-



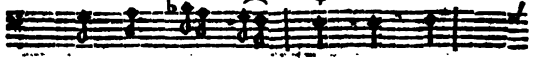
chan - ter



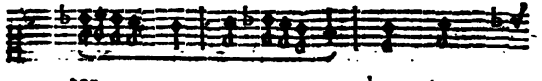
chan - ter - - -



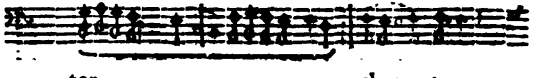
chan-ter, ri - re, & boi - re, chan-



chan-ter, ri - re, & boi - re, chan-



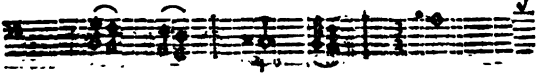
ter - - - chan - ter,

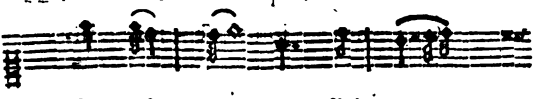


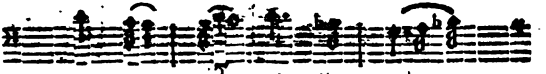
ter - - - chan - ter,

rire,

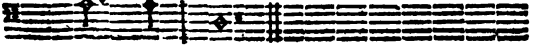
ri - re, & boi - re, Et


ri - re, & boi - re, Et


ſou - pi - rer pour d'ai - ma-

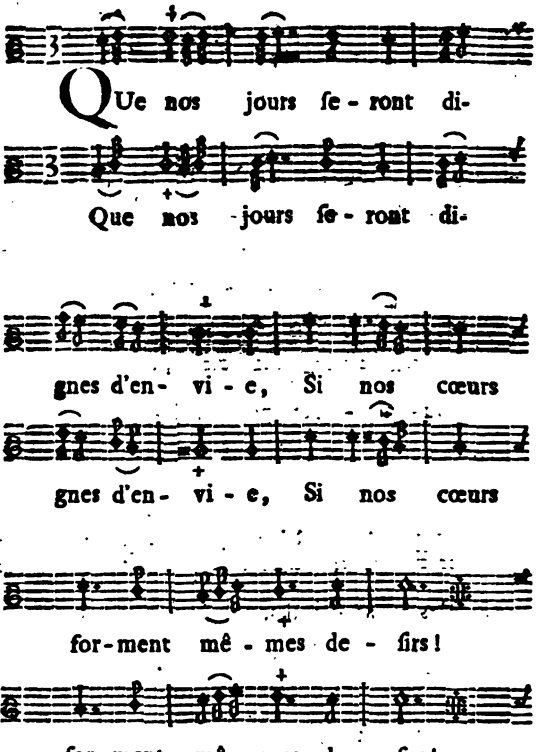

ſou - pi - rer pour d'ai - ma-

bles at - traits.


bles at - traits.

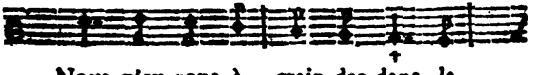
DUO de Voix égales.

De Mr. Debonſſet.

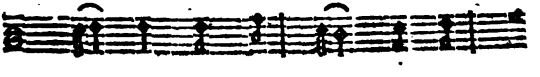


Nous

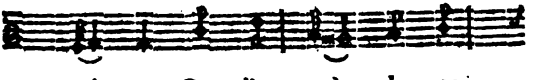
Nous n'au-rons à crain-dre dans la



Nous n'au-rons à crain-dre dans la

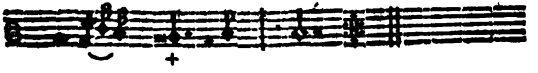


vi - e, Que l'ex - cès dan-ge-



vi - e, Que l'ex - cès dan-ge-

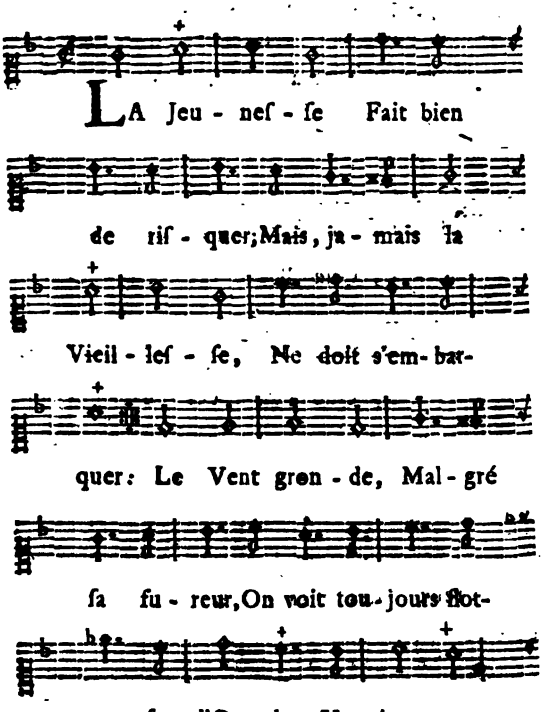
reux des plai - sirs.



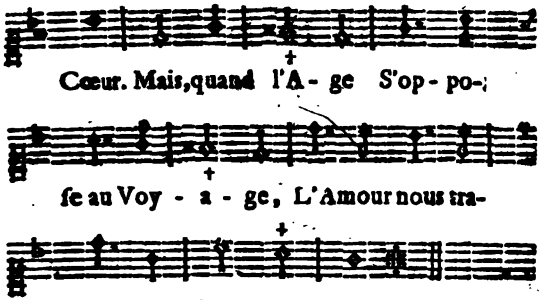
reux des plai - sirs.

VAUDEVILLE.

De Mr. Aubert.



Cœur.



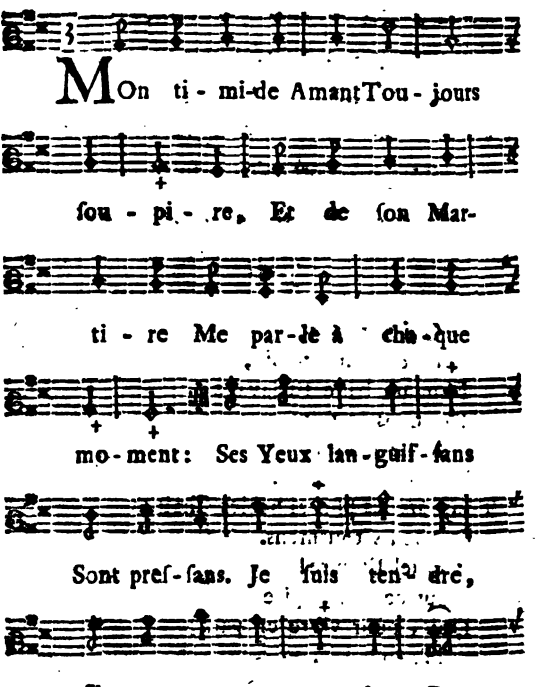
Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Fuſelier.

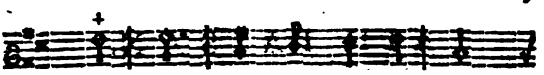
Qui s'engage,
Nuit & jour languit,
Dans un triſte Eſclavage;
Le repos le fuit:
Mille peines
Suivent les Amans.
Toujours les plus aimables Chaînes
Ont leurs tourmens.
Quel Empire!
Tout ce qui reſpire
Doit, pour vivre en paix,
N'aimer jamais.

Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Bailly.

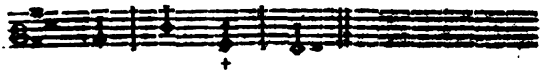
MENUET.

De Mr. Mouret.





mon Cœur; Mais, lui dois-je appren-



dre Son Bon- heur?

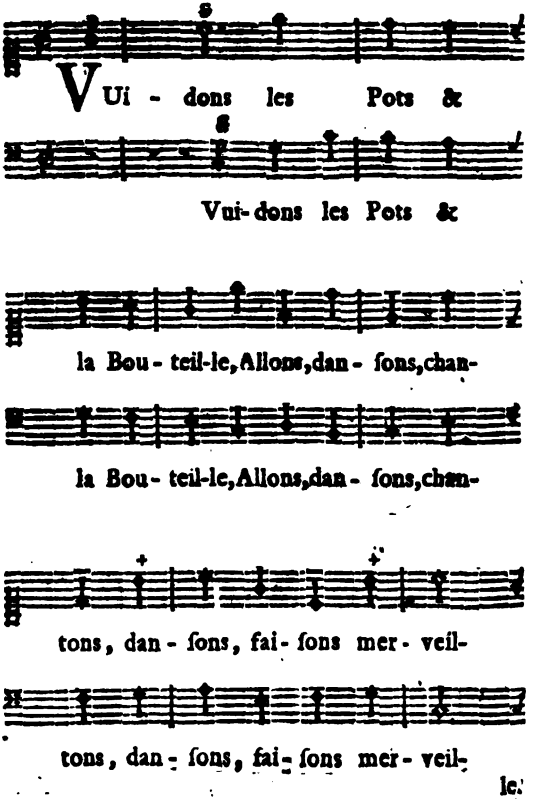
Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Fagan.

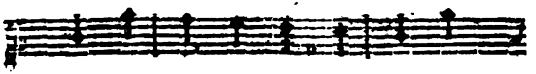
L'Amour dans vos yeux
Tient ſon Empire,
Tout ce qui reſpire
Brule de leurs tendres feux.
De me rendre heureux,
Belle Iris, tout vous preſſe:
Mes ſoins, ma tendreſſe,
Ma langueur,
Vous prouvent ſans ceſſe
Mon ardeur.

Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Bailly.

AIR PAÏSAN.

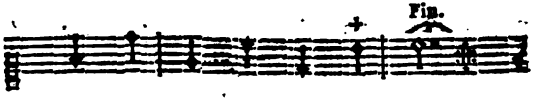
De Mr. Guillon.



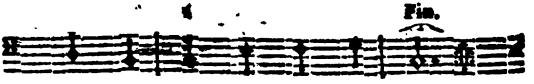


le. Ça, Com-pe-re Co - las, Prens

le. Ça, Com-pe-re Co - las, Prens

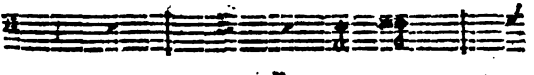


tes Sa - bots, fai - sons fra - cas:



tes Sa - bots, fai - sons fra - cas:

J'a - vons fait de bel - les Van-



J'a - vons

danges,

dan - ges, En-

fait de bef - les Van - dan - ges,

taf - fé de biaux

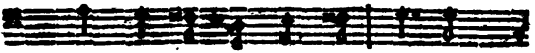
En-taf - fé de biaux Bleds, de biaux

Bleds de - dans nos Gran-ges. Auf- fi,

Bleds de - dans nos Gran-ges. Auf - fi,

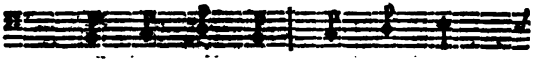
Dieu

Dieu mar - ci, Je

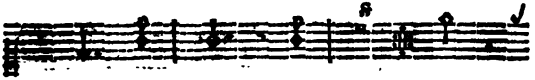


Dieu mar-ci, Je nous di - var-tif-

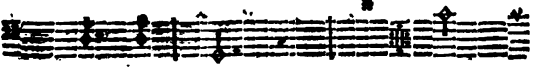
nous di - var - tif - ſons



ſons, je nous di - var. tif- ſons



ſans ſou - ci. Vui-, &c. Ça,

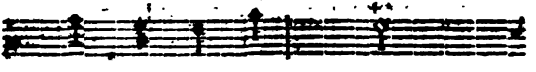


ſans ſou - ci. &c. Ça,

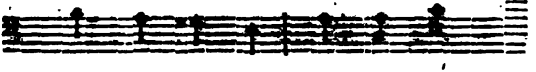
mor-

mor - gué, n'é - par-

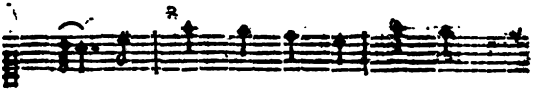
mor - gué, mor - gué, n'é - par-



gnons point la de - pen-



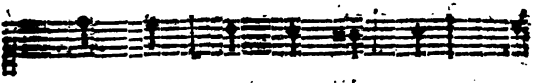
gnons point la dé - pen - ſe, Dans



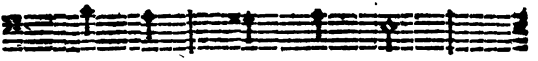
ſe, Dans nos var-gers, dans nos ſel-

nos var - gers, Dans nos ſel - liers, Tout

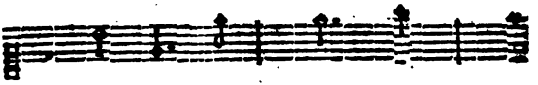
liers,



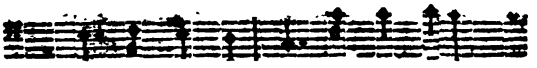
liers, Tout eſt en a - bon-



eſt en a - bon - dan-



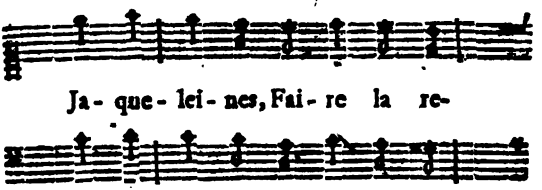
dan - ce, Et yal - lons

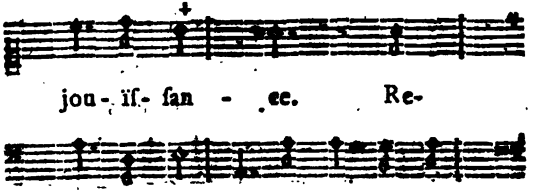


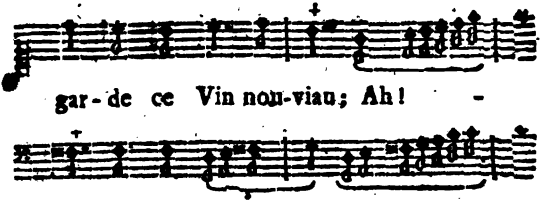
ce, Et yal lons gai, & yal-lons

gai a - vec nos Clau - dei - nes, Nos

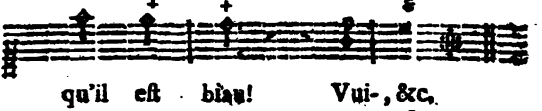
gai a - vec nos Clau - dei - nes, Nos


Ja- que- lei- nes, Fai- re la re-
Ja- que- lei- nes, Fai- re la re-


jou- ïſ- ſan - ce. Re-
jou- ïſ- ſan- ce. Re- gar- de ce

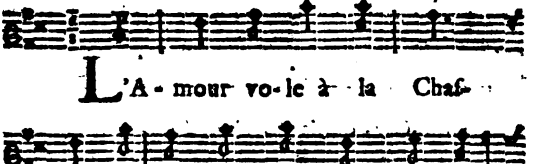

gar- de ce Vin nou-viau; Ah! -
Vin nouviau; Ah! - Ah! -

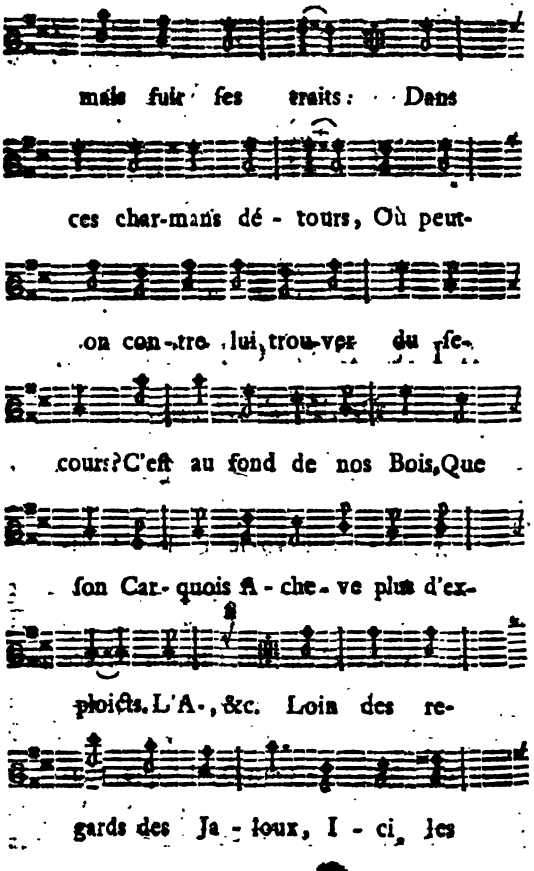
qu'il



AIR DE CHASSE.

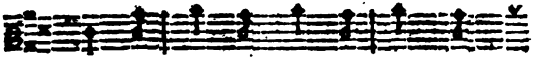
De Mr. de Blamont.




mais fuir ses traits : Dans
ces char-mans dé - tours, Où peut-
on con-tre lui trou-ver du se-
cours ? C'eſt au fond de nos Bois, Que
ſon Car- quois fi - che - ve plus d'ex-
ploits. L'A-, &c. Loin des re-
gards des Ja - loux, I - ci, les

Jeux

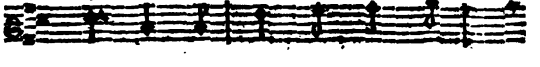
Jeux en ſe-cret vont ſe ren-



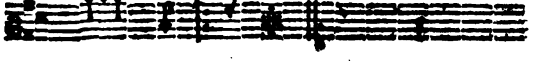
dre. Les plai-firs les plus doux, Sous

ces Or-meaux ſe ſont ça-chez

tous. Ah! laiſ-ſez-vous vous ſur-



pren-dre, Pour-quoi les crai-gnez-



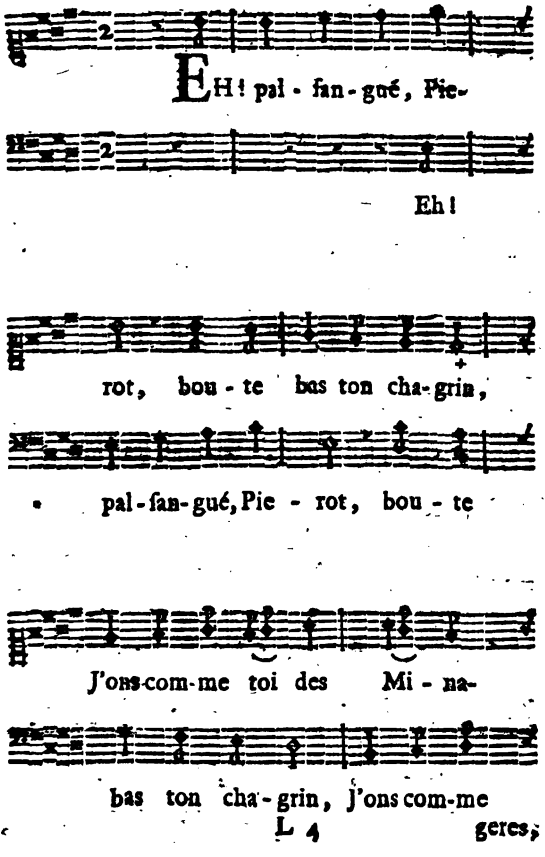
vous? L'A-, &c.

Buvons, buvons ſans ceſſe,
Contre le Chagrin le remede eſt ſouverain.
Pour bannir la triſteſſe,
Chers Amis, courons tous au Vin.
Dans ce charmant Feſtin,
Qu'on s'empreſſe en ce jour,
De braver l'Amour.
Vole, charmant Bachus,
Contre ton Jus,
L'Amour ne tiendra plus.
Buvons, &c.
Chantons, & trinquons ſans fin;
Chantons Bachus, & ſon aimable Empire.
Les Plaiſirs les plus doux,
Au fond des Pots ſe rencontrent tous.
Fuyons un tendre martire;
Bachus, regne ſur nous.
Buvons, buvons ſans ceſſe, &c.

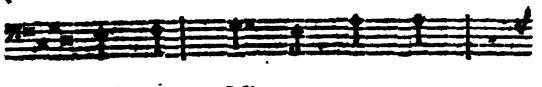
Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Bailly.

AIR

AIR de Mr. de Molan.

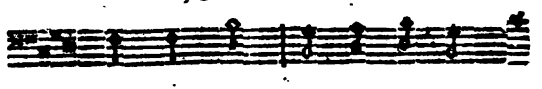


ge- res, J'ons com-me toi des



toi des Mi - na - ge - res,

Mi- na- ge- res, Qui piail-

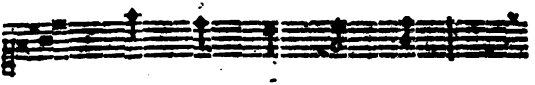


Qui piail- lont, fai-ſont les Mé-

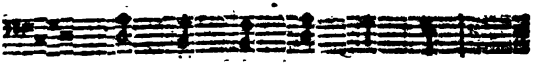
lont, pail-lont, fai-ſont les Mé-

ge - res, Qui pail - lont,

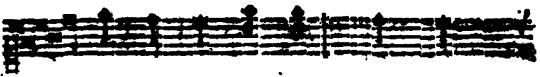
geres,



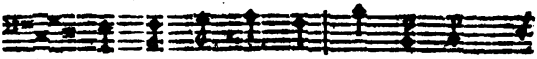
ge - res, Et je nous



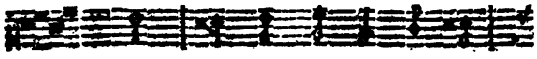
fai- ſont les Mé - ge - res,



en gauſ-ſons, je nous en gauſ-



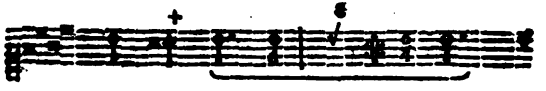
Et je nous en gauſ-ſons, je nous



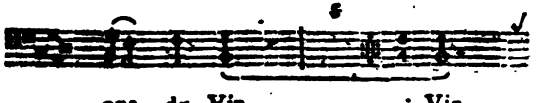
ſons; Mais, que j'ay-ons, que j'ay-

en gauſ - ſons; Mais, que j'ay-

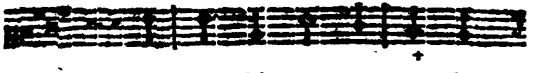
ons



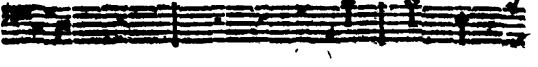
ons du Vin. Eh ! Vin.



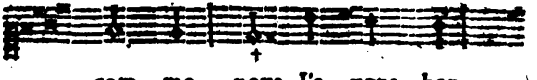
ons du Vin. Vin.



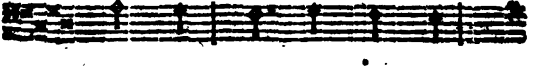
A - ga, fais com- me nous, fais



A - ga, fais

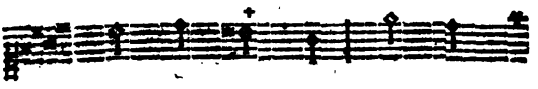


com - me nous, J'a - vons bon-

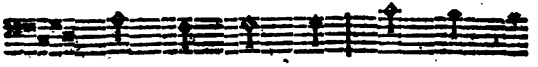


com - me nous, J'a - vons bon-

ne

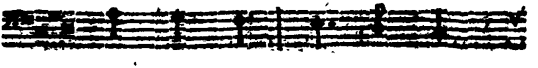


ne a - vi - ſoi - re; Quand nos



ne a - vi - ſoi - re; Quand nos

Fem- mes cri - ont, Je vi-

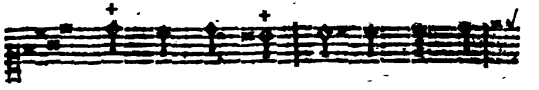


Fem- mes cri - ont, Je vi-

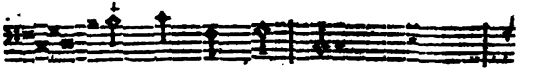
rons voir Gré - goi - re, J'al - lons y

rons voir Gré - goi - re, J'al - lons y

boire

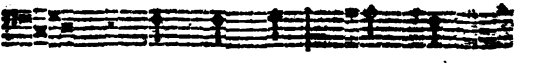


boi - re de bon piot. Al - les ont



boi - re de bon piot.

bieau hu - cher, gros Lu-



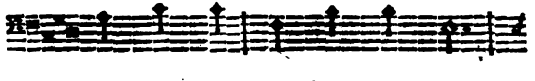
Al - les ont bieau hu-

cas, grand Guil - lot,

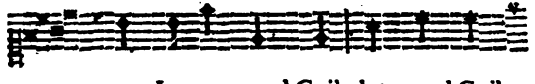
cher, gros Lu - cas, grand Guil-

Alles

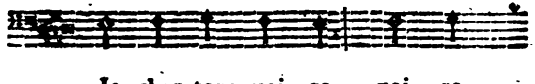
Al - les ont bieau hu - cher,



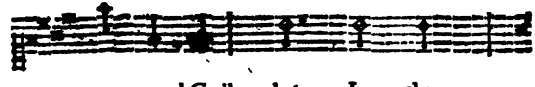
lot, gros Lu - cas, Grand Guil - lot,



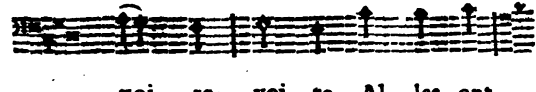
gros Lu - cas, grand Guil - lot, grand Guil-



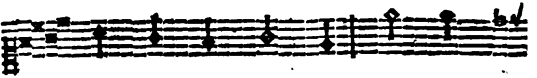
Je chan-tons voi - re, voi - re,



cas, grand Guil - lot, Je chan-



voi - re, voi - re. Al - les ont



tons voi- re, voi - re, je chan-

biau hu - cher, gros Lu-

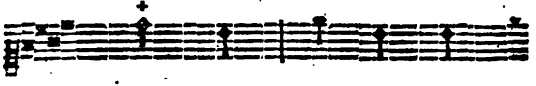
tons voi - re, voi - re, je chan-

cas, grand Guil- lot, gros Lu- cas,

tons voi-re, voi- re. Al - les ont

grand Guil- lot, je chan-

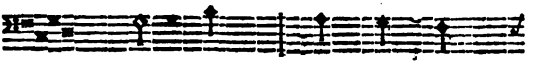
bieau



bieau hu - cher, gros Lu-

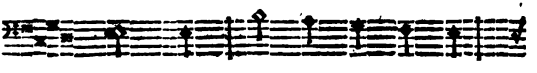
tons voi - re, voi - re,

cas, grand Guil - lot, Je chan-

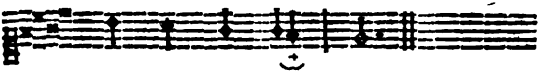


je chan - tons voi - re,

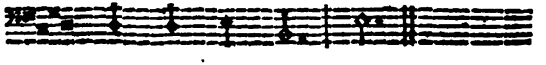
tons voi - re, voi - re, je chan-



voi - re, je chan-tons, je chan-

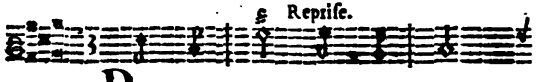


tons voi-re, voi-re.

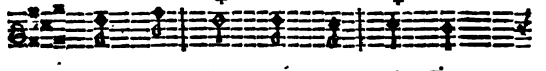


tons voi-re, voi-re.

AIR *de Mr. Rameau.*



ROſ-ſi-gnols a-mou-reux,

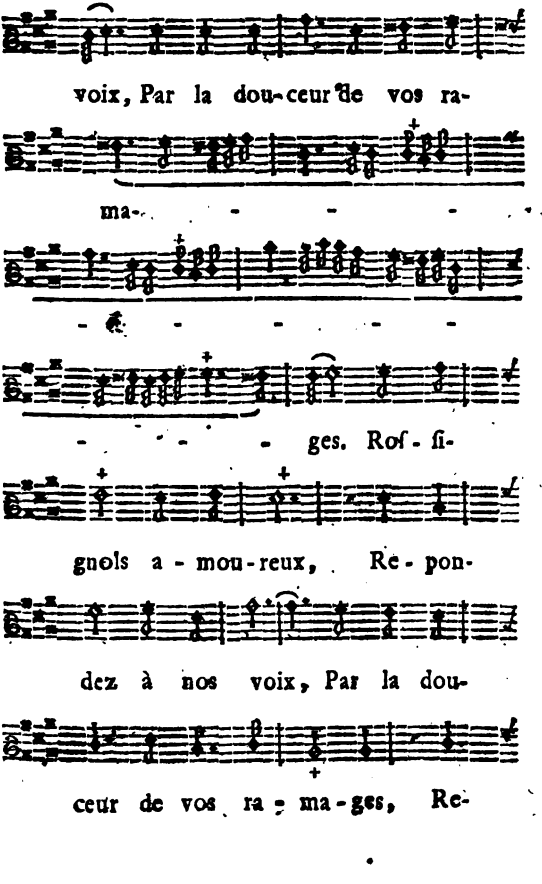


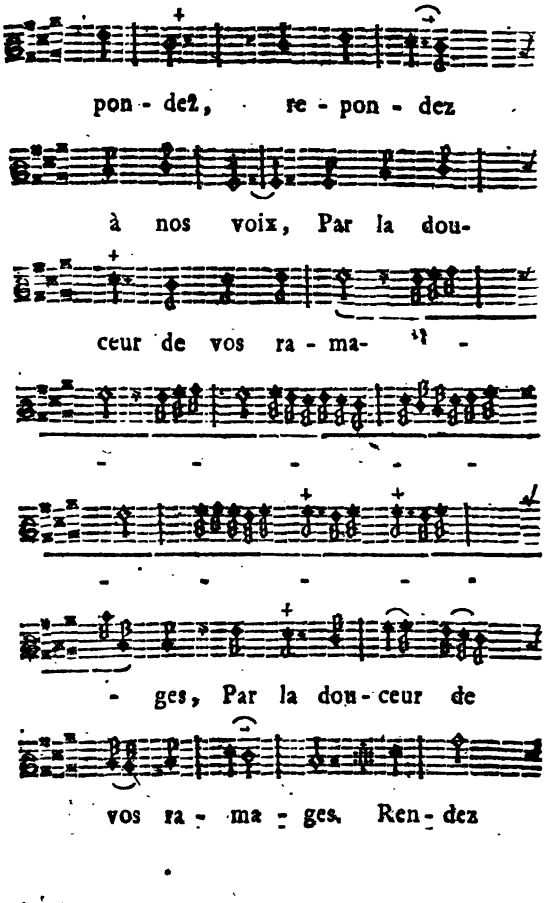
Re-pon-dez à nos voix, Par

la dou-ceur de vos ra-ma-

ges, Re-pon-dez à nos

voix,

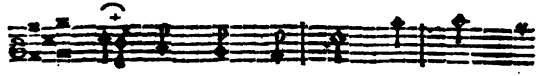

voix, Par la dou-ceur de vos ra-
ma- - - - -
- - - - - -
- - - - ges. Rof-ſi-
gnols a-mou-reux, Re-pon-
dez à nos voix, Par la dou-
ceur de vos ra-ma-ges, Re-


pon - dez, re - pon - dez
à nos voix, Par la dou-
ceur de vos ra - ma-
- - - - -
- - - - -
- ges, Par la dou - ceur de
vos ra - ma - ges, Ren - dez

les

les plus ten- dres hom- ma- ges,

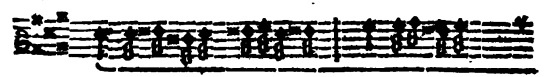
A la Di- vi- ni -- té, qui



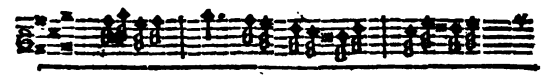
re- gne dans nos Bois, Ren- dez

les plus ten- dres hom- ma- ges,

A la- Di- vi- ni- té, qui



ré- - - -



- : : : -

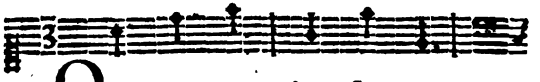
- - gne dans nos Bois.

Rof- fi-, &c.

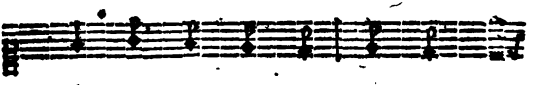
I. MENUET PARODIÉ,

De Mr. Reffier,

DE LA COMEDIE ITALIENNE.



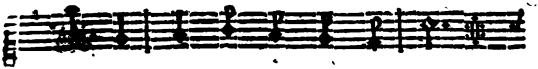
OUi, pour tou - jours, Sans re-



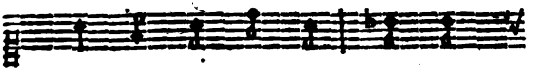
tour, Je romps en ce jour, A-

vec l'A-mour. Oui, pour tou-jours,

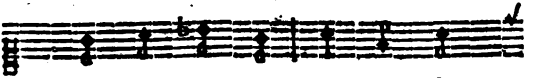
Sans



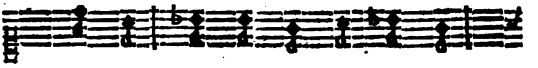
Sans re - tour, Je quit - te l'A-mour.



Quand ce Dieu nous en - ga - ge,



Il eſt ſe - dui - ſant; Mais, le



ba - di - na - ge, A - vec lui ſou-

vent, Nous laiſ - ſe en par - ta - ge, A-

près un paſ - ſa - ger plai-

ſir, Le re - pen - tir.

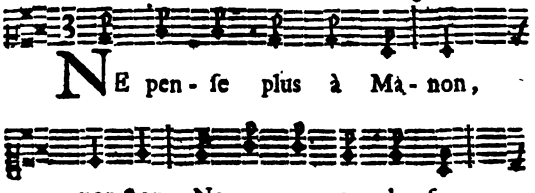
Para-

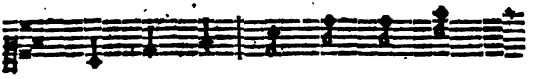
Parodie du I. Menuet.

C'eſt par vos yeux,
Qu'en ces lieux,
L'Amour eſt toujours victorieux.
C'eſt par vos yeux,
Qu'en ces lieux,
Nous ſentons ſes feux.
Tout brûle en vous voyant:
Le plus inconſtant
Se fixe à l'inſtant,
Le plus fier ſe rend;
Et l'indifférent,
Sans balancer un ſeul moment,
En fait autant.

II. MENUET

DE LA COMEDIE ITALIENNE.



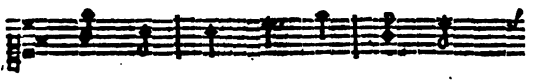


nom, non, non; Mais, j'ap-per-çois

ce ten-dron. Tient-on, foi-

ble Da-mon, Con-tre ſon Oeil fri-

pon? Non. Que d'ap-pas! quel



eſt mon trou-ble? Ma fla-me à

ſon aſ-pect re-dou-ble.

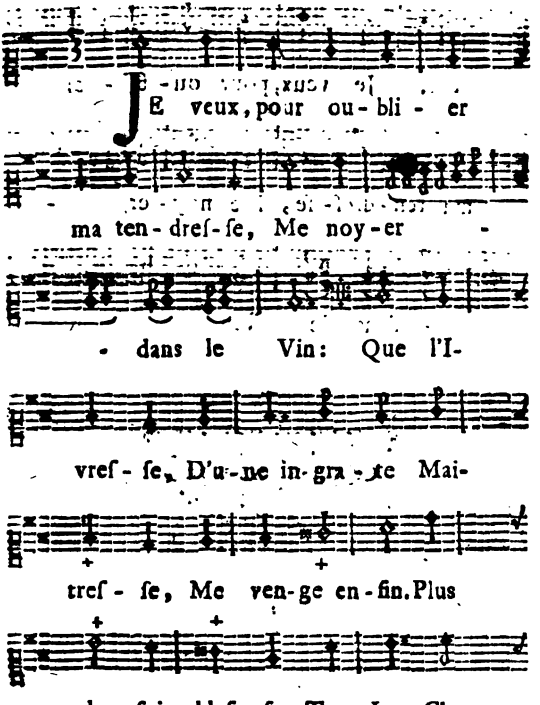
Con-tre le Dieu des A-mours, Je

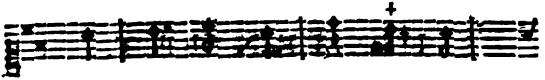
Le Buveur le plus mutin,
Compte envain sur le secours du Vin.
Du Festin
L'Amour est souverain.
Ici ce Jus divin
Ne sert qu'à son dessein:
Pour moi, j'ai beau soupirer,
L'implorer.
J'ai toujours à me plaindre;
Et, pour comble de tourmens,
De vos Amans
Le nombre augmente à tous momens.

III.

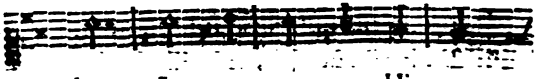
III. MENUET.

DE LA COMÉDIE ITALIENNE.

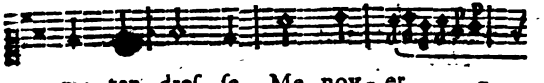




Ba- chus, M'en dé - cou- vre l'a-



bus. Je veux, pour ou- bli - er



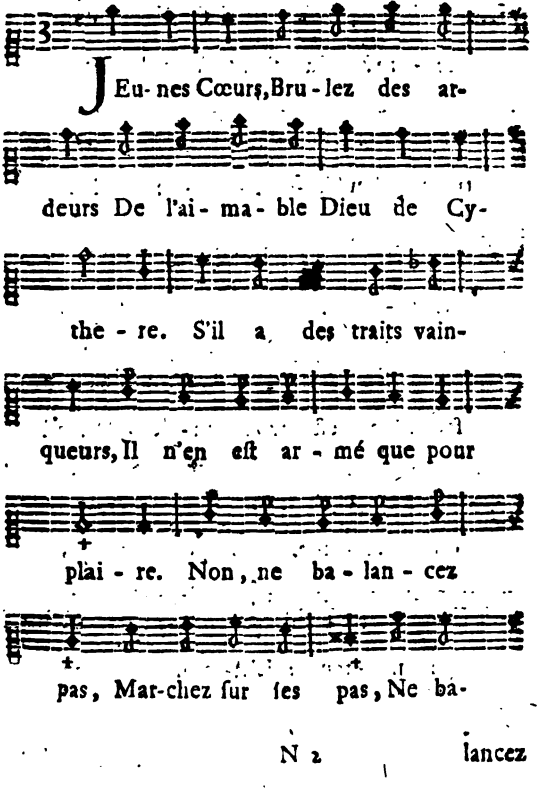
ma ten- dreſ- ſe, Me noy- er -

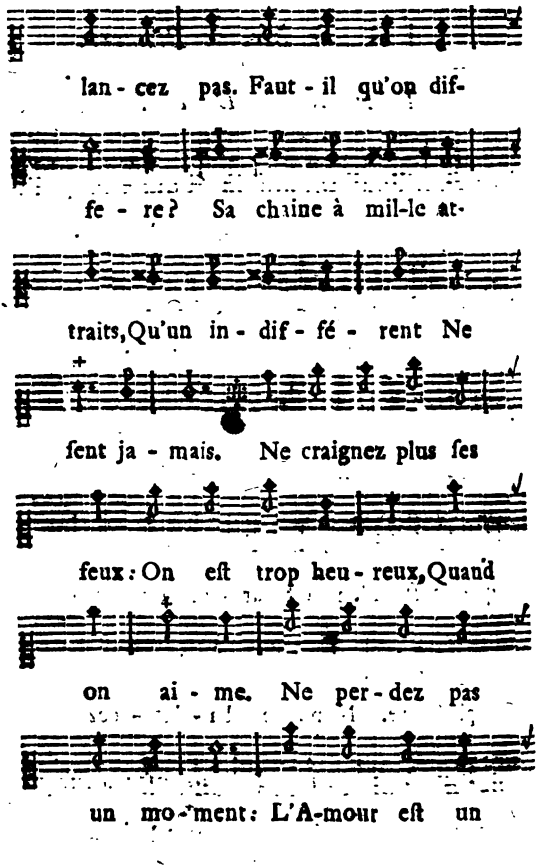
- dans le Vin.

AIR

AIR *de Mr. de Blamont.*

PARODIE.

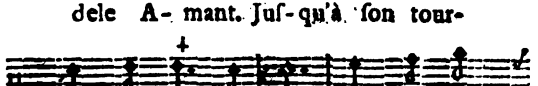



lan - cez pas. Faut - il qu'on dif-
fe - re? Sa chaine à mil-le at-
traits, Qu'un in - dif - fé - rent Ne
ſent ja - mais. Ne craignez plus ſes
feux: On eſt trop heu - reux, Quand
on ai - me. Ne per - dez pas
un mo - ment: L'A-mour eſt un

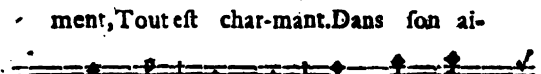
Bien

Bien ſu - prê - me, Pour un fi-

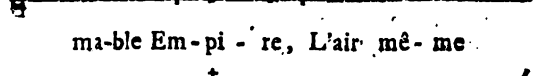
dele A- mant. Juſ-qu'à ſon tour-



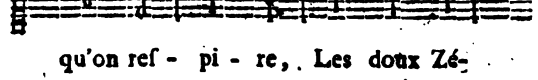
ment, Tout eſt char-mant. Dans ſon ai-



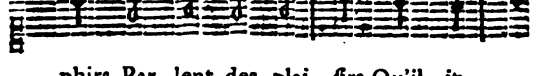
ma-ble Em-pi - re, L'air mê - me



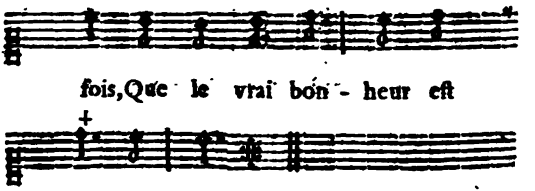
qu'on reſ - pi - re, Les doux Zé-



phirs, Par- lent des plai - ſirs, Qu'il in-



ſpi - re. Tout vous dit à la



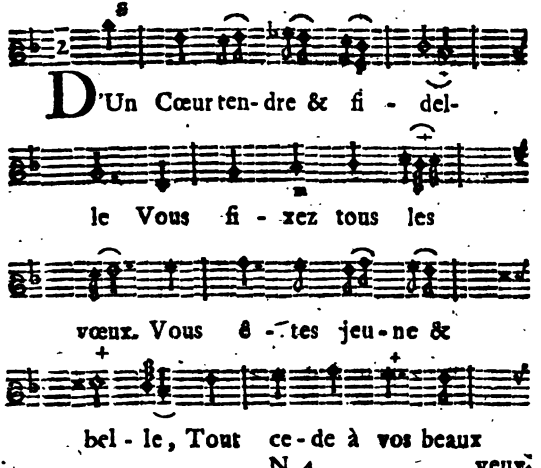
Dieu d'Amour,
Reçois en ce jour
L'Hommage du Cœur le plus tendre;
Par un juſte retour,
Engage Philis à ſe rendre.
Pour vaincre ſa rigueur,
Lance un trait vainqueur.
Que ſon jeune Cœur
Se laiſſe ſurprendre;
Que l'Enfant de Cypris
Triomphe à jamais de ſes mépris.
Mais, quel heureux deſtin!
Philis veut en vain
Se défendre.
Ce regard plein de douceurs,
Auquel je n'oſois prétendre,
Soulage ma langueur,
Offre à mon ardeur
Un bien flatteur.

Dans

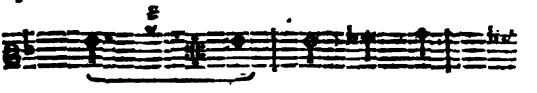
Dans un doux Eſclavage
Ma Bergere s'engage,
Pour un Amant
Fidele & conſtant.
Quel préſage !
Ce moment précieux
Couronne à jamais mes tendres feux.

Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Bailly.

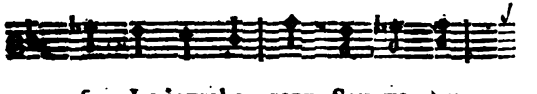
RONDEAU.



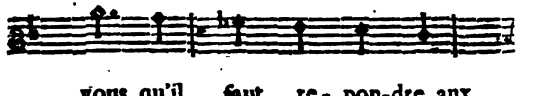
TAYLOR INST. OXFORD



yeux. &c. yeux. Mais, pour paſ-



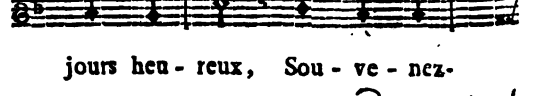
ſer des jours heu-reux, Sou-ve-nez-



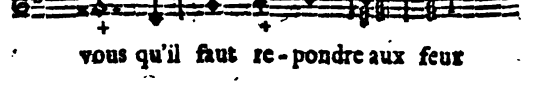
vous qu'il faut re-pon-dre aux

feux D'un Cœur ten-dre & fi-

de-le. Mais, pour paſ-ſer des



jours heu-reux, Sou-ve-nez-



vous qu'il faut re-pondre aux feux

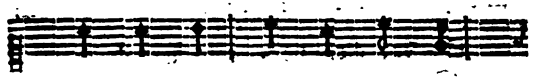
D'un

D'un Cœur ten-dre & fi-

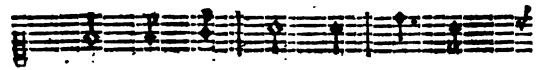
de - le.

AIR TENDRE.

GE-mi-rai-je tou-jours Sous le



poids de tes chaî-nes, In - fi-



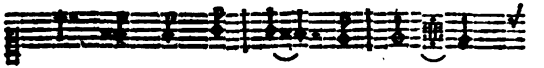
del - le Do - ris? Quel prix de

mes A-mours? Ton cœur toujours le-

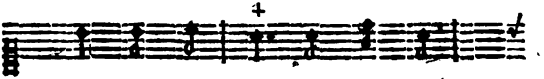
ger

ger m'a cau - ſé tant de pei-

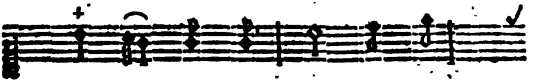
nes, Qu'il faut pour les fi-



nir trancher mes triſ - tes jours. jours.



Tu me dé - fends, Beau-té cru-



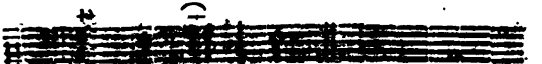
el - le, d'eſ - pé - rer un deſ-

tin plus doux! Ah! que ne

puis-je au moins, quand je meurs

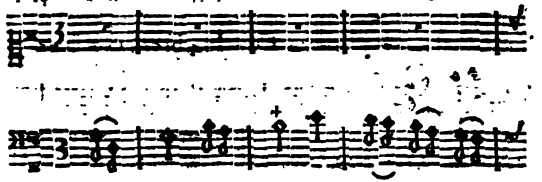
de

de tes coups, ceſ - ſer d'ê-

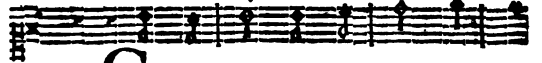


tre fi - del - le!

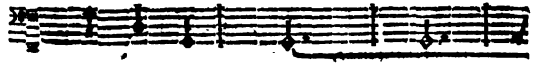
MUSETTE.



Baſſe continue.



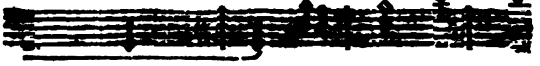
CE-le- brez, ce - le - brez, char-



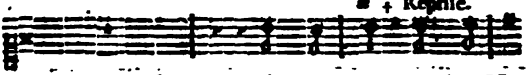
Baſſe continue.

mante

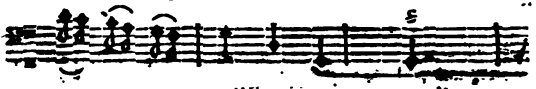
man-te Mu-set-te.



Basse continue.

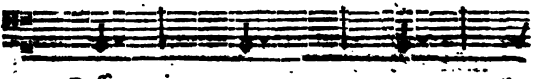


Cé-le-brez, ce-le-



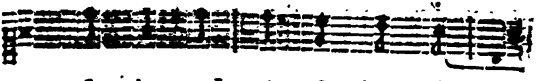
Basse continue.

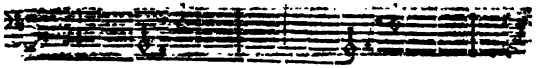
brez, char-man-te Mu-set-te,



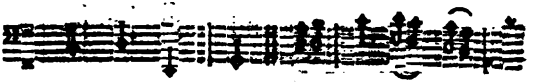
Basse continue.

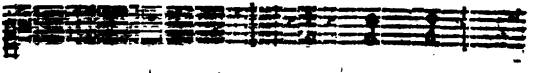
La

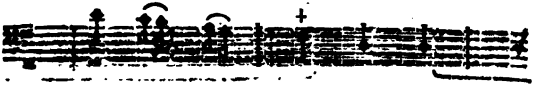

La jeu-ne I - ris & ſon heu-


Baſſe continue.

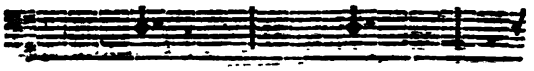
Fin.
- reux re- tour.


Baſſe continue.

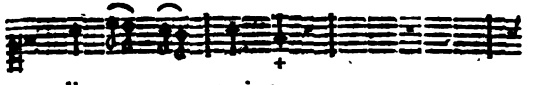

Ses a-


Baſſe continue.

pas vont en - cor em - bel-



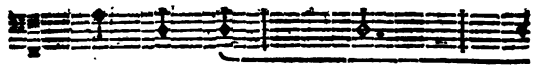
Baſſe continue.



lir nos re - trai - tes.

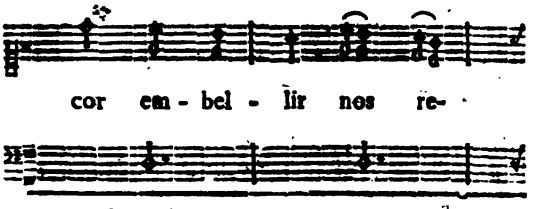
Baſſe continue.

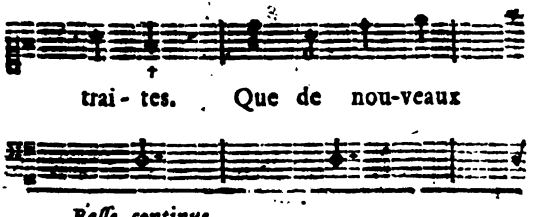
Ses a - pas vont en-

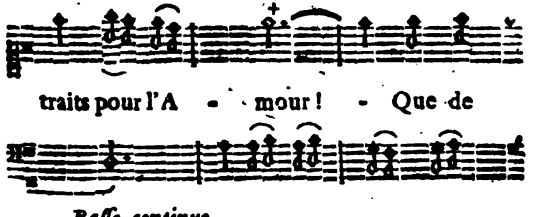


Baſſe continue.

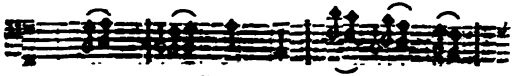
cor


cor em - bel - lir nos re-
Basse continue.

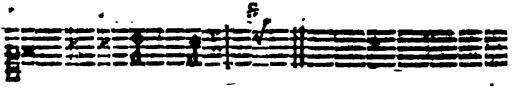

trai - tes. Que de nou-veaux
Basse continue.


traits pour l'A - mour ! - Que de
Basse continue.

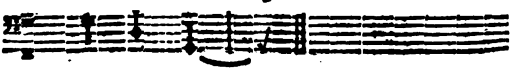
nouveaux traits pour l'A - - mour!



Basse continue.

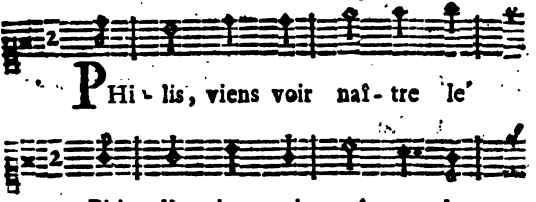


Ce - le-, &c.

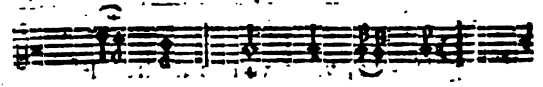


Basse continue.

DUO.

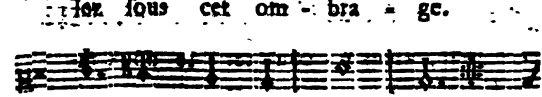

PHi - lis, viens voir naî - tre le
Phi - lis, viens voir naî - tre le
jour, Viens é - cou - ter le doux ra-
jour, Viens é - cou - ter le doux ra-
ma - ge Des Oi - ſeaux, que le
ma - ge Des Oi - ſeaux, que le

tendre A - mour Tient é - veil-



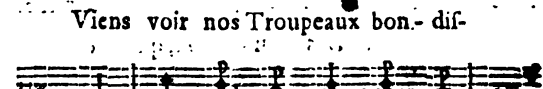
tendre A - mour Tient é - veil-

lez ſous cet om - bra - ge.



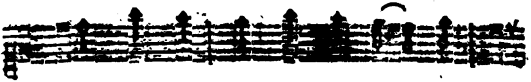
Iez ſous cet om - bra - ge.

Viens voir nos Troupeaux bon - dif-

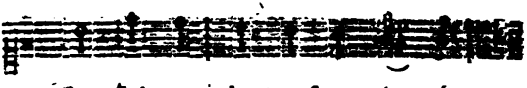


Viens voir nos Troupeaux bon - dif-

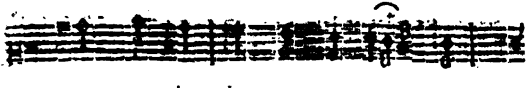
ſans,



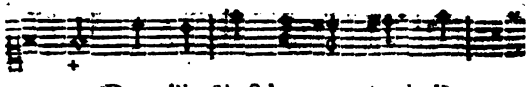
ſans, Sui-vre les tranſports in-no-



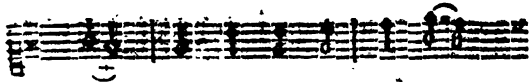
ſans, Sui-vre les tranſports in-no-



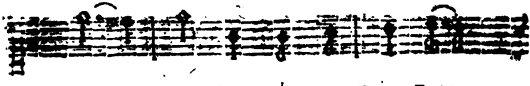
cens, Dont l'inſtinct leur ap-prend l'u-



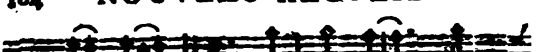
cens, Dont l'inſtinct leur ap-prend l'u-



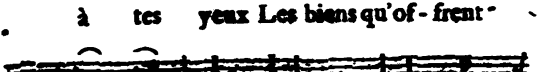
ſa-ge. Tout, en ces lieux, Peint



ſa-ge. Tout, en ces lieux, Peint



à tes yeux Les biens qu'of-frent



à tes yeux Les biens qu'of-frent

tour à tour La Na - tu-

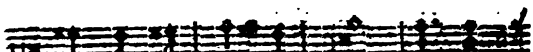
tour à tour La Na - tu-

re & l'A-mour. Tout, en ces lieux,

re & l'A-mour. Tout, en ces lieux,

Peint

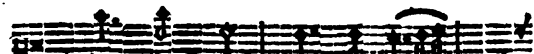
Peint à tes yeux Les biens qu'of-frent



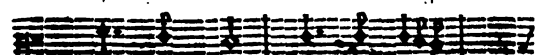
Peint à tes yeux Les biens qu'of-frent

tour à tour, Les biens qu'of-frent

tour à tour, Les biens qu'of-frent



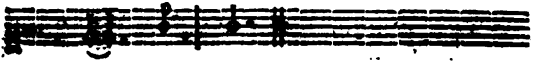
tour à tour La Na - tu-



tour à tour La Na - tu-

re

re & l'A - mour.



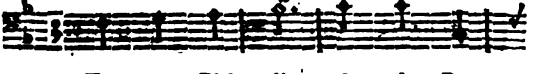
re & l'A - mour.

AIR A BOIRE. A DEUX.

RONDEAU.

Gayement.

EN-tre Phi - lis & la Bou-



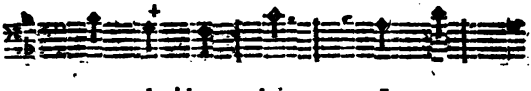
En - tre Phi - lis & la Bou-

teil - le, Je par - ta - ge

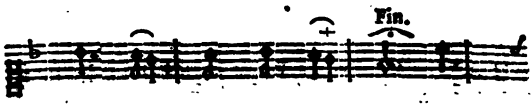
teil - le, Je par - ta - ge

mes

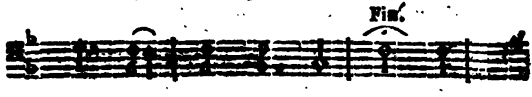
mes plus beaux jours. Je par-



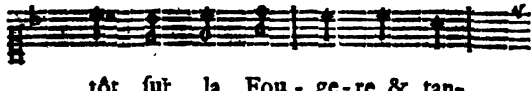
mes plus beaux jours. Je par-



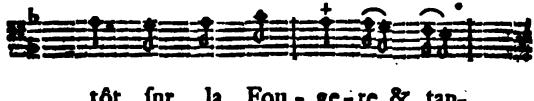
ta - ge mes plus beaux jours. Tan-



ta - ge mes plus beaux jours. Tan-

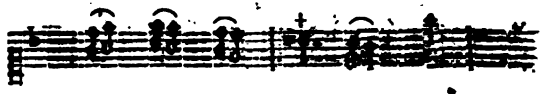


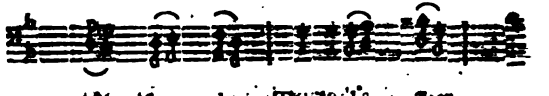
tôt ſur la Fou - ge - re & tan-

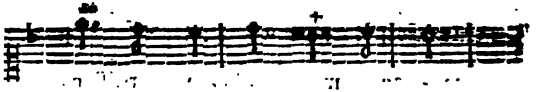


tôt ſur la Fou - ge - re & tan-

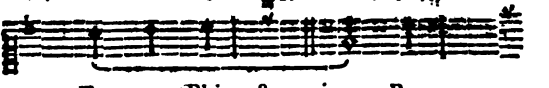
tôt

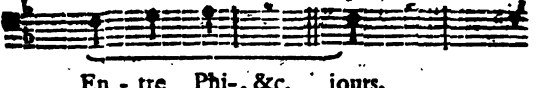

tôt ſous la Treil-le, Je


tôt ſous la Treil-le, Je

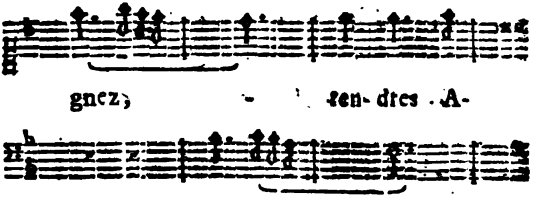

paſ-ſe des mo-mens trop courts,

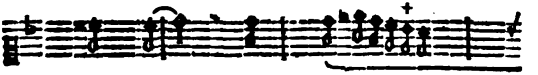
paſ-ſe des mo-mens trop courts.


.En-tre Phi-, &c. jours. Re-

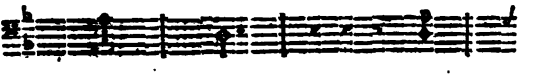

En-tre Phi-, &c. jours.

gnez

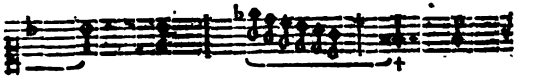

gnez, - ten-dres A-
Re- gnez,
mours, re - gnez, - re-
ten-dres A- mours, re - gnez, -
gnez, re - gnez, ten - dres
- - - ten- dres



A - mours. Cou - lez, -



A - - mours. Cou-



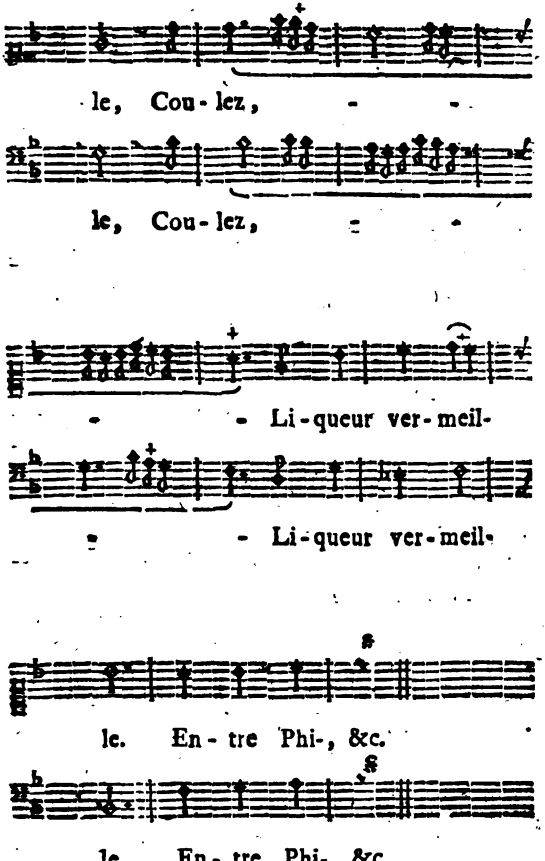
- Cou - lez, - cou-

lez, - Cou - lez, -

lez, cou - lez, Li-queur ver - meil-

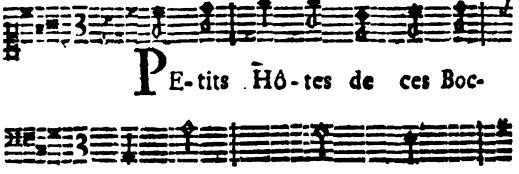
- - Li-queur ver - meil-

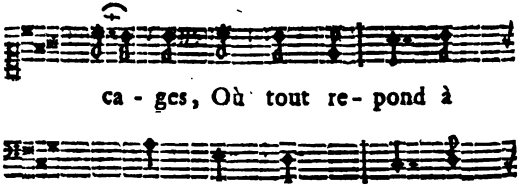
le;


le, Cou-lez,
le, Cou-lez,
Li-queur ver-meil-
Li-queur ver-meil-
le. En-tre Phi-, &c.
le. En-tre Phi-, &c.

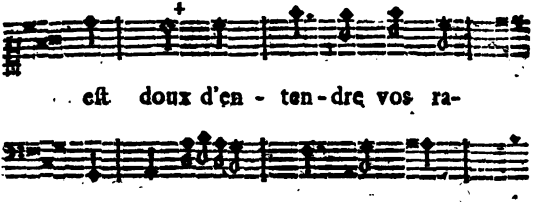
PRINTEMPS.

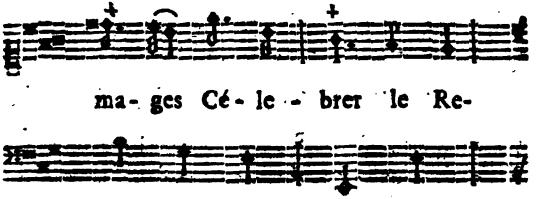
Gracieuſement.

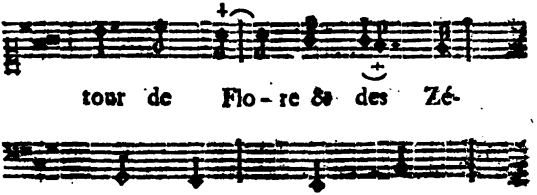


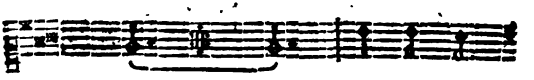


eſt

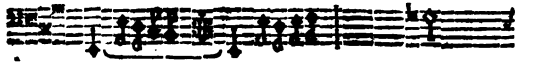

eſt doux d'en - ten - dre vos ra-
Baſſe continue.


ma - ges Cé - le - brer le Re-
Baſſe continue.


tour de Flo - re & des Zé-
Baſſe continue.



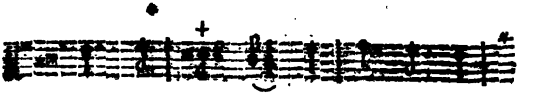
phits. phirs. C'eſt pour vous



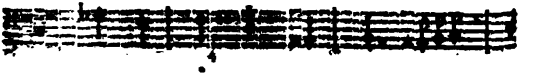
Baſſe continue.

ren-dre heu-reux, que la Sai-

Baſſe continue.

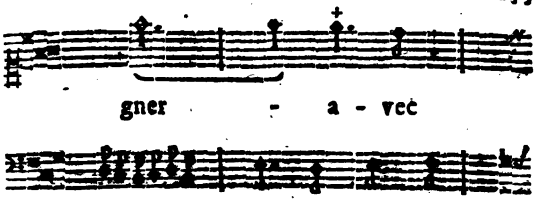


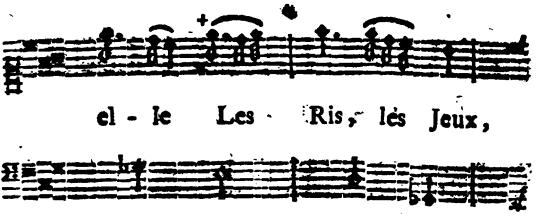
ſon nou- vel - le Vient fai - re ré-

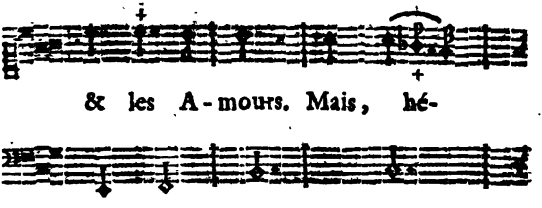


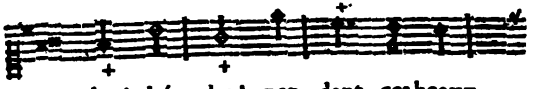
Baſſe continue.

gner

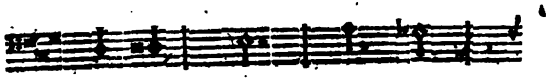

gner - a - vec
Basse continue.


el - le Les - Ris, les Jeux,
Basse continue.

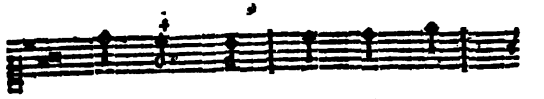

& les A - mours. Mais, hé-
Basse continue.



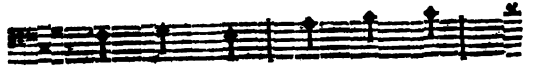
las ! hé - las ! pen - dant ces beaux



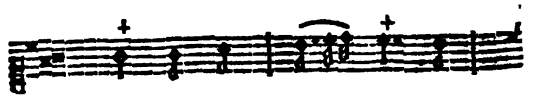
Baſſe continue.



jours, Mon I - ris eſt ab-



Baſſe continue.

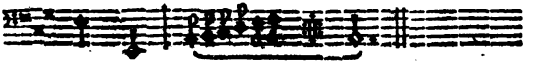


ſen - te, & peut - ê - tre in - fi-

Baſſe continue.

delle,

del - le. le.



Basse continue.

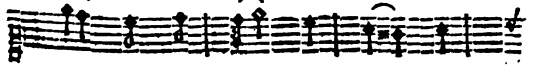
PRINTEMPS.

Tendrement & mesuré.

QUe j'ai-me à voir I - ris dans

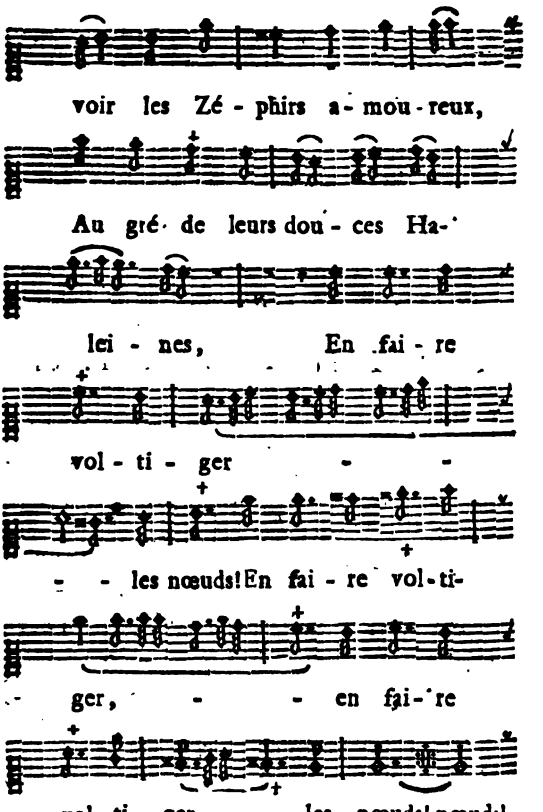
ces ri - an - tes Plai-nes, Des

ri - ches Dons de Flo-re em-bel-

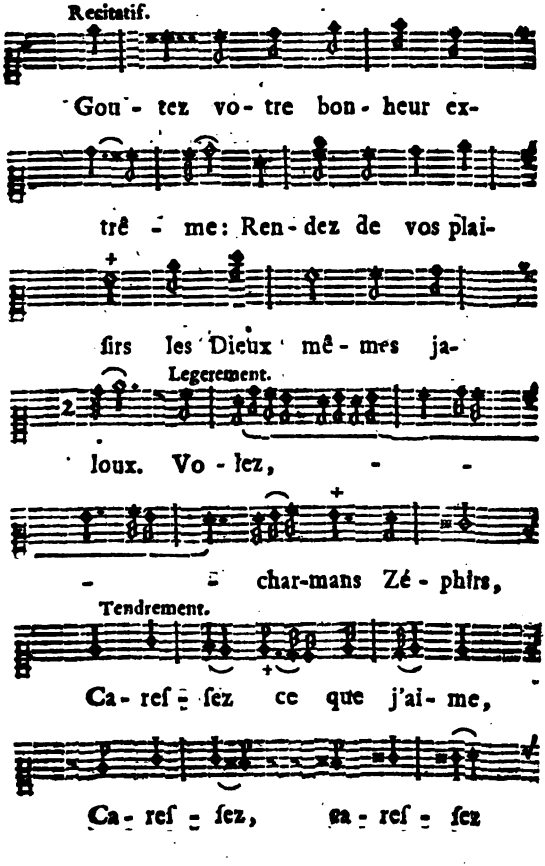


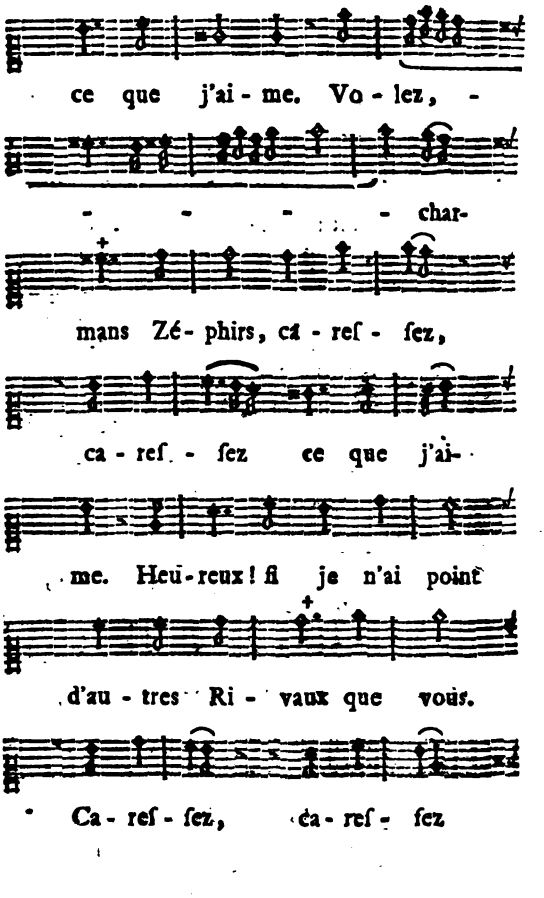
lir ſes Che - veux! Que j'ai-me à

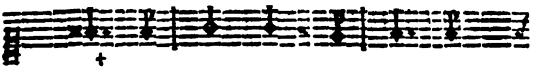
voir


voir les Zé - phirs a - mou - reux,
Au gré de leurs dou - ces Ha -
lei - nes, En fai - re
vol - ti - ger - -
- - les nœuds! En fai - re vol - ti -
ger, - - en fai - re
vol - ti - ger - les nœuds! nœuds!

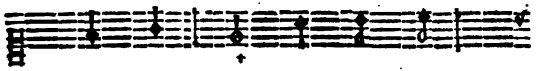
Gou-


Recitatif.
Gou - tez vo - tre bon - heur ex-
trê - me: Ren - dez de vos plai-
firs les Dieux mê - mes ja-
Legerement.
loux. Vo - lez, - -
- - char-mans Zé - phirs,
Tendrement.
Ca - reſ - ſez ce que j'ai - me,
Ca - reſ - ſez, ca - reſ - ſez

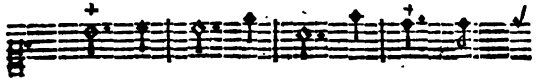

ce que j'ai-me. Vo-lez, -
- - - - char-
mans Zé-phirs, ca-reſ-ſez,
ca-reſ-ſez ce que j'ai-
me. Heu-reux! ſi je n'ai point
d'au-tres Ri-vaux que vous.
Ca-reſ-ſez, ca-reſ-ſez



ce que j'ai- me. Heu-reux! ſi

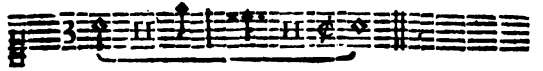


je n'ai point d'au- tres Ri-



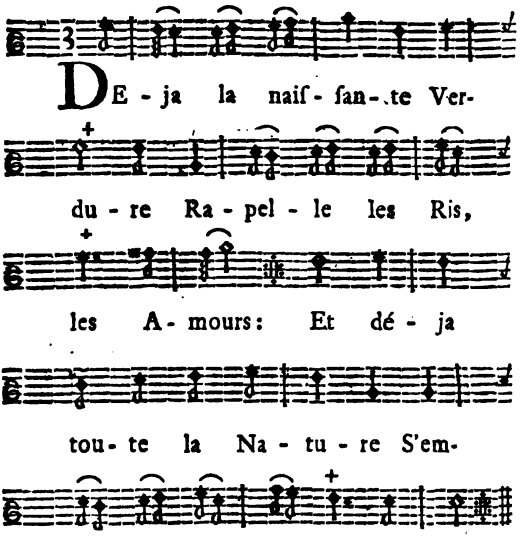
vaux que vous. Heu-reux! heu-reux! ſi

je n'ai point d'au-tres Ri- vaux que



vous. Gou - tez. vous.

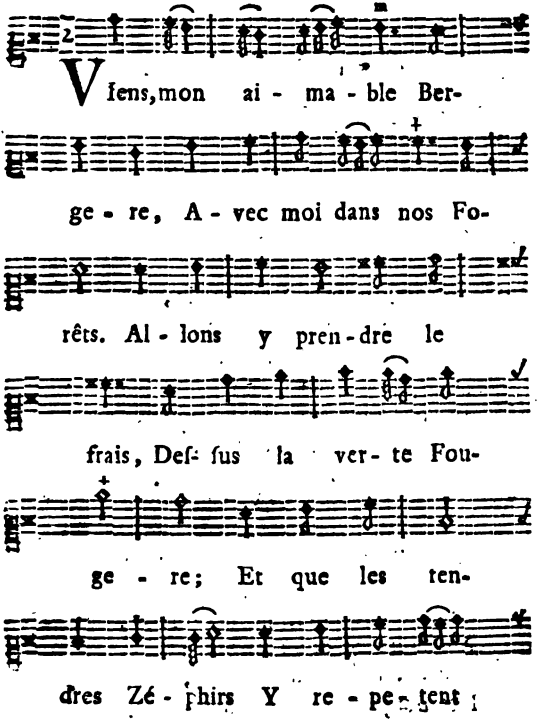
AUTRE PRINTEMPS.

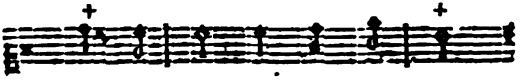


PAS-

PASTOURELLE,

Dans le Gout de Muſette, de Mr. Gillier.





nos Sou - pirs; Et que les ten-

dres Zé - phirs Y re - pe - tent

nos Sou - pirs.

Entends-tu la Tourterelle,
Qui gémit ſur cet Ormeau?
Ce n'eſt point d'un Feu nouveau,
Dont brule ſon Cœur fidelle.
Suivons tous deux leur Amour,
Juſqu'à notre dernier jour.

Ce Ruiſſeau, dans ce Boccage,
De tes Yeux eſt amoureux;
Et, comme moi, plein de feux,
Murmure ce doux langage:
Aimez, Philis, un Amant,
Des Bergers le plus conſtant.

Je

Je crois que j'entends Silvandre,
Qui ſoupire au fond du Bois:
L'Echo repete ſa voix,
Et de loin nous fait entendre;
Que rien n'égale les maux,
Qu'on ſent d'avoir des Rivaux.

Deſſus ces Ecorces vertes,
Gravons ton Nom & le mien,
Que d'un ſi tendre lien,
Philis, elles ſoient couvertes!
Et voyons-les chaque jour
Croitre moins que notre Amour.

Les Fleurs s'empreſſent d'éclore,
Dans cet aimable Printems;
On voit paroitre, en nos Champs,
Les Amours, Zéphire, & Flore:
C'eſt le pouvoir de tes Yeux,
Qui les fixe dans ces Lieux.

Les Lis qu'on voit dans nos Plaines,
Les Roſes de nos Jardins,
Les Oeillets, & les Jaſmins,
Le Criſtal de nos Fontaines,

N'égalent pas la Beauté,
Dont mon Cœur eſt enchanté.

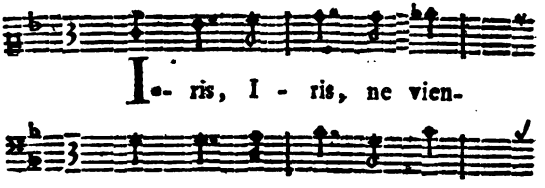
Le Dieu qu'ici l'on revere,
Approuvant des Feux ſi beaux,
Sait conſerver les Troupeaux,
De mon aimable Bergere:
Non, de la rage des Loups
Ils n'éprouvent point les coups.

Le Ciel doit avec juſtice
Accorder tout ſon ſecours,
A de ſi chaſtes Amours,
Et toujours être propice,
A de fideles Amis,
Par la Vertu ſeule unis.

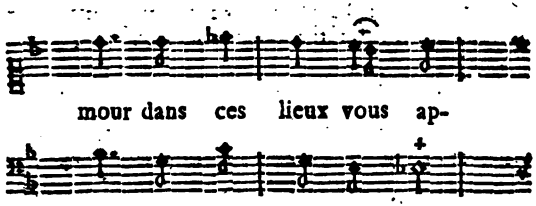
Que cette flamme ſi pure
Dure donc auſſi long-tems,
Que l'on verra, dans nos Champs,
Naître & mourir la Verdure;
Et que nos tendres Agneaux,
Bondiront ſur ces Côteaux.

SA-

SARABANDE.

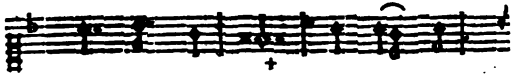

I- ris, I - ris, ne vien-
Basse continue.

drez vous ja - mais, Lorſ-que l'A-
Basse continue.

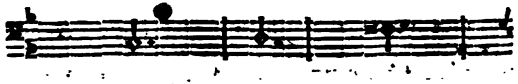

mour dans ces lieux vous ap-
Basse continue.

pel-le ? Aſ-ſez ſou-vent il em-

Baſſe continue.

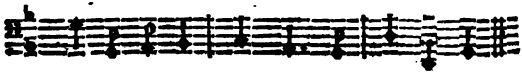


prun-te vos traits : Pour cet-te



Baſſe continue.

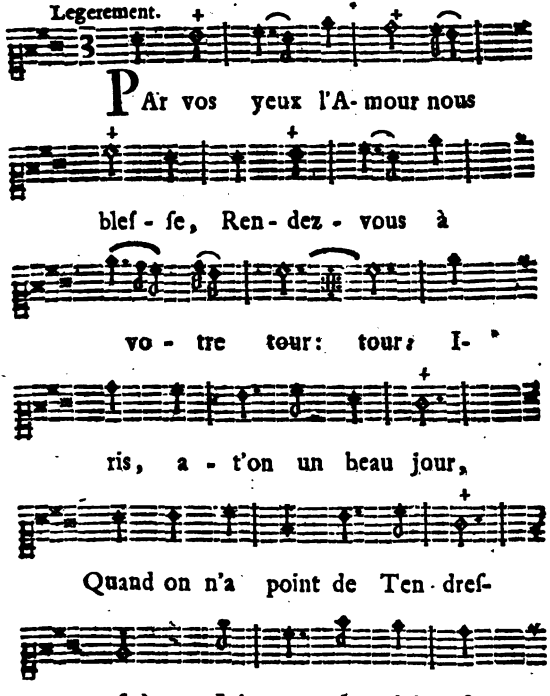
fois, ſer-vez-vous de ſes Aſ-les.



Baſſe continue.

AU-

AUTRE PETIT AIR.



d'ai-

d'ai - mer A la dou - ceur

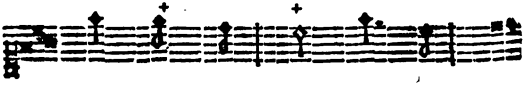
de char - mer. mer.

AIR SERIEUX DE MOUVEMENT.

L'Ob-jet de ma Ten - dreſ-ſe ex-

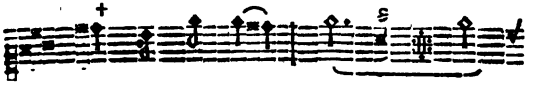
trê - me Eſt ſen - ſi,- ble à

mon A - mour. Je jou - ïs en-

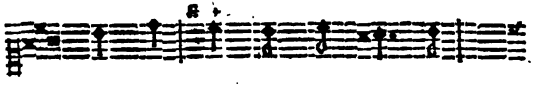


ſin du bon - heur d'ê - tre ai-

mé

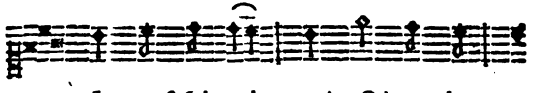


mé com-me j'ai - me: me:

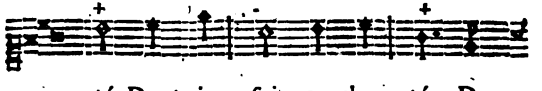


O! char-man-te fé - li - ci-

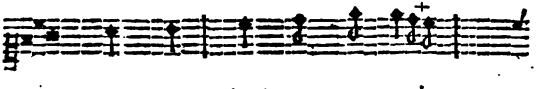
té, O! doux plai-ſirs dont ma



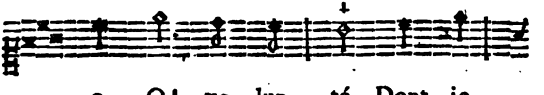
flame eſt ſui - vi - e! O! vo-lup-



té, Dont je ſuis en-chan-té, Du-

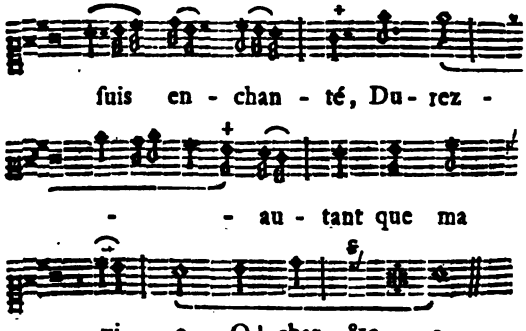


rez au - tant que ma vi-

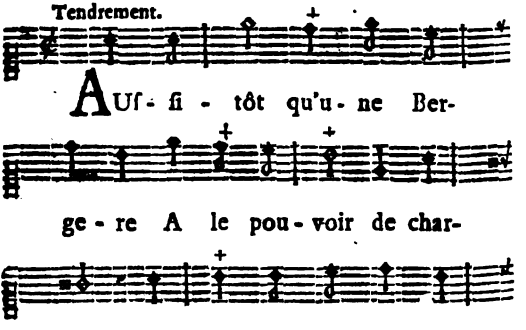


e. O! vo-lup-té, Dont je

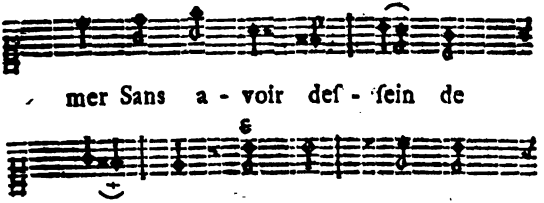
ſuis



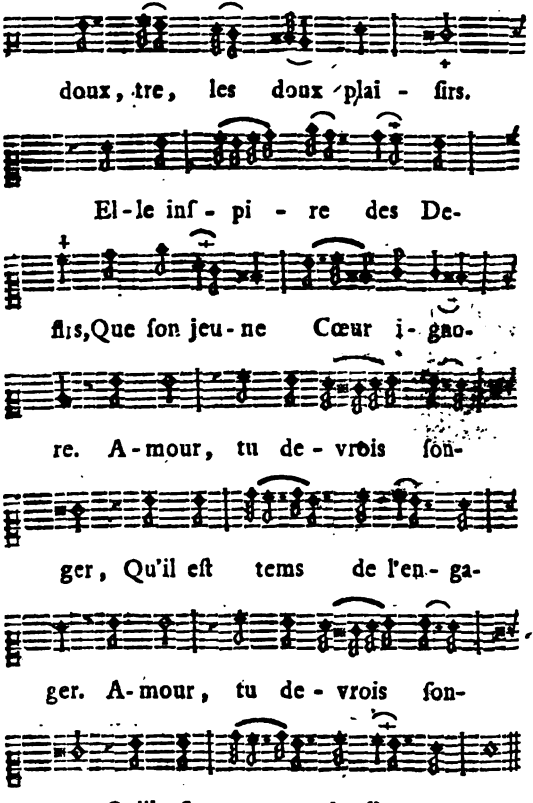
AIR SERIEUX.



mer

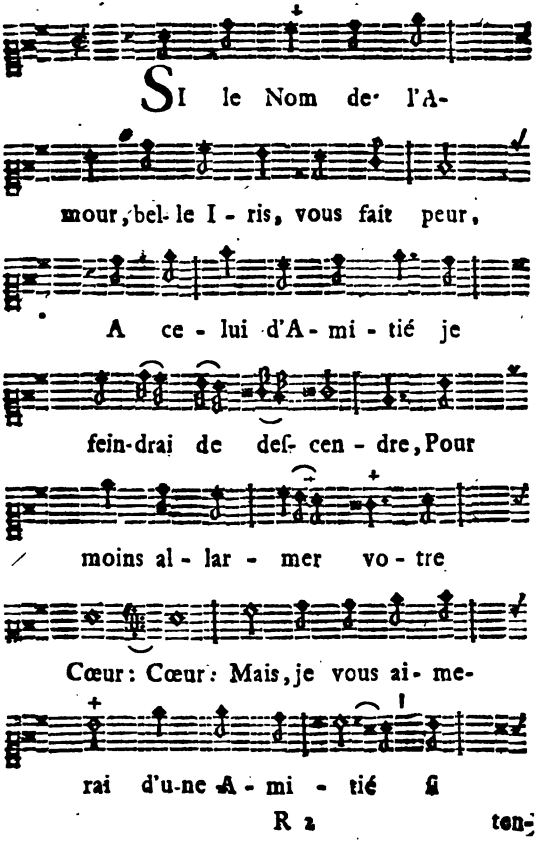


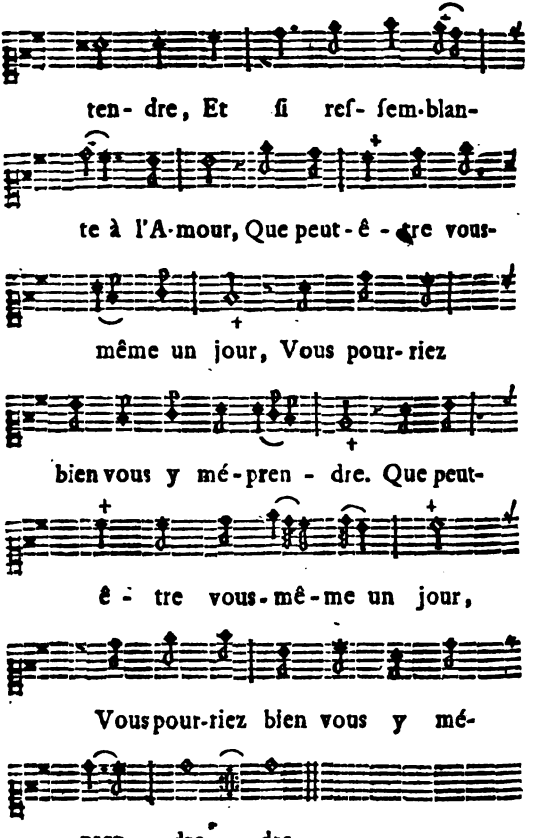
DEUXIEME COUPLET.


doux, tre, les doux plai - ſirs.
El - le inſ - pi - re des De-
fis, Que ſon jeu - ne Cœur i - gno-
re. A - mour, tu de - vrois ſon-
ger, Qu'il eſt tems de l'en - ga-
ger. A - mour, tu de - vrois ſon-
ger, Qu'il eſt tems de l'en - ga - ger.

AIR

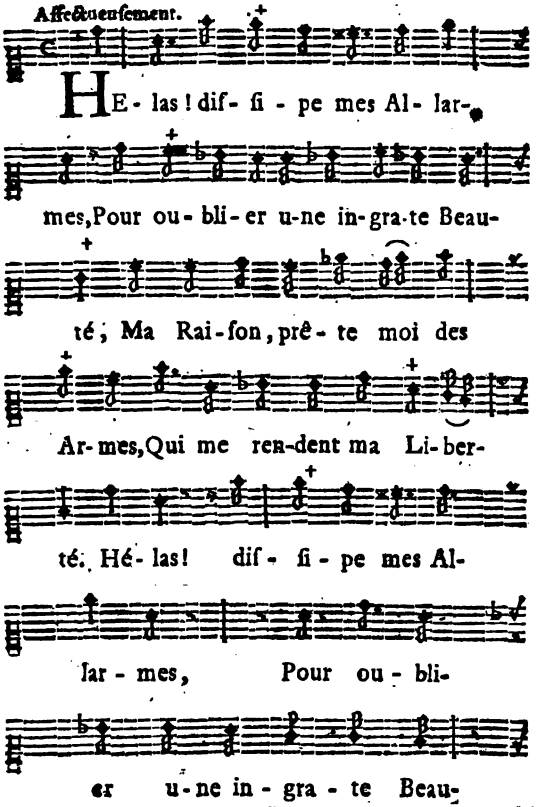
AIR SERIEUX.


SI le Nom de l'A-
mour, bel-le I-ris, vous fait peur,
A ce-lui d'A-mi-tié je
fein-drai de deſ-cen-dre, Pour
moins al-lar-mer vo-tre
Cœur: Cœur: Mais, je vous ai-me-
rai d'u-ne A-mi-tié ſi


ten- dre, Et ſi reſ- ſem·blan-
te à l'A·mour, Que peut-ê - tre vous-
même un jour, Vous pour-riez
bien vous y mé-pren - dre. Que peut-
ê - tre vous-mê-me un jour,
Vous pour-riez bien vous y mé-
pren - dre. dre.

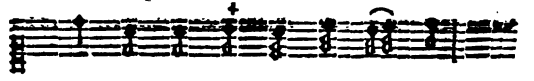
ARIET-

ARIETTE.


Affectueusement.
HE- las ! dif- fi - pe mes Al- lar-
mes, Pour ou- bli- er u-ne in-gra-te Beau-
té ; Ma Rai-ſon, prê- te moi des
Ar-mes, Qui me ren-dent ma Li-ber-
té. Hé- las ! dif- fi - pe mes Al-
lar - mes, Pour ou - bli-
er u-ne in - gra - te Beau-

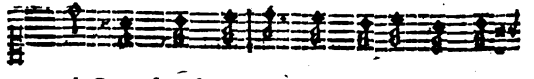
té, Ma Rai-ſon, prê-te moi des

Ar-mes, Qui me ren-dent ma Li-ber-

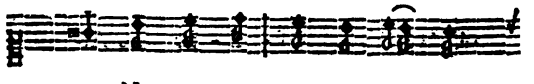


té, Ma Rai-ſon, prê-te moi des

Ar-mes, Qui me ren-dent ma Li-ber-



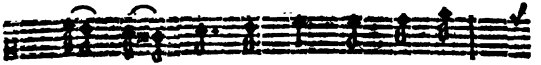
té. Quand mal-gré toi nous de-ve-nons A



mans, Nous te voy-ons tou-jours pa-

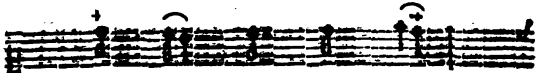
roi-tre. Te cher-che-

rai-



rai - je vai - ne-ment, Te cher-che-

rai - je vai - ne-ment, Lorſque je



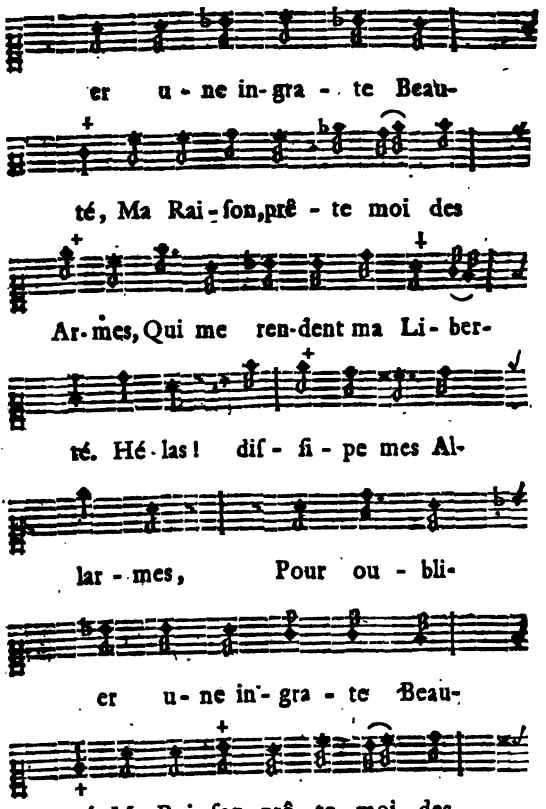
veux ceſ - ſer de l'ê-

tre? Te cher-che-rai-je vai-ne-

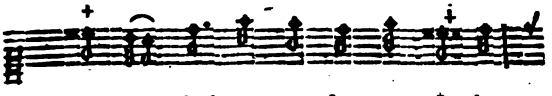
ment, Lorſ-que je veux ceſ-ſer de

l'ê - tre. Hé - las! diſ - ſi - pe

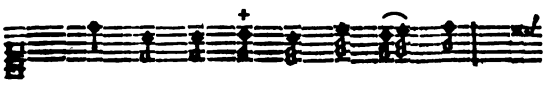
mes Al - lar - mes, Pour ou - bli-


er u - ne in-gra - te Beau-
té, Ma Rai-ſon, prê - te moi des
Ar-mes, Qui me ren-dent ma Li-ber-
té. Hé-las! diſ - ſi - pe mes Al-
lar - mes, Pour ou - bli-
er u - ne in-gra - te Beau-
té, Ma Rai-ſon, prê - te moi des

Ar-

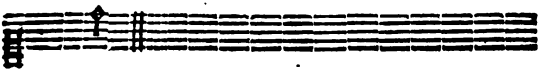


Ar-mes, Qui me ren dent ma Li-ber-



té. Ma Rai-ſon, prê-te moi des

Ar-mes, Qui me ren-dent ma Li-ber-

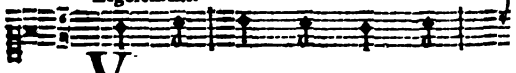


té.

AIR SERIEUX.

CHANSONNETTE.

Legerement.

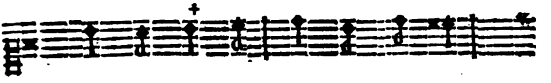


Basse continue.

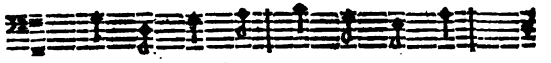
Basse continue.

Basse continue.

tre



tre A- me, Dans vos yeux ſe fait bien



Baſſe continue.

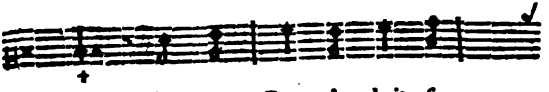
voir: Met-tez les d'ac-cord, Ber-

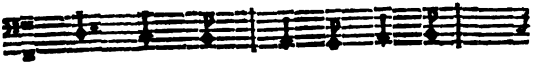
Baſſe continue.

ge - re, Et pour fai-re en-co - re

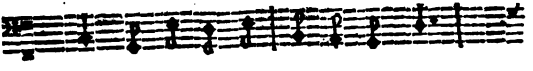
Baſſe continue.

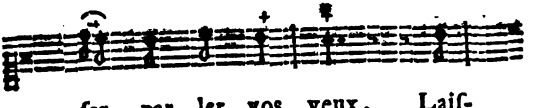
mieux;

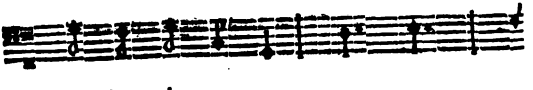

mieux, Vo- tre Bou- che doit fe


Baſſe continue.

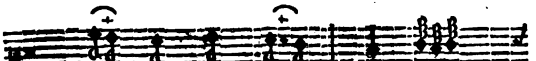
tai - re, Et laiſ-


Baſſe continue.


ſer par- ler vos yeux, Laiſ-

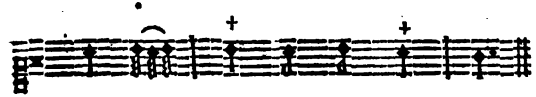

Baſſe continue.

ſer

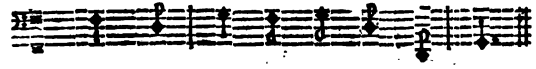


ſer par-ler vos yeux, Laiſ-

Baſſe continue.



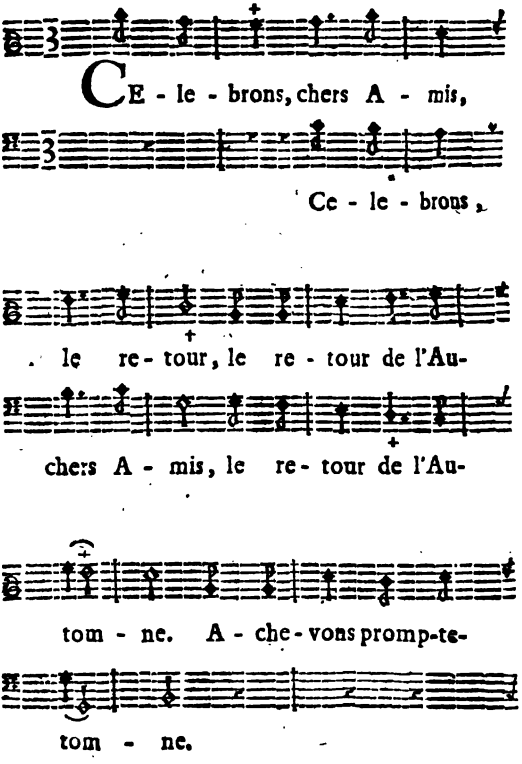
ſer, Laiſ-ſer par-ler vos yeux.

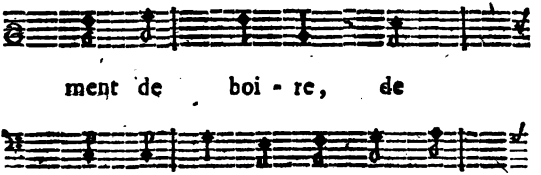


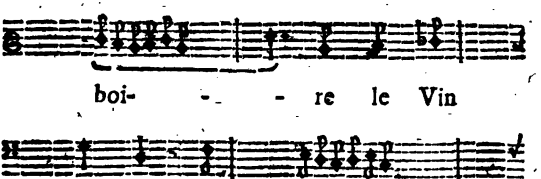
Baſſe continue.

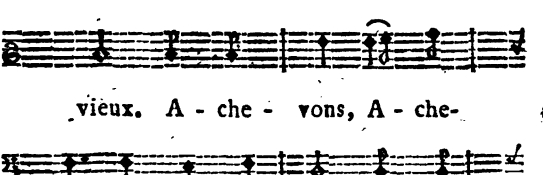
AIR A BOIRE.

D U O.




ment de boi - re, de
A - che - vons promp-te - ment de


boi- - - re le Vin
boi - re, de boi-

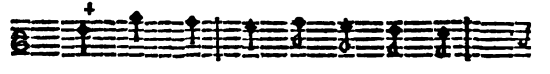

vieux. A - che - vons, A - che-
- re le Vin vieux. A - che-

vons, a- che- vons prompte- ment de

vons, a - che - vons, a - che-

boi - re. Chan - tons, chantons

vons prompte-ment de boi-re. Chan-



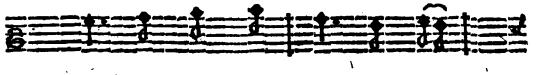
tous, chan-tons tous le Dieu de la

tons, chan-tons tous, chan-

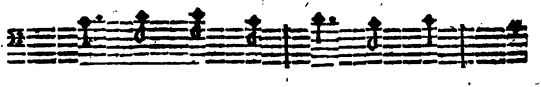
Tonne,

Ton- ne, Chan - tons, La

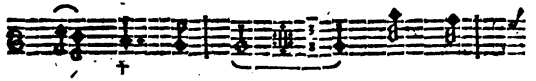
tons le Dieu de la Ton-ne, La



Vi- gne nous pro - met un Jus

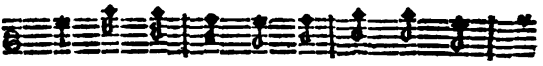


Vi- gne nous pro - met un Jus



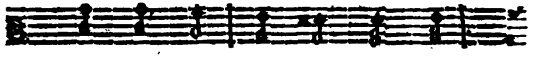
dé - li - ci - eux: eux: Pré- pa-

dé - li - ci - eux: eux:



rez, pré- pa - rez vos Pa - niers, ai - gui-

Pre - pa - rez vos Pa - niers, ai - gui-



ſez vos Ser - pet - tes, ai - gui-

ſez vos Ser - pet - tes, Pré - pa-

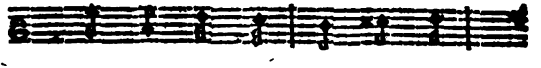
ſez, Pré - pa - rez vos Pa-

rez vos Pa - niers ai - gui-

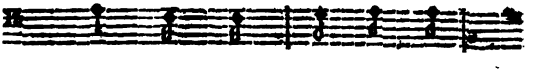
niers,

niers, ai - gui - ſez vos Ser-

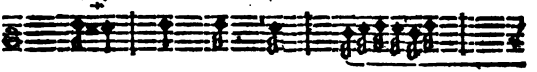
ſez vos Ser - pet - tes, Pré - pa-



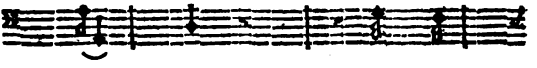
pet - tes, ai - gui - ſez vos Ser-



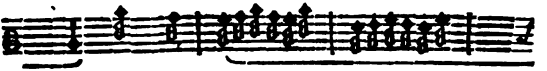
rez, ai - gui - ſez vos Ser-



pet - tes. Ac - cou - rez, -



pet - tes. Ac - cou-

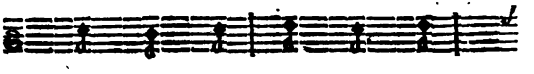


- ac - cou - rez, - -

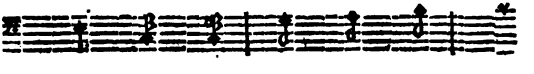
rez, - ac - cou - rez, -

- heu - reux Ven-dan-geurs, pré - pa-

rez, - heu - reux Ven-dan-



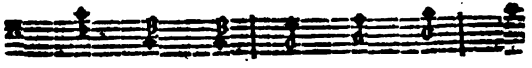
rez, ai - gui - ſez, pré - pa -



geurs, pré - pa - rez vos Pa-

rez

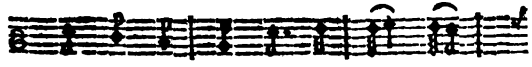
rez vos Pa - niers, ai - gui-



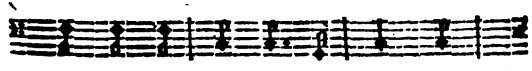
niers, ai - gui - ſez, ai - gui-

ſez vos Ser - pet - tes. Ceſ-

ſez vos Ser - pet - tes. Ceſ-



ſez de ſer - vir vos Li - ſet - tes,

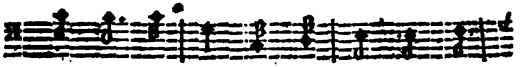


ſez de ſer - vir vos Li - ſet - tes,

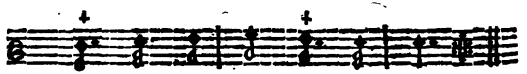
Il eſt tems de ſer - vir Ba-chus,

Il eſt tems de ſer-

& les Bu-veurs, Il eſt tems de ſer-



vir les Bu-veurs, Il eſt tems de ſer

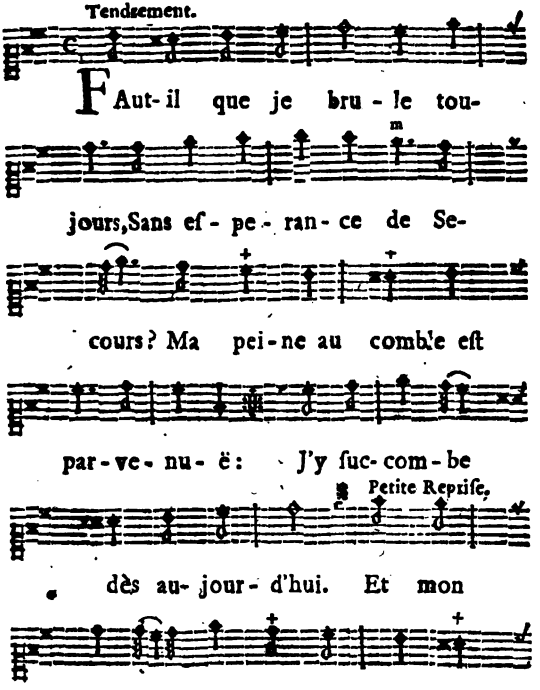


vir Ba-chus, & les Bu-veurs.

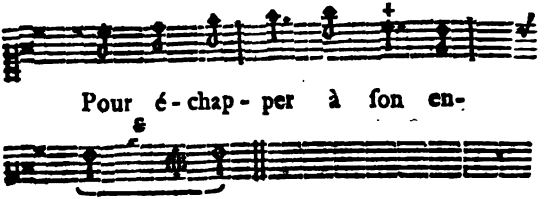
vir Ba-chus, & les Bu-veurs.

BRU-

BRUNETTE.



Pour



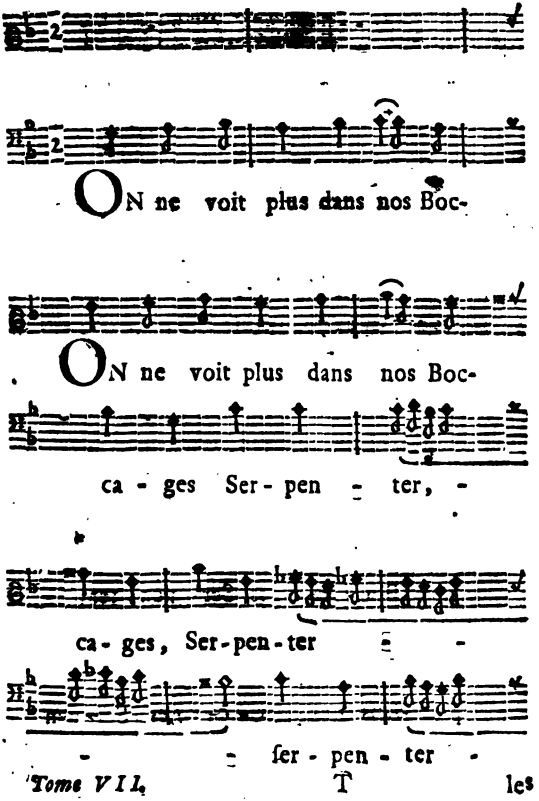
Ruiſſeaux, Confidens de mes Soins,
Bois, Oiſeaux, uniques témoins,
De ma cruelle inquiétude:
Plaignez la rigueur de mon Sort,
Et condamnez l'ingratitude
Des Yeux qui me donnent la Mort.

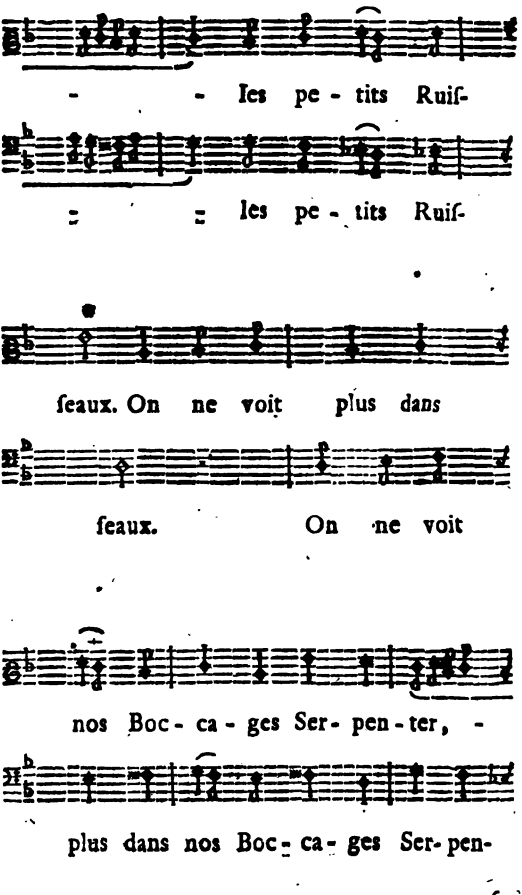
Belle cauſe de mon trépas,
Je meurs enfin pour les appas,
Dont les Graces vous ont pourvuë:
Mais, mon Cœur ſeroit ſatisfait,
Si vous daignez tourner la vuë,
Sur le mal que vous avez fait.

AIR

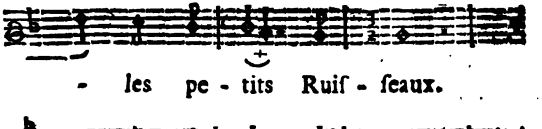
AIR A BOIRE.

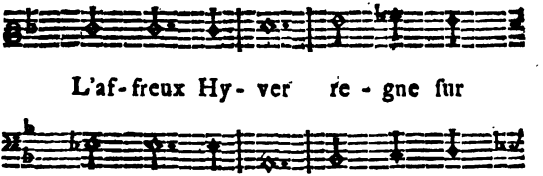
DUO.

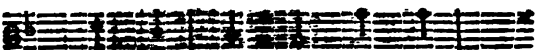



- - les pe - tits Ruiſ-
: : les pe - tits Ruiſ-
ſeaux. On ne voit plus dans
ſeaux. On ne voit
nos Boc - ca - ges Ser - pen - ter, -
plus dans nos Boc - ca - ges Ser - pen-
ſer-

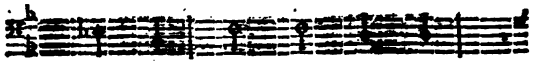
- ſer-pen-ter - -
ter, - ſer-pen-ter -


- les pe-tits Ruiſ-ſeaux.
- les pe-tits Ruiſ-ſeaux.


L'af-freux Hy-ver re-gne ſur
L'af-freux Hy-ver re-gne ſur



ces - Ri - va - ges, Il dé-



ces Ri - va - ges, Il dé-

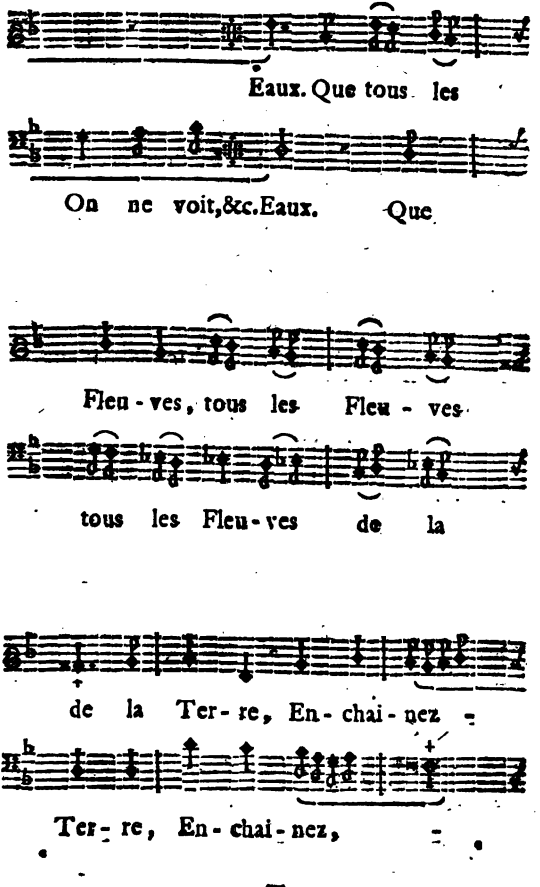
chai- - - ne les

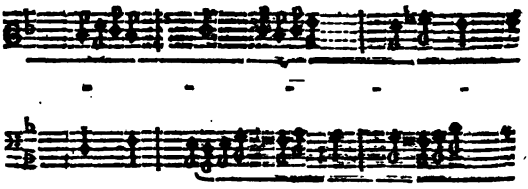
chai- - - ne les

Vents, & cap - ti - ve les Eaux.

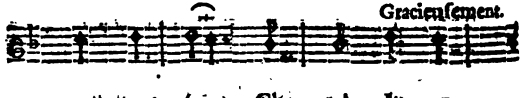
Vents, & cap - ti - ve les Eaux.

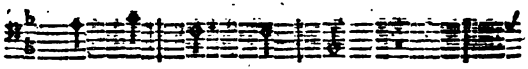
Eaux.


Eaux. Que tous les
On ne voit,&c. Eaux. Que
Fleu-ves, tous les Fleu-ves
tous les Fleu-ves de la
de la Ter-re, En-chai-nez
Ter-re, En-chai-nez,



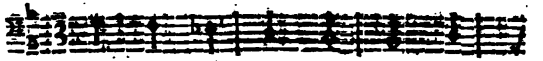
Gracieuſement.



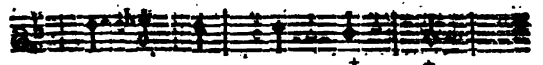


me

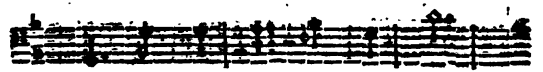
me plain-drai pas, A - mis,



Je ne me plain-drai pas, A-

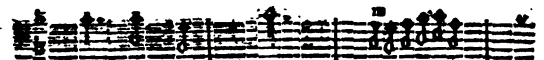


je ne me plain-drai pas,

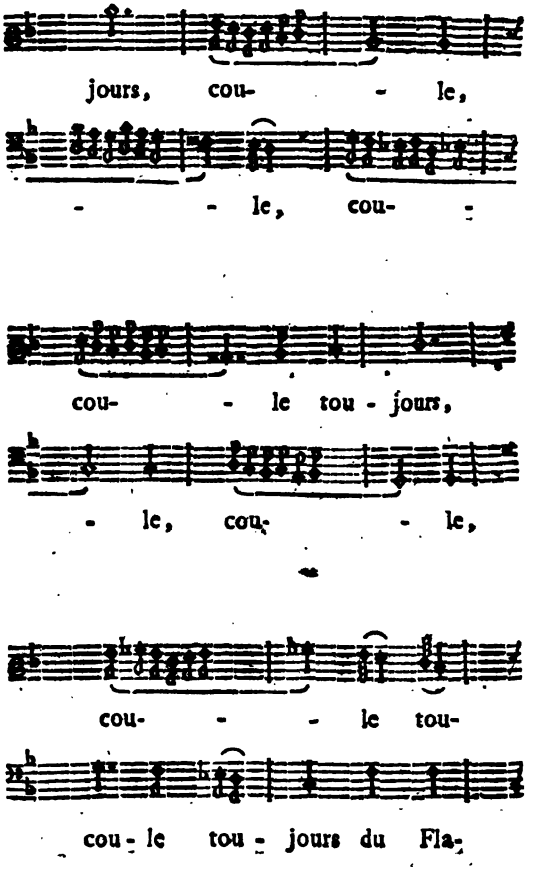


mis, je ne me plain-drai pas,

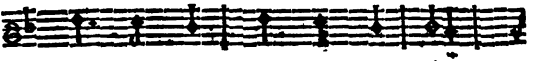
puis-que le Vin cou - le tou-



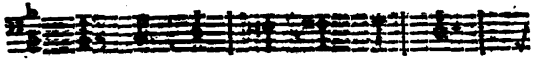
puis-que le Vin cou-


jours, cou- - le,
- - le, cou- -
cou- - le tou - jours,
- le, cou- - le,
cou- - - le tou-
cou - le tou - jours du Fla-

jours



jours du Fla - con dans mon Ver-



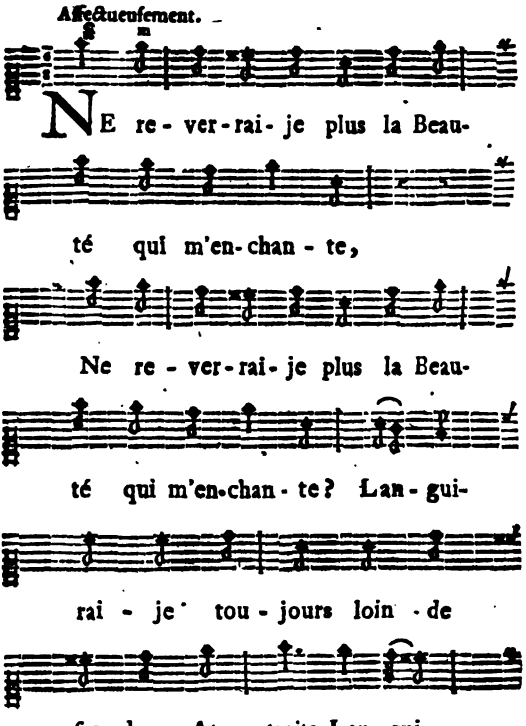
con, du Fla - con dans mon Ver-

re. Que tous les, &c. re.

re. Que, &c. re.

ARIETTE.

Affectueusement.

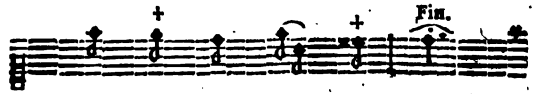


rai-

rai - je tou - jours, tou - jours,

Loin de ſes doux At - traits,

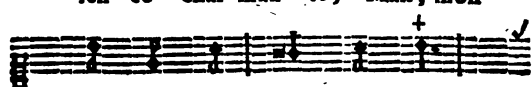
Lan - gui - rai - je tou - jours, toujours,



Loin de ſes doux At - traits?

Mes yeux ſeuls ont per - du ſa pré-

ſen - ce char - man - te; Mais, mon



Cœur ne la perd ja - mais;

Mais;

Mais, mon Cœur, mon Cœur ne la

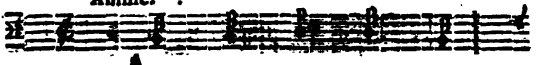
perd ja - mais.

Sur l'Air de *Joconde.*

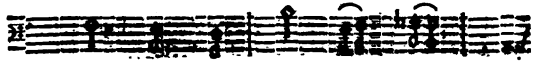
L'Autre jour, mon perfide Epoux,
En quitant ſa Voiſine,
Me dit, d'où Diable venez-vous,
En faiſant maigre mine :
Ne faites pas tant le Bouru,
Lui dis-je, bon Apôtre ;
Vous venez de faire un Cocu,
Je viens d'en faire un autre.

AIR *de Mr. de la Serre.*

Animé.



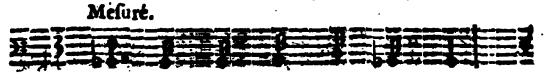
AUſ - ſi prompt qu'un E-



clair dans les Airs diſ - per-

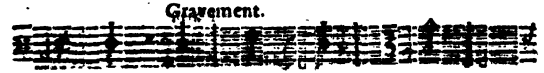
ſé, Plus fu - gi - tif qu'un

Meſuré.



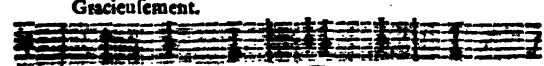
Flot, qu'un au - tre Flot rem - pla-

Gravement.

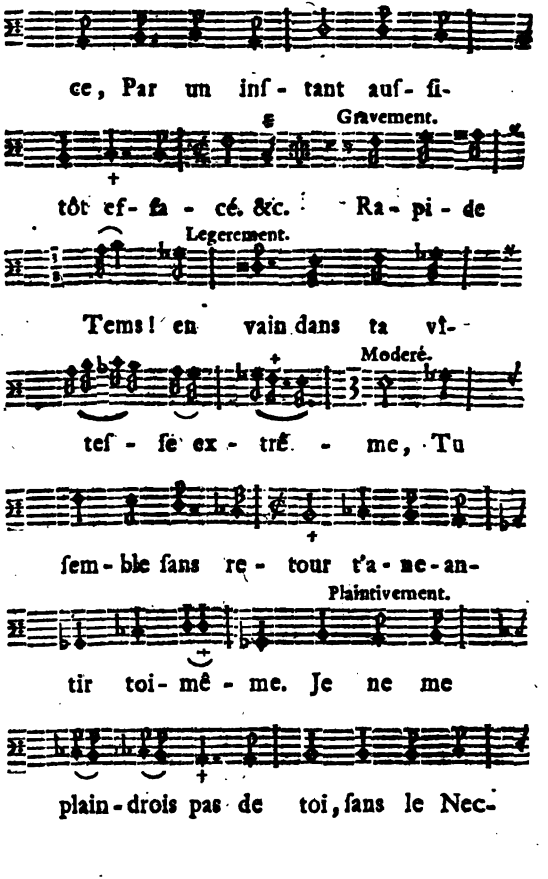


ce, O toi! O toi!

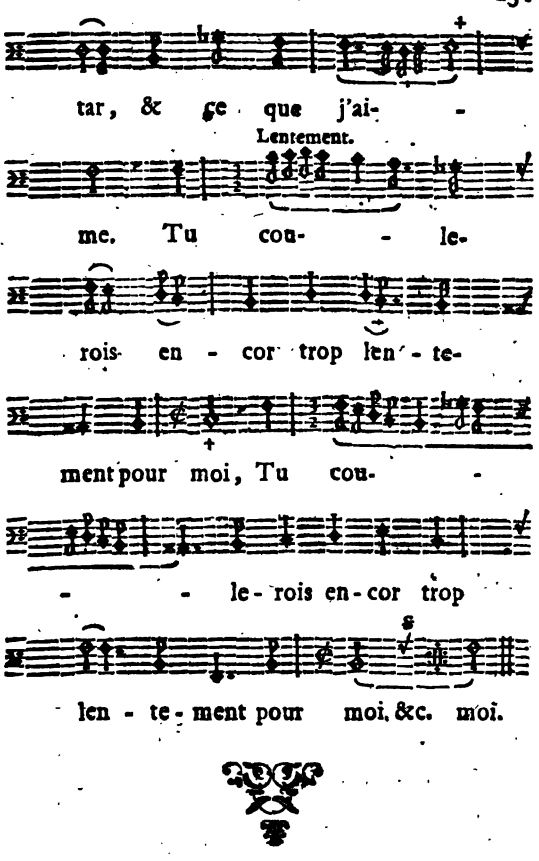
Gracieuſement.



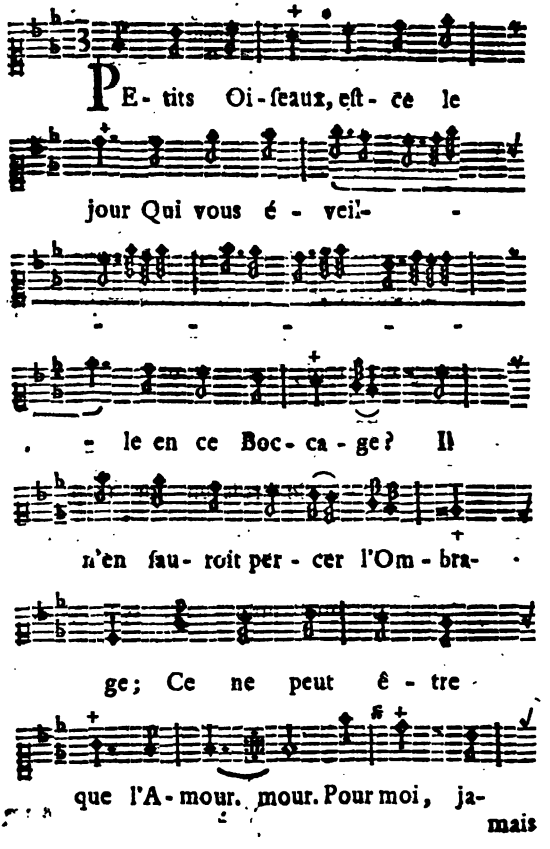
dont chaque inſ - tant s'ef - fa-

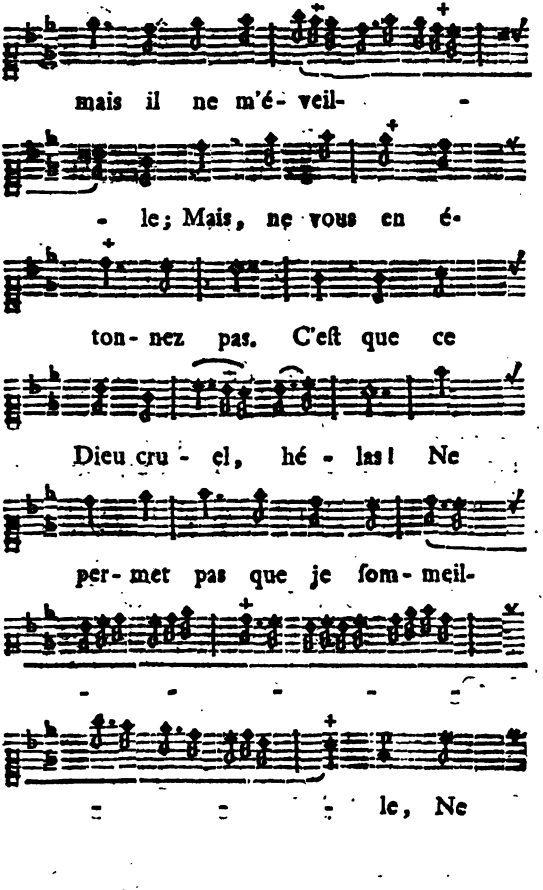

ce, Par un inſ- tant auſ- ſi-
Gravement.
tôt ef- fa - cé. &c. Ra - pi - de
Legerement.
Tems! en vain dans ta vî-
Moderé.
teſ - ſe ex - trê - me, Tu
ſem - ble ſans re - tour t'a - ne - an-
Plaintivement.
tir toi- mê - me. Je ne me
plain - drois pas de toi, ſans le Nec-

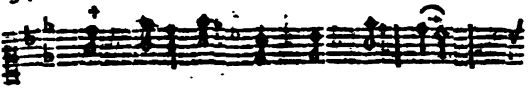
tar,


tar, & ce que j'ai-
Lentement.
me. Tu cou- le-
rois en cor trop len-te-
ment pour moi, Tu cou-
le-rois en-cor trop
len-te-ment pour moi, &c. moi.

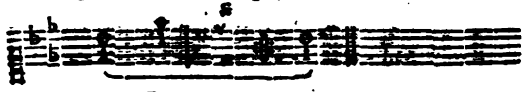
AIR *de Mr. Mouret.*




mais il ne m'é- veil-
- le; Mais, ne vous en é-
ton- nez pas. C'eſt que ce
Dieu cru - el, hé - las! Ne
per- met pas que je ſom- meil-
- - - - -
- - - le, Ne



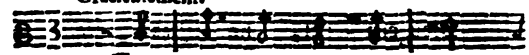
per-met pas que je som-meil-



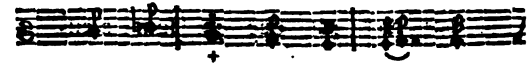
le. Pour, &c. le.

AIR *de Mr. Aubert.*

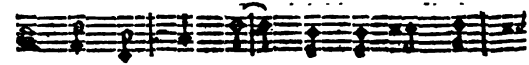
Gracieusement.



LE jour que mon I-ris

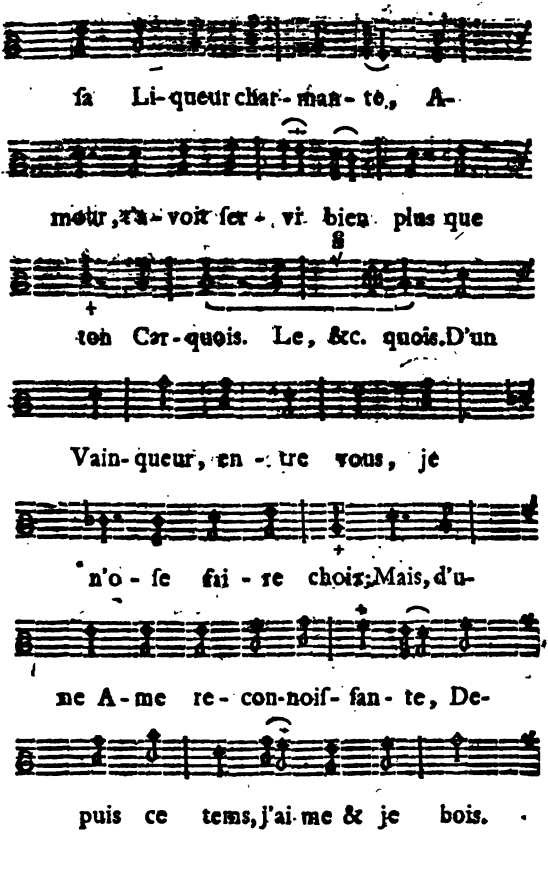


me ran-gea sous ses Loix, Le

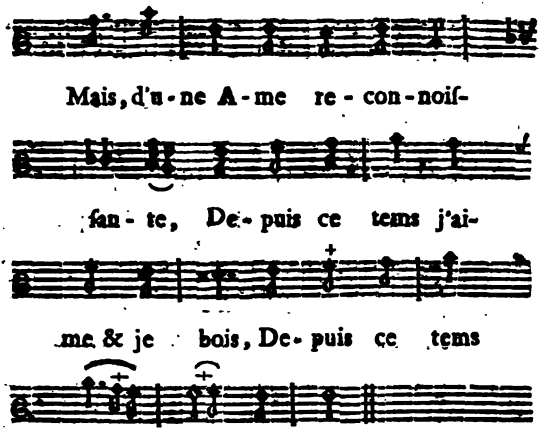


Verre en main, Dieux! qu'elle é-toit bril-

lan-te. Ba-chus sou-tint que



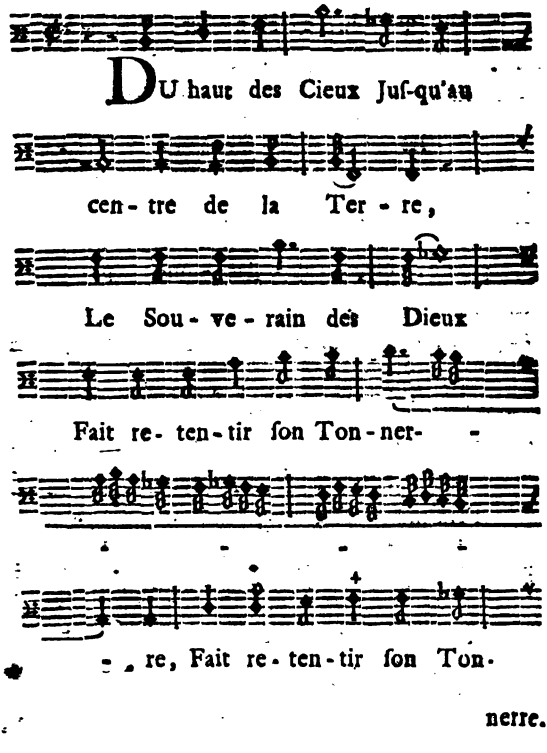
TAYLORIAN ST. OXFORD


Mais, d'u-ne A-me re-con-noif-
fan-te, De-puis ce tems j'ai-
me & je bois, De-puis ce tems
j'ai- me & je bois.

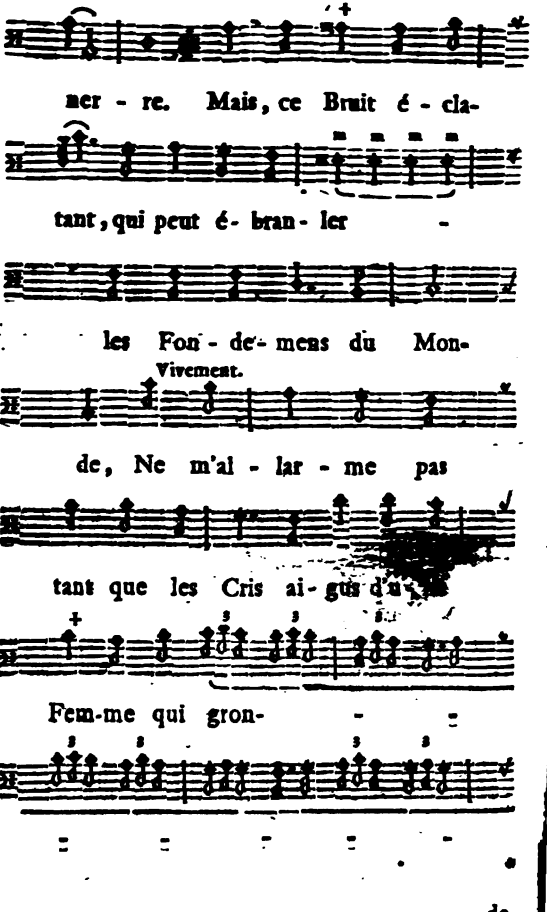
LA FEMME QUI GRONDE.

RECIT DE BASSE.

De Mr. Le Maire.



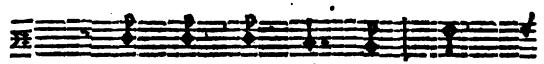
nerre.


ner - re. Mais, ce Bruit é - cla-
tant, qui peut é- bran- ler -
les Fon - de- mens du Mon-
Vivement.
de, Ne m'al - lar - me pas
tant que les Cris ai- gus d'u-
Fem-me qui gron-
de,

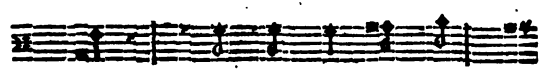
- - - - de, qui

gron- de. Mais, ce Bruit é - cla-

tant, qui peut é- bran- ler -

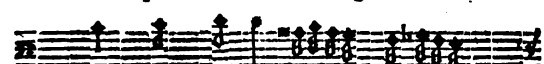


les Fon- de- mens du Mon-



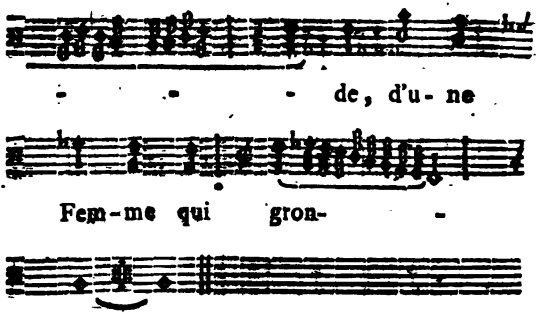
de, Ne m'al- lar- me pas

tant, que les Cris ai - gus d'u- ne



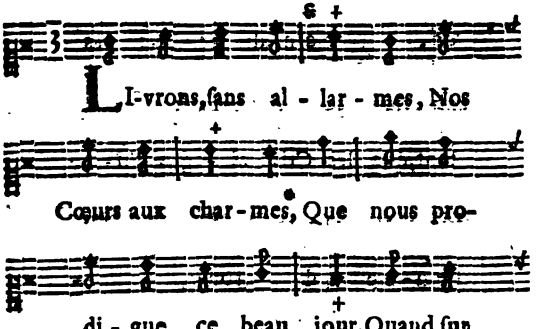
Fem- me qui gron- -

de,



AIR *de Mr. de Blamont.*

PARODIE.

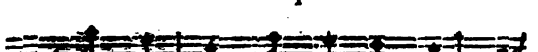


cette

cet- te Ri - ve, Ba- chus ar-

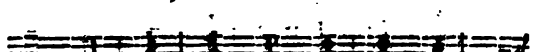
ri - ve, Pré - sen - té par l'A-

mour. Ces Vain-queurs u - nis-

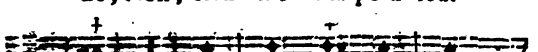


sent leurs Coups, Leur Gloire eſt cer-

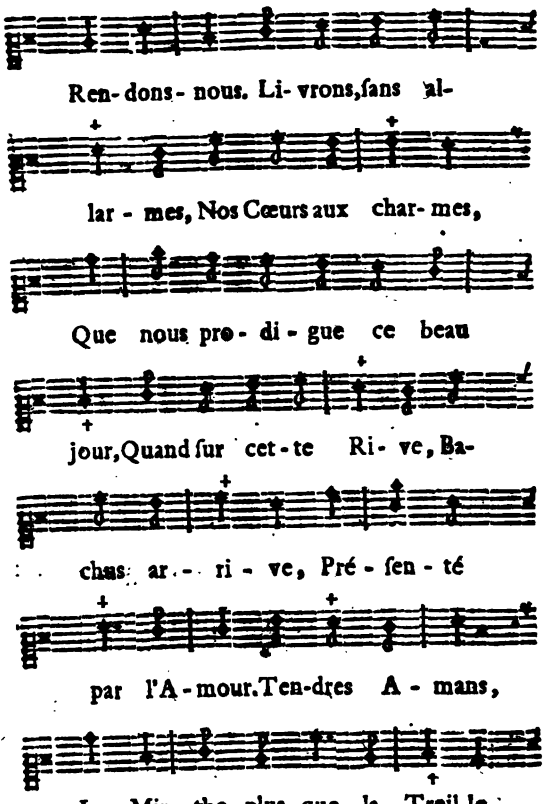
tai- ne, Nô - tre fui-te eſt vai-



ne; Non, rien n'é- cha pe à leur



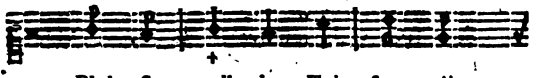
hai - ne, Ce - dons, ce - dons tous,


Ren-dons-nous. Li-vrons, ſans al-
lar-mes, Nos Cœurs aux char-mes,
Que nous pro-di-gue ce beau
jour, Quand ſur cet-te Ri-ve, Ba-
chus ar-ri-ve, Pré-ſen-té
par l'A-mour. Ten-dres A-mans,
Le Mir-the, plus que la Treil-le,

Vous

Vous don- ne- t-il d'heu-reux mo-

mens? La Rai-ſon ſom- meil- le, Le



Plai- ſir veil- le. Fai- ſons di-

re aux E- chos, Li- yrons ſans al-, &c.

Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Fuſelier.

Pour un Cœur ſincere,
Qui cherche à plaire,
Ne montrez point trop de rigueur.
Pour vouloir trop feindre,
Vous devez craindre,
D'éteindre ſon ardeur. *Fin.*
A l'Amour, donnez votre foi,
Rendez-lui les Armes,
Goûtez bien ſes charmes:
Non, non, il n'eſt point d'allarmes,

Sous sa douce Loi,
Croyez-moi.
Pour un Cœur, &c.

Rendez heureux
Un Cœur fait pour la Constance,
L'Amour veut qu'on cede à ses Feux.
Craignez sa Puissance;
Les traits qu'il lance,
Sont tous victorieux.
Pour un Cœur, &c.

Ce Jus délectable
Fait naître à Table
Les vrais Plaisirs & l'Enjouëment.
Si tu veux m'en croire,
Apprens à boire.
Quel Sort est plus charmant? Fin.
Prens du Vin, & faits comme moi.
Remplis-en ton Verre,
Bois à ta Bergere.
Bachus se plaît à Cythere,
Suit sa douce Loi,
Sur ma Foi.
Ce Jus délectable, &c.

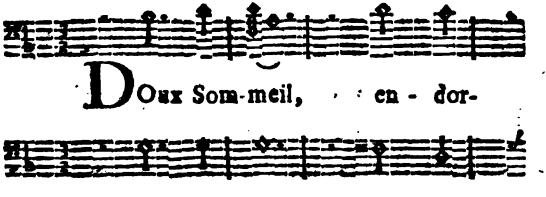
De

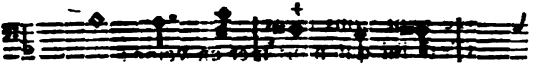
De cent Bons-Mots,
C'eſt lui qui nous met en veine :
Il dicte nos badins propos ;
La Raiſon nous gêne.
Vivons ſans peine.
Faiſons dire aux Echos,
Ce Jus délectable, &c.

Les deux derniers Couplets ſont de Mr. Bailly.

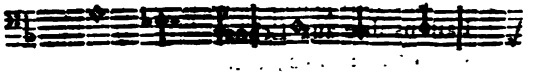
DUO, de Voix égales.

De Mr. Bertin.



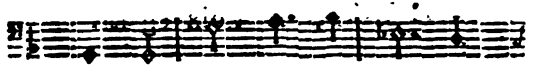


mez les A - mans mi - ſé-

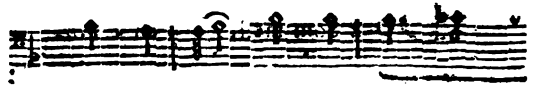


mez les A - mans mi - ſé-

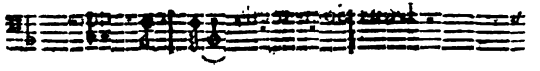
ra - bles: Ils ont be - ſoin de



ra - bles: Ils ont be - ſoin de

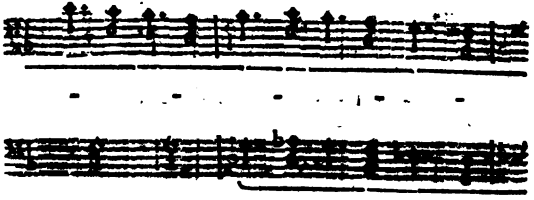


vos Fa- veurs. Ne ver- -

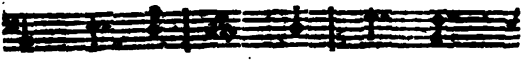


vos Fa - veurs.

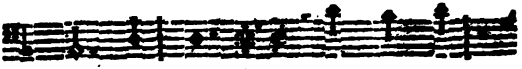
Ne


Ne- ver - ſez
que ſur eux vos Pa- vots
que ſur eux vos Pa- vots
fa - vo - ra - bles, Gar - dez - vous
fa - vo - ra - bles, Gar - dez - vous

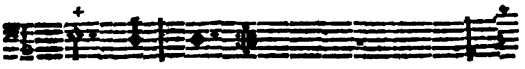
d'aſ- ſou - pir de for - tu-



d'aſ- ſou - pir de for - tu-

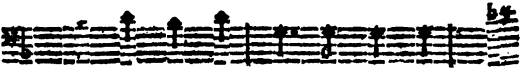


nez Bu - veurs. Laiſ- ſez au



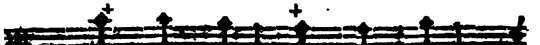
nez Bu- veurs.

Dieu de la Bou - teil - le Le

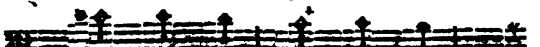


Laiſ-fez au Dieu de la Bou-

ſoin

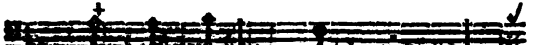


soin de rem - plir no - tre

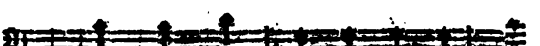


teil - le Le soin de rem-

Sort. Lorſ-que Ba- chus



plir no - tre Sort,

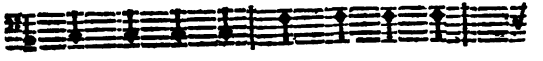


ſeul nous en - dort, Ja- mais l'A-

Lorſ-que Ba-chus ſeul nous en-

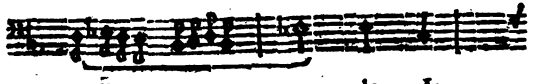
mour

mour ne nous ré - veil-

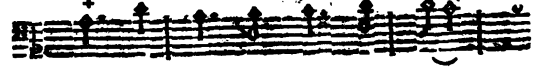


dort; Ja-mais l'A-mour ne nous ré-

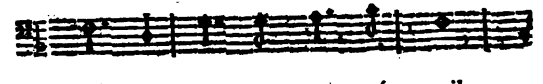
- le, Ja - mais, ja-



veil- - le, Ja-

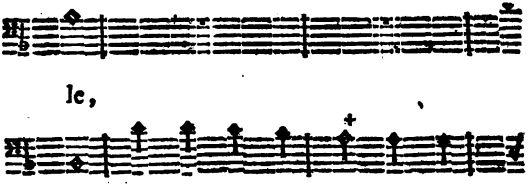


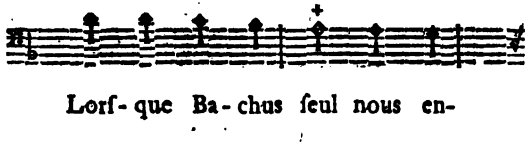
mais l'A-mour ne nous ré - veil-

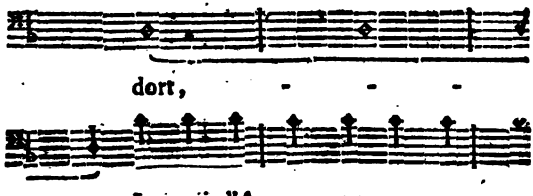


mais l'A-mour ne nous ré - veil-

le,

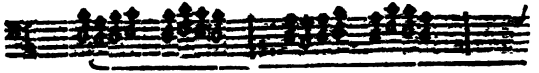

le,
le, Lorſ-que Ba-chus ſeul nous en-


Lorſ-que Ba-chus ſeul nous en-
dort,


dort,
Ja-mais l'A-mour ne nous re-

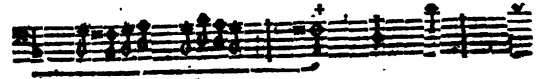
Ja-

- Ja- mais l'A - mour ne nous re-

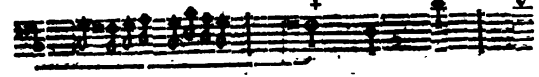


veil- - - -

veil- - - - -



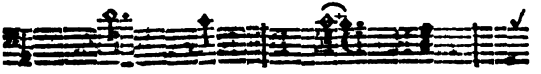
- - - le, Ja-

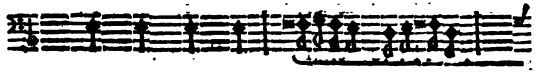


- - - le, Ja-

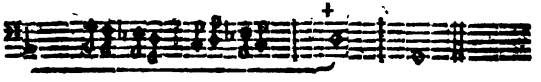
mais, - - ja- mais, l'A-

mais

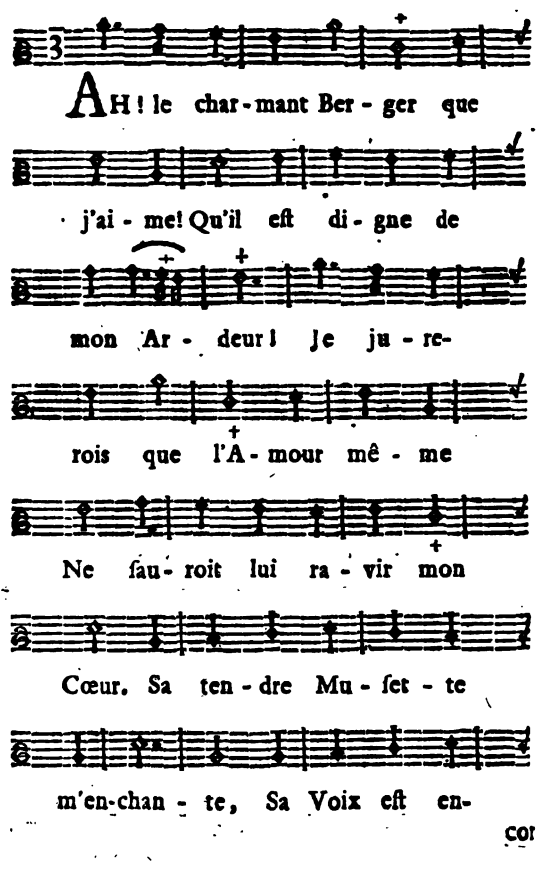

mais, ja - mais l'A-

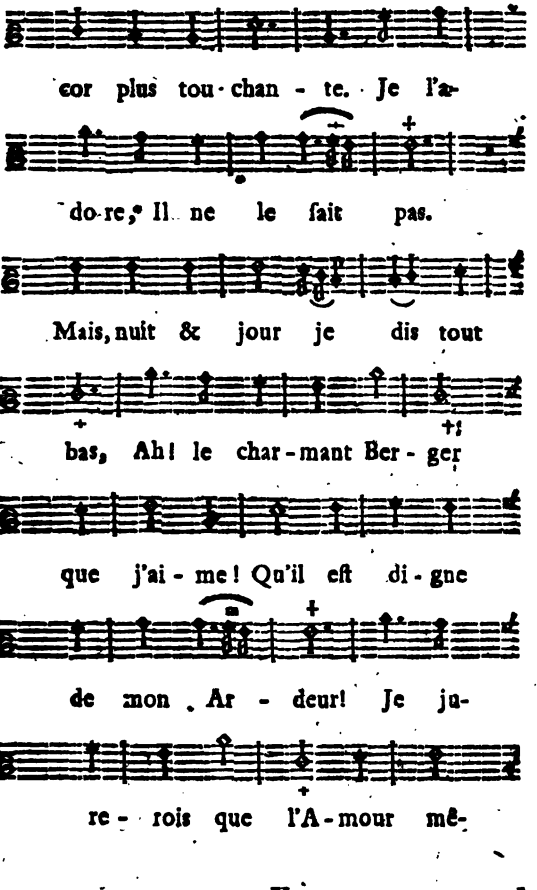

mour ne nous re - veil-

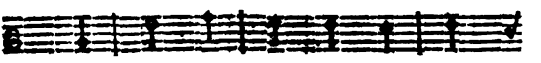
mour ne nous re - veil - le.


le.

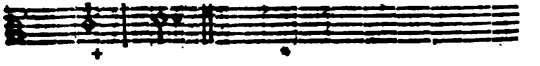
AIR DE BERGERIE.




cor plus tou-chan-te. Je l'a-
do-re, Il ne le ſait pas.
Mais, nuit & jour je dis tout
bas, Ah! le char-mant Ber-ger
que j'ai-me! Qu'il eſt di-gne
de mon Ar-deur! Je ju-
re-rois que l'A-mour mê-

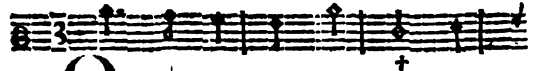


mie, Ne fau - roit lui ra - vir

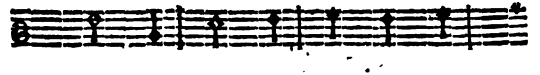


mon Cœur.

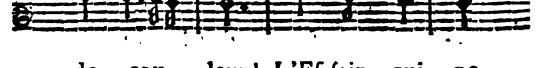
SECOND COUPLET.



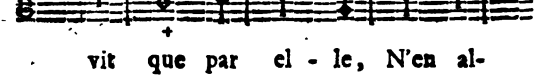
QUe cet - te Ro - fe eſt vi - ve &



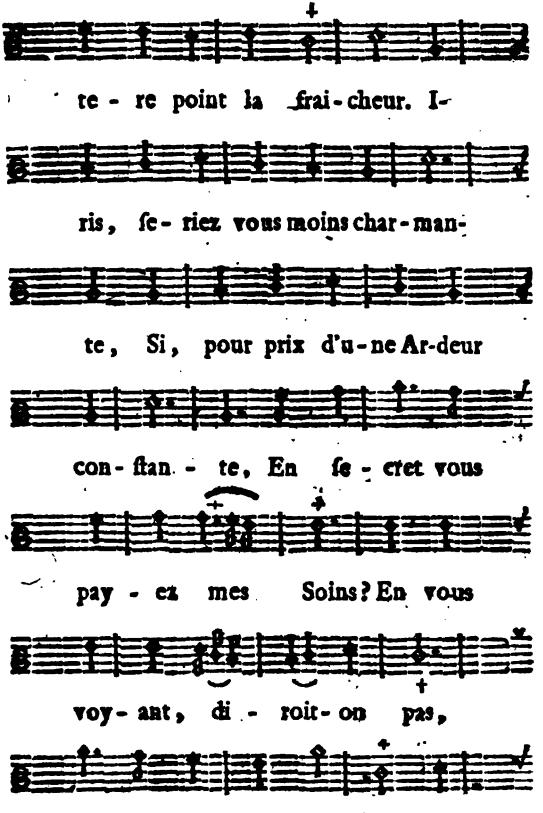
bel - le! Quel doux mé - lan - ge

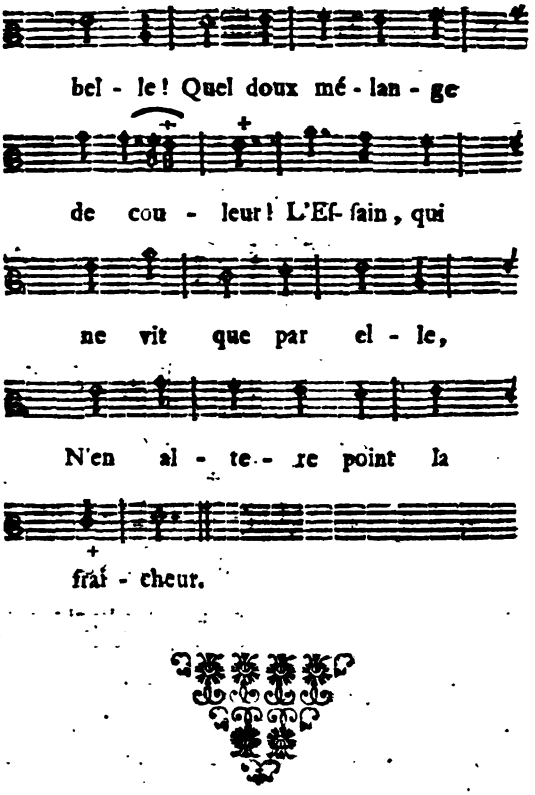


de cou - leur! L'Eſ-ſain, qui ne



vit que par el - le, N'en al-

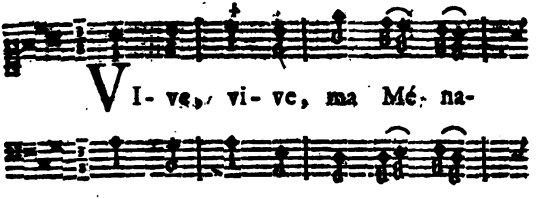

te - re point la frai - cheur. I -
ris, ſe - riez vous moins char - man -
te, Si, pour prix d'u - ne Ar - deur
con - ſtan - te, En ſe - cret vous
pay - ez mes Soins? En vous
voy - ant, di - roit - on pas,
Que cet - te Ro - ſe eſt vi - ve &

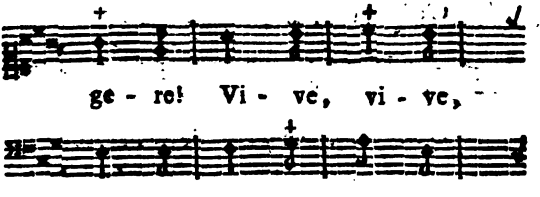

bel - le ! Quel doux mé - lan - ge
de cou - leur ! L'Ef- fain, qui
ne vit que par el - le,
N'en al - te - re point la
fraî - cheur.

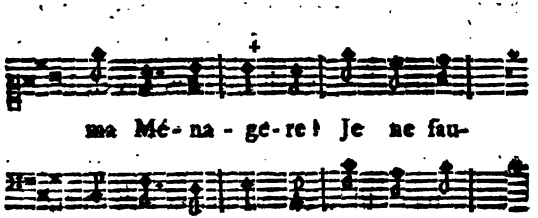
AIR

AIR BADIN.

De Mr. Le Maire. DUO.





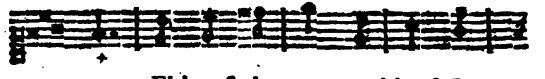


rois trop la van - ter.

rois trop la van - ter.

C'eſt un plai - ſir de l'é - cou-

C'eſt un plai - ſir de l'é - cou-



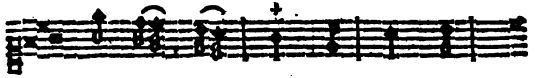
ter: El-le eſt char-mante, el-le eſt ſin-

ter: El-le eſt char-mante, el-le eſt ſin-

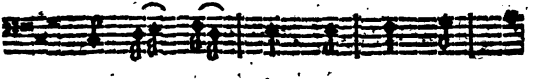
cere

ce - re. Vi - ve, vi - ve,

ce - re. Vi - ve, vi - ve,

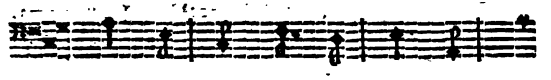


ma Mé - na - ge - re! Vi - ve,



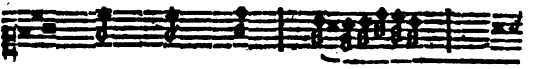
ma Mé - na - ge - re! Vi - ve,

vi - ve, ma Mé - na - ge - re!

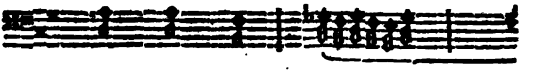


vi - ve, ma Mé - na - ge - re!

Quand

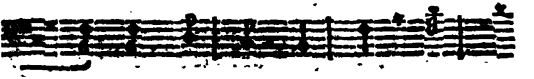


Quand el - le - gron- -

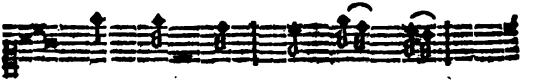


Quand el - le gron- -

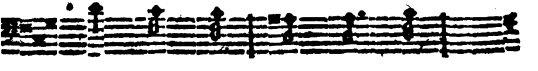
- de, el- le a l'Oeil ſain. Voi-



- de, el- le a l'Oeil ſain. Voi-



là ſon Re - me-de or- di-

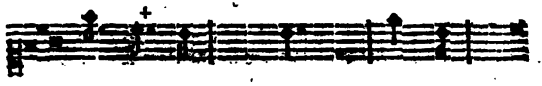


là ſon Re - me-de or- di-

naire:

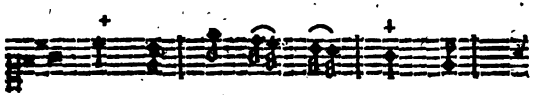
nai - re: Le Vin ſeul eſt

nai - re: Le Vin ſeul eſt



ſon Me-de - cin. Vi-ve,

ſon Me-de- cin. Vi - ve, vi - ve,

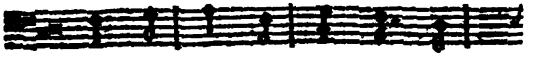


vi - ve, ma Mé - na - ge - re!

vi - ve, ma Mé - na - ge - re!

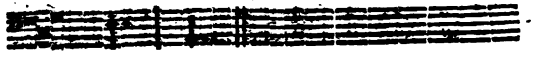
Vive;

Vi - ve, vi - ve, ma Mé - na-



Vi - ve, vi - ve, ma Mé - na-

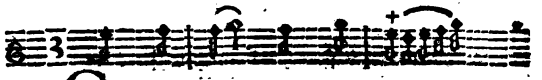
ge - re.

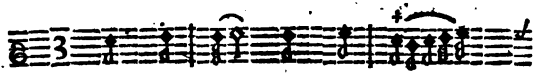


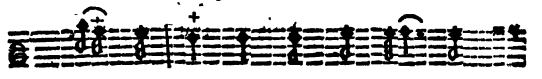
ge - re.

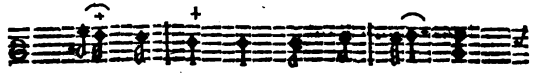
DUO.

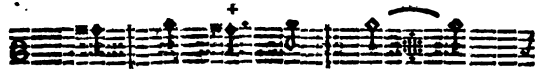
DUO, de Voix égales.

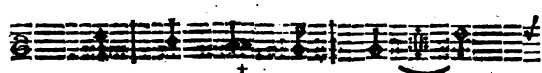


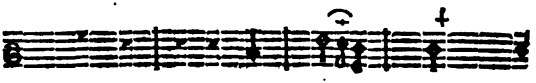




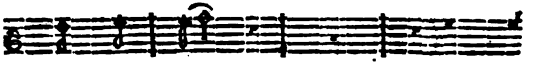




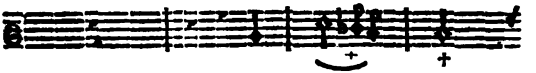




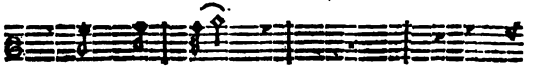
Sois ten - dre,



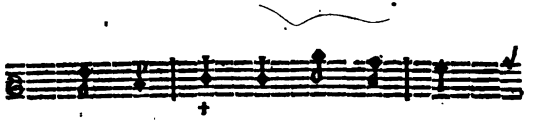
Sois con - ſtant,



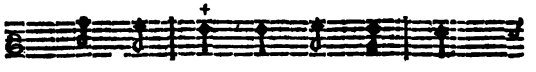
Sois ten - dre,



Sois con - ſtant,



Sois fi - del - le, Pour ja - mais,

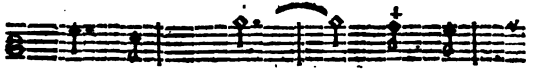


Sois fi - del - le, Pour ja - mais,

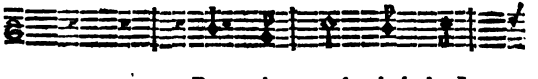
belle

bel - le I - ris, ai - mons - nous,

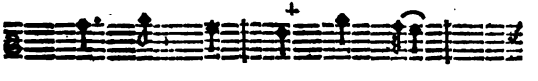
bel - le I - ris, ai - mons - nous,



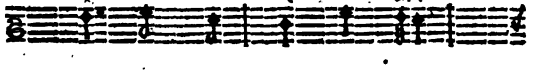
Pour ja - mais, - bel - le I-



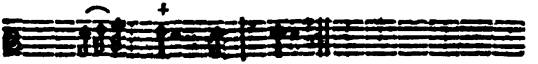
Pour ja - mais, bel - le I-



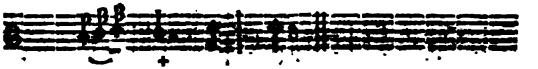
ris, ai - mons - nous, ai - mons-



ris, ai - mons - nous, ai - mons-



nous, ai-mons nous.



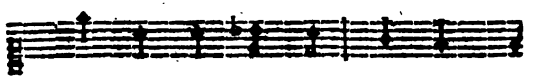
nous, ai-mons-nous.

VAUDEVILLE

De Mr. Mouret.

JE n'a-vois pas en-cor dix

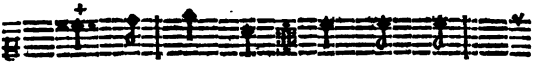
ans, Qu'un Eſ-pie-gle du Voi-fi-



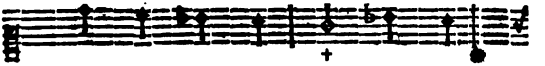
na-ge, En dé-pit de nos

Sur-veil-lans, Ac-cou-roit pour me

ren-



rendre homma-ge: Que ſe paſ-



ſoit-il en-tre nous? Rien qu'un

in-ho-cent Ba-di-na-ge.

Mais, ô grands Dieux! qu'il é-toit

doux! L'Amour eſt de tout â-ge.

La fine Coquette, à quinze ans,
De ſes Charmes fait ſa Richeſſe;
Puis à trente, avec ſes Amans,
But à but traite la Tendreſſe:

A cinquante, quel changement!
D'un Escroc elle est le partage,
Son Cœur veut un Amusement.
L'Amour est de tout âge.

On veut se flatter vainement
D'éviter le tendre Esclavage.
Est-il un dessin plus charmant,
Que celui d'un Cœur qui s'engage?
Laissons, contre ses doux instans,
Gronder la Sagesse sauvage.
Pour la Raison, il n'est qu'un tems:
L'Amour est de tout âge.

Amour, que mon Sort est charmant!
Que je me plais à te connoître!
Heureux mille fois le moment,
Qu'en mon Cœur je te sentis naître!
Je touche à peine à mon Printems,
Et déja je te rends Hommage:
Tu vas plus vîte que le Vent;
On te sent à tout âge.

Le vieux Damon, depuis un tems,
Courtiſe, dans ſon Voiſinage,
Un jeune Tendron de quinze ans;
Dont les attraits ſont au pillage.
Infirme, froid, & languiſſant,
Il ſe reſtraint au Badinage.
On le blâme d'être galant:
L'Amour eſt de tout âge.

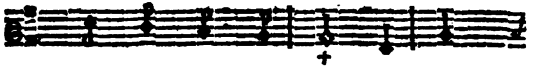
Une petite Fille.

Ma Sœur aînée, aſſez ſouvent,
Jalouſe, que l'on me careſſe,
Croit, par ce qu'on eſt un Enfant,
Qu'on ne peut ſentir la Tendreſſe,
Sachant que mon âge innocent
N'en ſauroit faire un doux uſage.
Je lui reponds en attendant,
L'Amour eſt de tout âge.

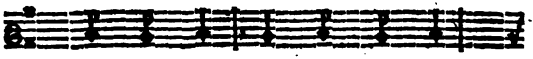
Les deux derniers Couplets ſont de Mr. Bailly.

MENUET.

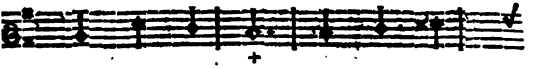
Point tant d'A-mour, un peu



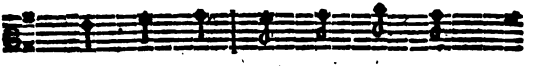
plus de Ba-di-na-ge, m'a-



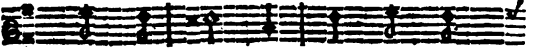
ni-me-roit, m'a-mu-se-roit,



m'at-ten-dri-roit: Mais, par mal-



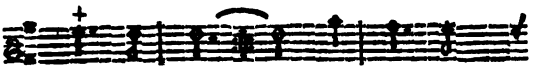
heur, mon A-mant n'en-tend pas



ce Lan-ga-ge; Et sa dou-

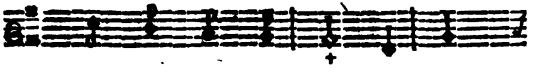
leur, Et sa fu-reur, me font

trop

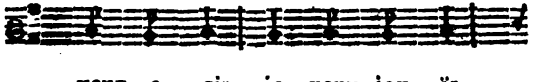


trop de peur : peur : Je ne fau-

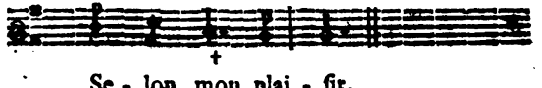
rois ſouf- frir, Que l'on me prê-



che un A- mour ſau - va - ge, Je



veux a - gir, je veux jou - ïr,



Se - lon mon plai - ſir.

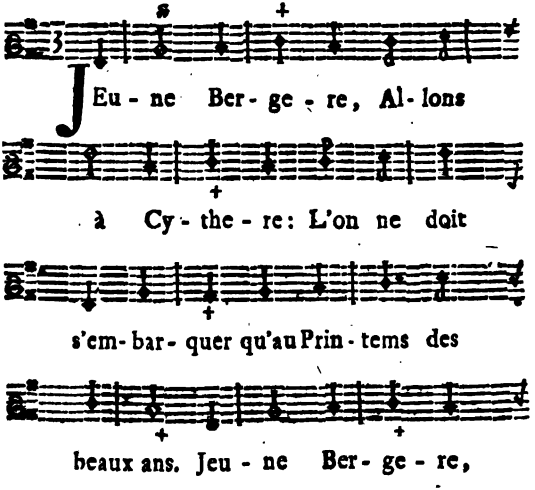
Quand je t'aimois, c'étoit d'une Ardeur ſi tendre,
Je ſoupirois, je languiſſois, tu t'en mocquois.
Mais, à préſent, nous pourrons toujours nous entendre;
Nous chanterons, badinerons, & folatrerons:

Mes

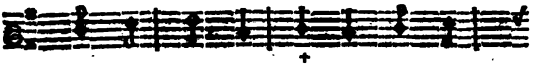
Mes peines vont finir,
Et près de toi je commence à prendre,
Sans nul ſouci, ſans nul ſoupir,
Beaucoup de plaiſir.

MUSETTE

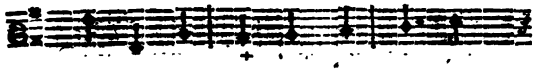
De Mr. de Blamont.



Al-

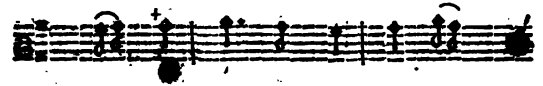


Al-lons à Cy-the-re; L'Amour

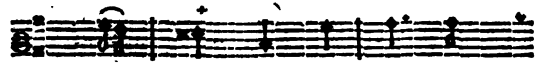


nous y pro-met les plus heu-reux

mo-mens: Mil-le Plai-firs A



nos de-firs Suc-ce-de-ront



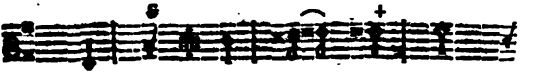
ſans ceſ-ſe. L'A-mour nous

in-té-reſ-ſe: Par un

bien flat-teur, No-tre Ten-dreſ-

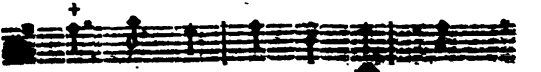
ſe;

ſe Fe- ra no-tre Bon- heur.



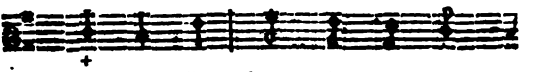
Jeu-, &c. Char- mant Vain-queur,

je te re- cla- me, Pé-

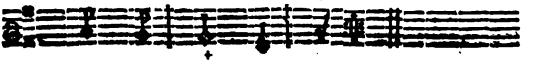


ne- tre mon A- me, De ta

vi- ve Ar-deur, Par ta dou- ce



Flâ- me, Bru- le à ja- mais mon

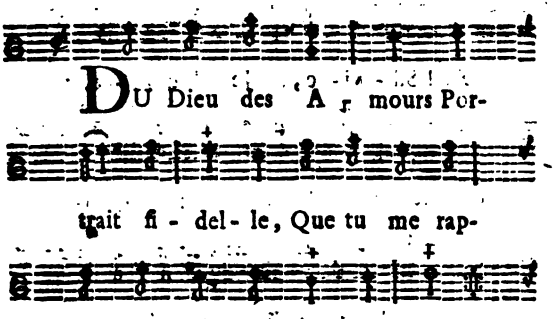


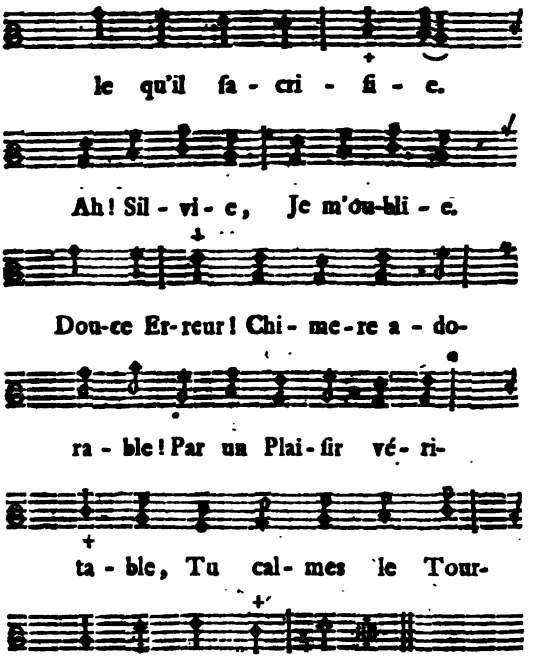
ten- dre Cœur. Jeu-, &c.

MU-

MUSETTE.

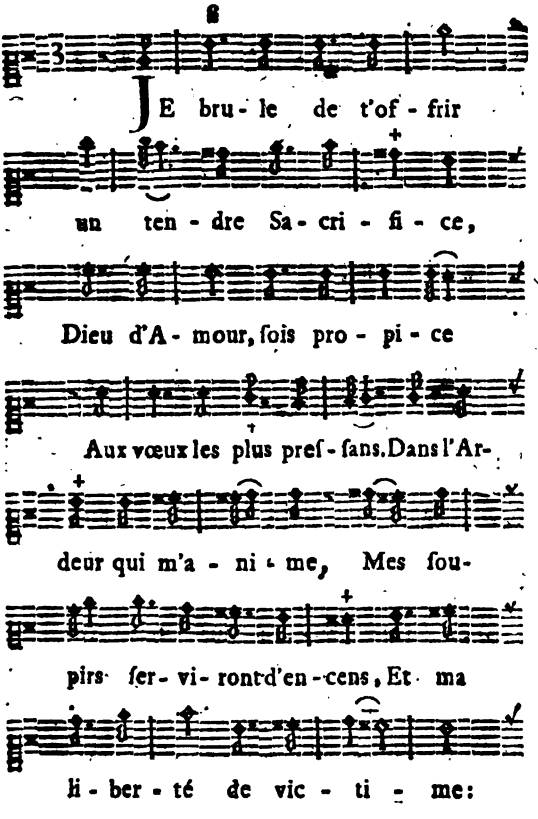
De Mr. Mouret.




le qu'il fa - cri - fi - e.
Ah! Sil - vi - e, Je m'ou-bli - e.
Dou-ce Er-reur! Chi - me-re a - do-
ra - ble! Par un Plai-fir vé - ri-
ta - ble, Tu cal- mes le Tour-
ment D'un tendre A - mant.

AIR

AIR *de Mr. le Maire.*

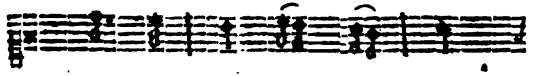


Mes ſou - pirs ſer - vi - ront d'en-

cens, Et ma li - ber - té de vic-

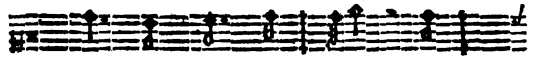
ti - me. Pour re - ce - voir

les Ser - mens ſo - lem - nels, Que



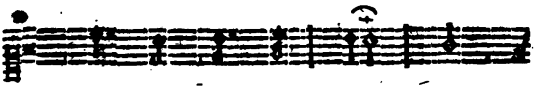
la Ten - dreſ - ſe Me preſ-

ſe De fai - re ſur tels Au-

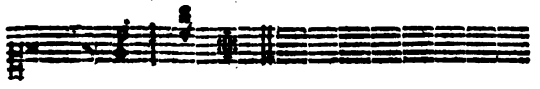


tels, Or - don-ne, A - mour, Qu'I-

ris

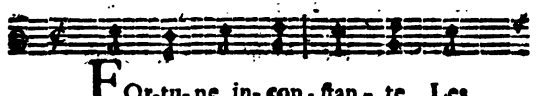


ris ſoit la Pré - treſ - ſe.



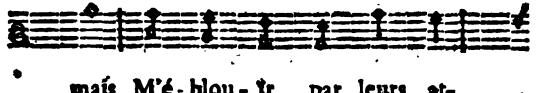
Je, &c.

MUSETTE.

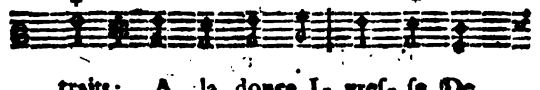


FOr-tu-ne in-con-ſtan-te, Les

Biens qu'on van-te Ne pourront ja-



mais M'é-blou-ir par leurs at-

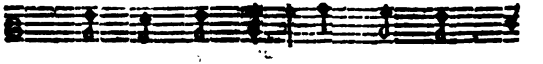


traits: A la douce I-vreſ-ſe De

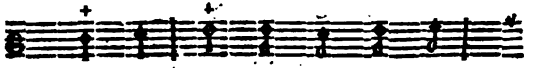
la Ten - dreſ - ſe; Je li - vre mon

Cœur, Et j'en fais mon Bon - heur.

§ Refrain.

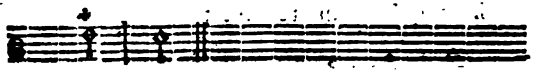


C'eſt u - ne Fo - li - e, Je



le ſens bien Mais, je ne vois

rien De ſi doux dans la



Vi - e.

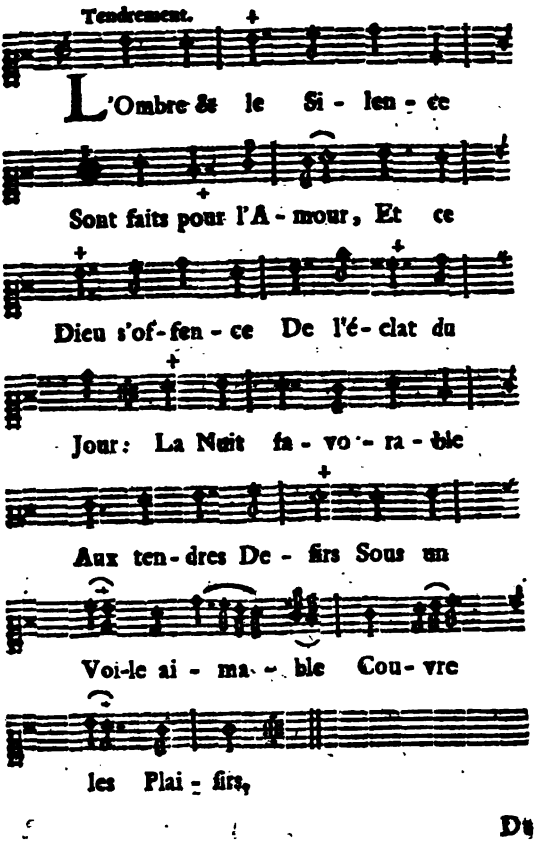
Toute la Science,
La Connoiſſance,

Qui

Qui me peut charmer,
C'eſt l'Art de plaire, & d'aimer:
La Philoſophie,
Que j'étudie,
Eſt dans les Yeux
De l'Objet de mes Feux,
C'eſt une Folie, &c.

D'un Amant ſincere,
Dieu de Cythere,
Tu m'as fait préſent,
Ce Tréſor m'eſt ſuffiſant:
Tant que le jour dure,
Sur la Verdure,
Nous livrons nos Cœurs
Aux plus vives ardeurs.
C'eſt une Folie, &c.

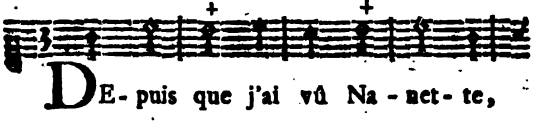
AIR *de Mr. de Blamont.*

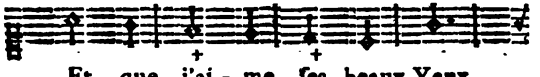


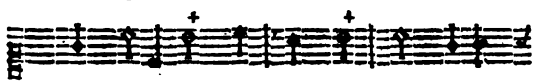
Du Dieu de Cythere
Redoutant les feux,
J'évitois, Bergere,
L'éclat de vos Yeux:
Mais, du petit Drôle
Voulant fuïr l'Ardeur;
Le trait part, & vole
Juſques à mon Cœur.

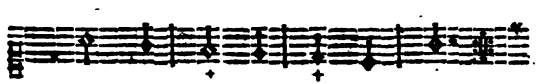
Ce dernier Couplet eſt de Mr. Bailly.

VAUDEVILLE.

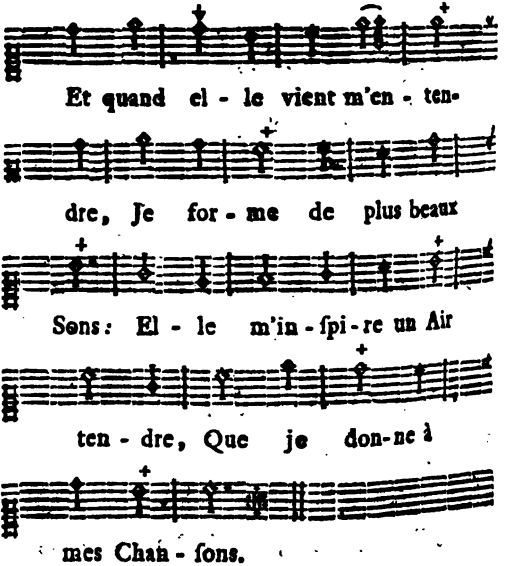








Et



Tous les Bergers du Village
S'aſſemblent pour m'écouter;
Ils viennent dans ce Boccage,
Pour tâcher de m'imiter:
Mais, ils y perdront leurs peines,
Et n'apprendront jamais rien:
Mes Leçons leurs ſeront vaines;
Ils n'aiment pas aſſez bien.

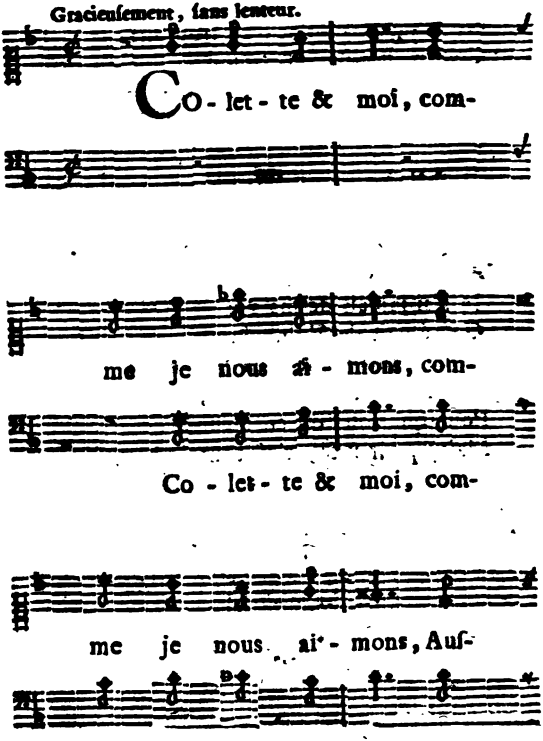
A Table, jeune Silvie,
Tout ſe peut dire, en chantant;
Jurons-nous, pour notre vie,
Un Amour tendre & conſtant.
Ne craignons point d'en trop dire:
Ceci n'eſt qu'une Chanſon,
Pour qui voudroit en médire;
Mais, pour nous, c'eſt tout de bon.

Que d'appas, jeune Silvie,
Ah! mon Cœur eſt enchanté!
Je n'ai jamais de ma vie
Goûté tant de Volupté:
Je ne crains point d'en trop dire:
Ceci n'eſt qu'une Chanſon,
Pour qui voudroit en médire;
Mais, pour moi, c'eſt tout de bon.

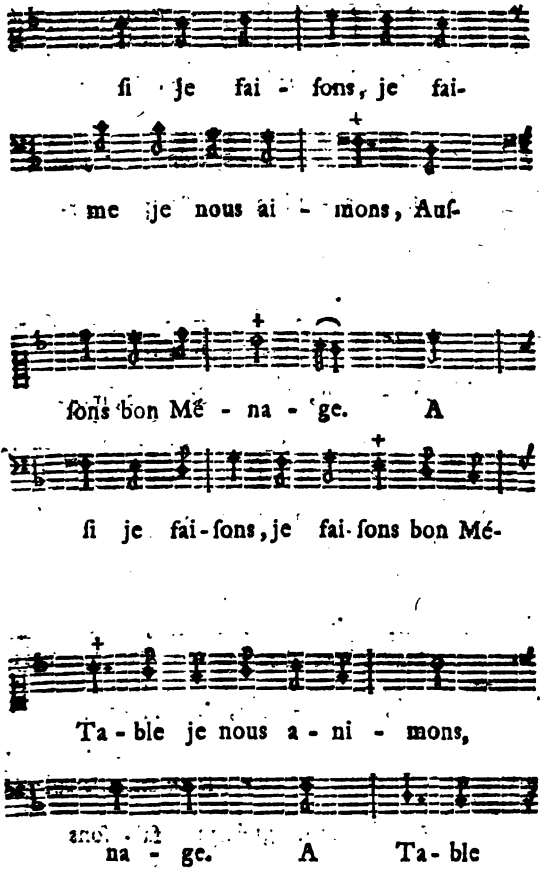
AIR PAÏSAN.

De Mr. de Blamont.

Gracieusement, sans lenteur.



ſi


ſi je fai - ſons, je fai-
me je nous ai - mons, Auſ-
ſons bon Mé - na - ge. A
ſi je fai-ſons, je fai-ſons bon Mé-
Ta - ble je nous a - ni - mons,
na - ge. A Ta - ble

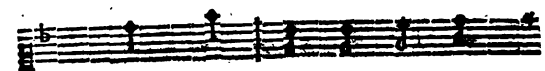
Animé.

Et pis, mor - gué, je fai-ſons

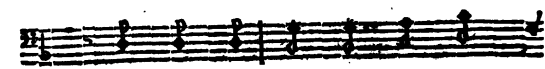
je nous a - ni-mons, & pis, mor-

ra - ge, & pis, mor-

gué, je fai-ſons ra - ge,



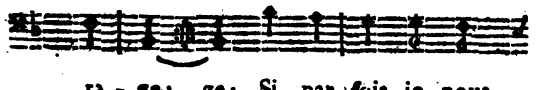
gué, mor - gué, je fai-ſons



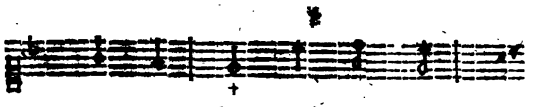
Et pis, mor-gué, je fai-ſons

rage;

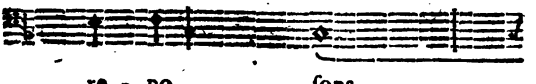
ra - ge: ge: Si par fois je nous



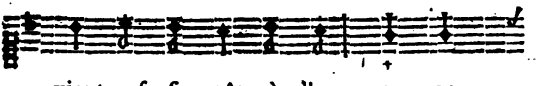
ra - ge: ge: Si par fois je nous



re - po - ſons, Al - le re-



re - po - ſons,

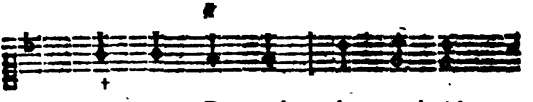


viant auſ- ſi - tôt à l'ou - vra - ge,

- Al - le re - viant auſ- ſi-

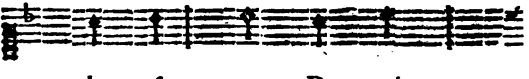
Et tou - jours en ri - ant par-

tôt à l'ou - vra - ge, Et tou-



ta - ge, Du moins la moi-tié

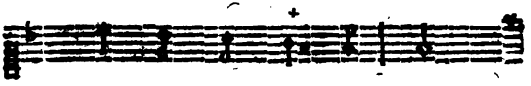
jours en ri - ant, tou-jours en ri-



des fa - çons, Du moins

ant par - ta - ge, Du moins

la

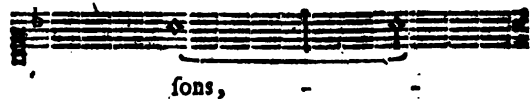


la moi - tié des fa - çons.

la moi - tié des fa - çons,

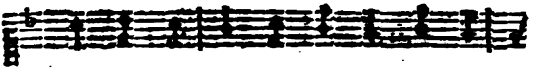
Si par fois je nous re - po-

Si par fois je nous re - po-

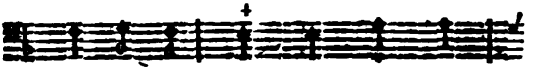


ſons, - -

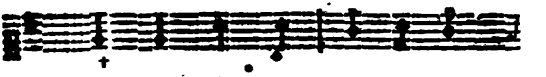
ſons, Al - le re - viant auſ - ſi



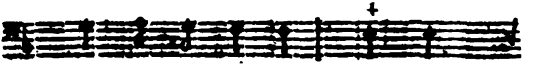
Al- re-viant auſ- ſi--tôt à l'ou-vra-



tôt à l'ou - vra - ge, Et tou-



vra - ge, Et tou- jours en ri-

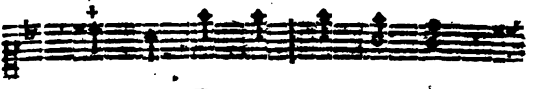


jours en ri- ant par - ta - ge,

ant par - ta-ge, en ri - ant par-

Du moins la moi-tié des fa-

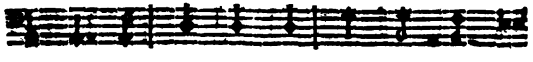
tage,



ta - ge, Du moins la moi - tié

çons, Du moins la moi - tié

des fa - çons. Et tou-jours en ri-



des fa - çons. Si par fois je nous

ant par - ta - ge, Du moins la moi - tié

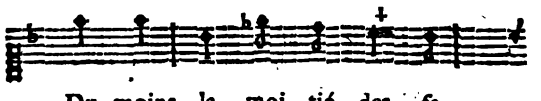
re - po - sons, Al - le re - viant auſ - ſi

des fa - çons, Et tou-

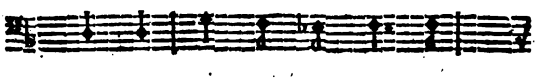
tôt à l'ou - vra - ge, Et tou-

jours en ri - ant par - ta - ge,

jours en ri - ant par - ta - ge,

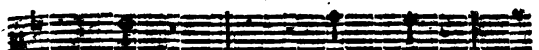


Du moins la moi - tié des fa-



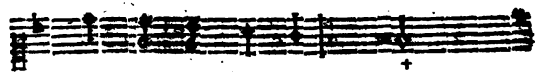
Du moins la moi - tié des fa-

çons.

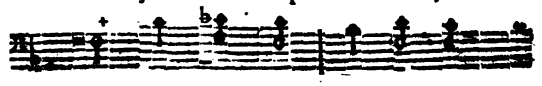


çons. Si par

çons. Si par fois je nous re-po-



fois je nous re-po - fons,



fons, Al - le re - viant auſ- ſi-

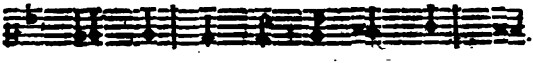
Al - le re-viant auſ- ſi - tôt à l'ou-

tôt à l'ou - vra - ge, Et tou-

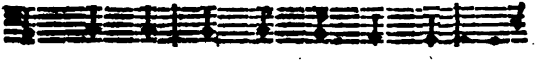
vrage,

vra - ge, Et tou - jours en ri-

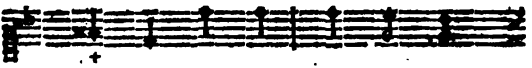
jours en ri - ant par - ta - ge,



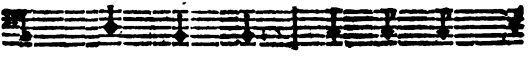
ant tou-jours, en ri - ant par-



Du moins la moi - tié des fa-



ta - ge, Du moins la moi - tié



çons, Du moins la moi- tié

des

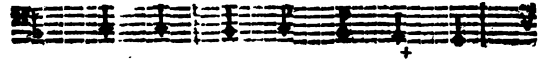
des fa - çons. Al - le re-

des fa - çons. Al - le re-

viant auſ- ſi - tôt à l'ou- vra- ge,

viant auſ- ſi - tôt à l'ou- vra- ge,

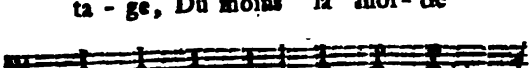
Et tou- jours en ri - ant par-



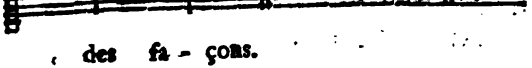
Et tou- jours en ri- ant par-

tage,

ta - ge, Du moins la moi - tié


ta - ge, Du moins la moi - tié

des fa - çons.

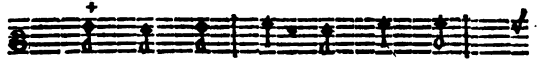

des fa - çons.

AIR *de Mr. de Blamont.*

RONDEAU.

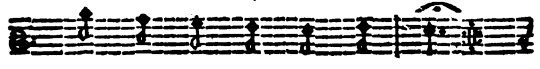
Tout eſt doux dans nos Re-

trai - tes; Le Myſ - te - re pour

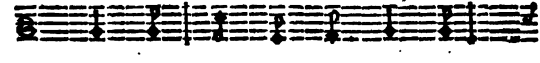


nous les a fai - tes; Nos Boc-

ca - ges, Nos Om - bra - ges, Des A-

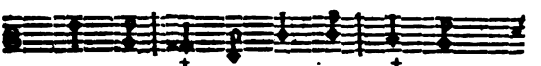


mans Font les Ra - viſ - ſe - mens.

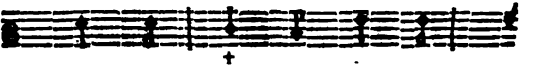


C'eſt d'A - mour le Temple & l'A-

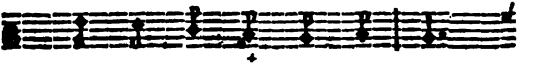
zi - le; Tout rend heu - reux dans ce



lieu tran - qui - le: Ten-dres Pei - nes,



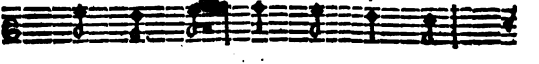
Dou - ces Chaî - nes, vrais Plai-



firs, Vous com - blez nos De - firs.

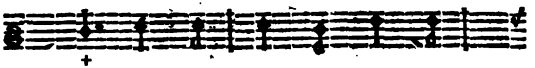
Tout eſt, &c. mens. Cœurs fi-

del - les, Près de vos Bel - les, Goû-

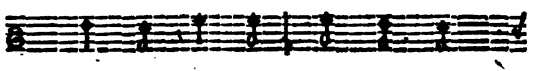


tez à ja - mais Des Biens par-

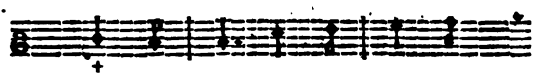
faits.



faits. Les Hom- ma- ges Des Vo-

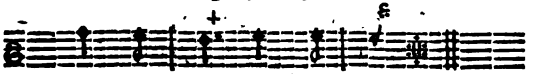


la - ges N'ont i - ci que de



vains At - traits. Il n'eſt point, ſous

ces Feuil - la - ges, De Ja - loux, mê-me



d'In - diſ - cret. Tout eſt, &c.

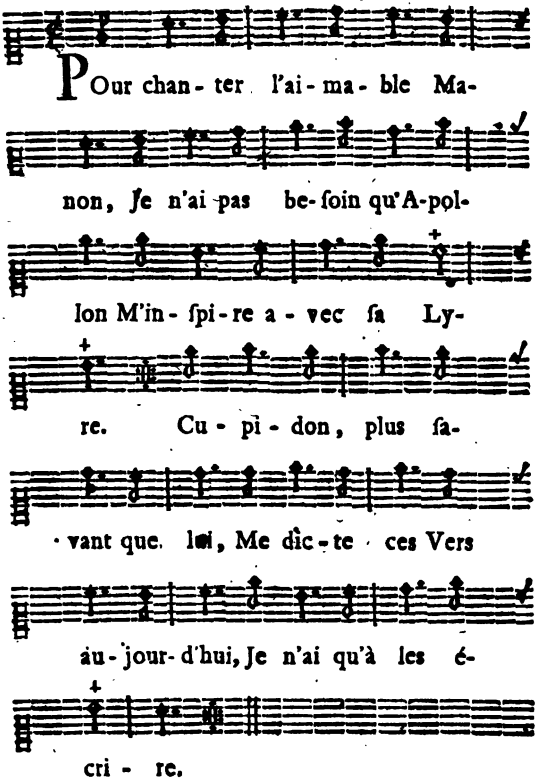
Ta Liqueur douce & vermeille,
Dieu du Vin, nous charme, & nous reveille.
Son uſage
Nous menage
Des momens
Précieux & charmans.

Dans nos Jeux, triomphe ſans ceſſe.
Tu fais goûter une douce Yvreſſe.
Ta Puiſſance
Nous diſpenſe
Des Plaiſirs,
Au gré de nos Deſirs.
Ta Liqueur, &c.

Que tes Charmes
Sechent les Larmes
Des Cœurs, que l'Amour
Tient à ſa Cour.
Son Empire
Ne reſpire
Que des Feux
Souvent malheureux.
Un Amant toujours ſoupire;
Un Buveur eſt toujours joyeux.
Ta Liqueur, &c.

Les Paroles ſont de Mr. Bailly.

VAUDEVILLE.

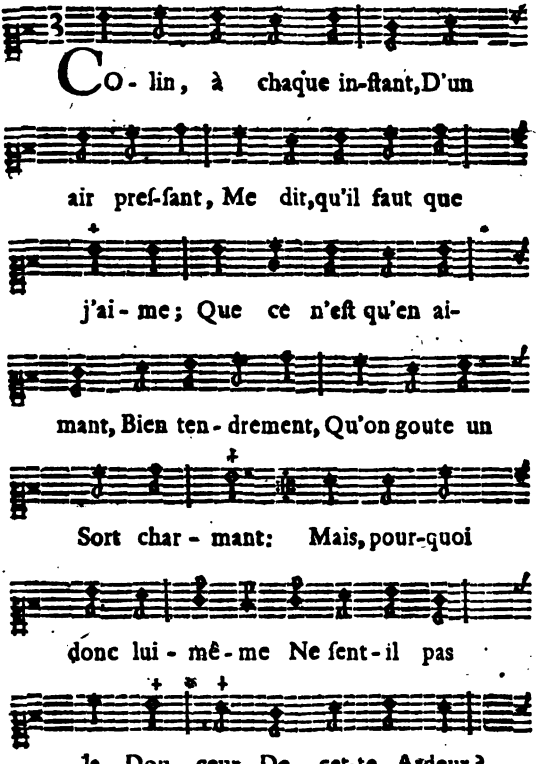

POur chan- ter l'ai- ma- ble Ma-
non, Je n'ai pas be- ſoin qu'A-pol-
lon M'in- ſpi- re a- vec ſa Ly-
re. Cu- pi- don, plus ſa-
vant que lui, Me dic- te ces Vers
au- jour- d'hui, Je n'ai qu'à les é-
cri- re.

Chaque Mortel vante ſon Cœur,
Sa Gentilleſſe, ſa Douceur :
Tout le Monde l'admire.
Plus heureux cent fois que les Dieux ;
Celui qui peut voir ſes beaux Yeux
Doucement lui ſourire.

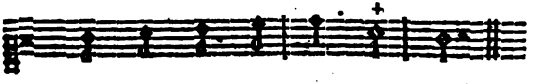
Lorſque je la vis, je l'aimai ;
Et je ſens que je l'aimerai,
Le reſte de ma vie.
Si je deſire ce Bonheur,
C'eſt dans l'eſpoir de voir ſon Cœur
Répondre à mon Envie.

Le plus inſenſible des Cœurs
Eſt enflammé de mille Ardeurs,
Quand il voit cette Belle.
Jadis, je n'aimois qu'en paſſant:
Deſormais je ſerai conſtant ;
Mais, ce n'eſt que pour elle.

MENUET.


Co- lin, à chaque in-ſtant, D'un
air preſ-ſant, Me dit, qu'il faut que
j'ai- me; Que ce n'eſt qu'en ai-
mant, Bien ten- drement, Qu'on goute un
Sort char- mant: Mais, pour-quoi
donc lui- mê- me Ne ſent- il pas
la Dou- ceur De cet-te Ardeur?

Si c'eſt un Bien ex - trê - me,



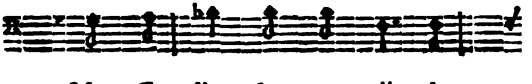
Que fait Co - lin de ſon Cœur?

Vous croyez qu'en ce jour,
Au tendre Amour
Je ne rends point les Armes;
Mais, vous ne voyez pas
Mon Embarras,
Lorſque je ſuis vos pas.
Enchanté de vos Charmes,
Colin ſoupire en tous lieux,
Pour vos beaux Yeux:
Vous verriez ſes Allarmes,
Si vôtre Cœur l'aimoit mieux.

Se plaire en un Verger,
Près d'un Berger;
Le quitter avec peine,
Et rever juſqu'au jour

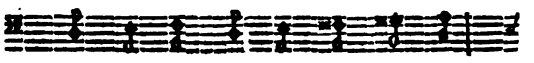
A son retour,
Seroit-ce-là l'Amour ?
Si c'eſt lui qui m'enchaine,
Mon Cœur prévoit mille Biens,
Dans ſes Liens.
Que Colin me l'apprenne;
J'aime ſes doux Entretiens.

RECIT DE BASSE.

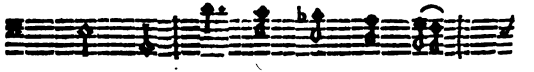


Vin

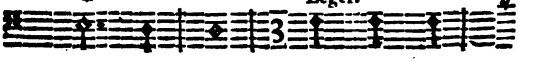
Vin dé - li - ci - eux. Mes



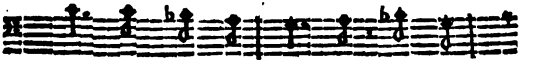
Cré - an - ciers ne ſa - vent point ma



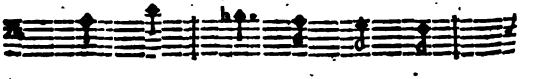
Por - te. Non, je ne de - man-



de plus rien. J'ai de l'Ar-



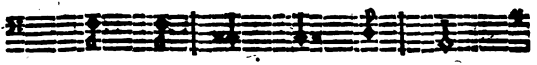
gent, & nul De - ſir am - bi - ti-



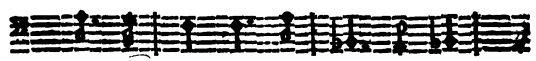
eux. Un grand fond de San-

té. Ma Fem - me eſt mor - te.

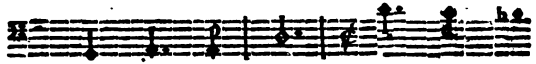
Que



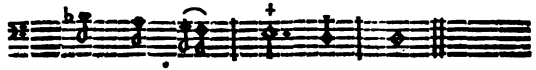
Que faut - il i - ci bas,



Que faut - il i - ci bas, pour ê-



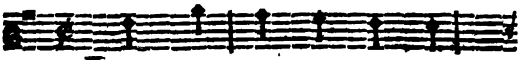
. tre plus heu - reux? Non, je

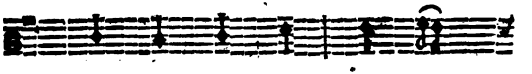


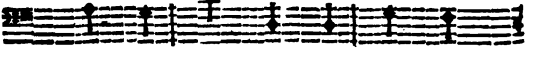
ne de - man - de plus rien.

LA BASSINOIRE.

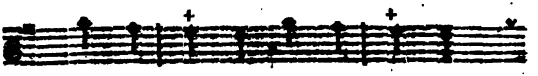
DUO COMIQUE, *de Mr. Le Maire.*



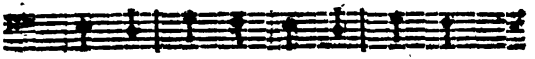




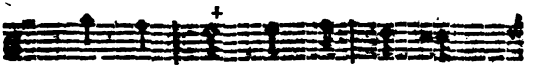
faire



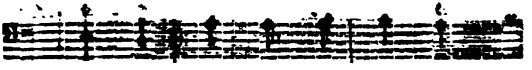
faire at-teinte, A la Bel-le



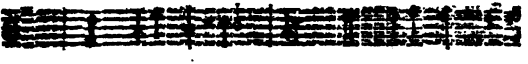
faire at-teinte, A la Bel-le



peu n'y prou, En é-toit hors

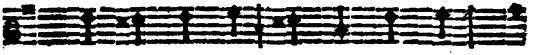


peu n'y prou, En é-toit hors

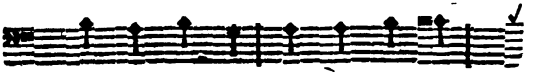


de lui mé-nie. Voy-ez!

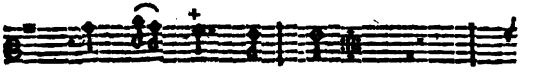
de lui mé-nie. Voy-ez



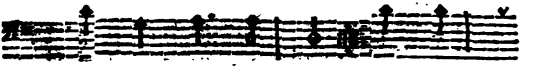
de quel Stra- ta - gê - me S'a - vi-



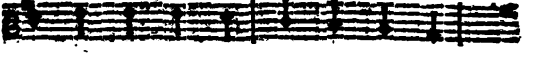
de quel Stra- ta - gê - me S'a - vi-



ſa le pe - tit Fou.

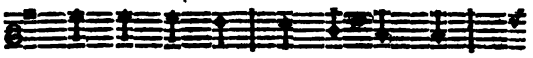


ſa le pe - tit Fou. Il ſe



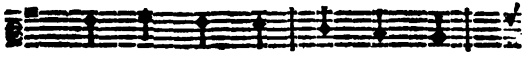
Il ſe fit la Fa - ce noi - re,

fit la Fa - ce noi - re, Il ſe

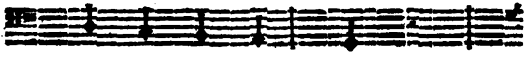


Il ſe fit la Fa-ce noi-re,

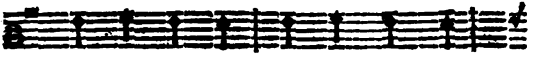
fit la Fa-ce noi-re, En Char-



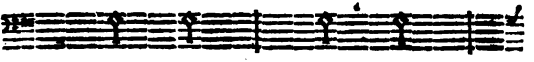
En Char-bon ſe dé-gui-ſa,



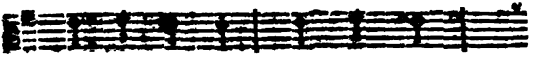
bon ſe dé-gui-ſa,



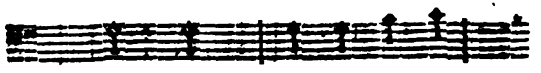
Il ſe fit la Fa-ce noi-re,



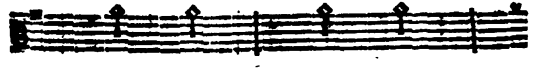
Glif-ſa dans la



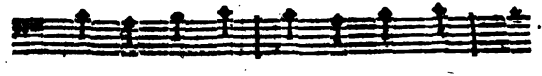
En Char-bon ſe dé-gui-ſa,



Baſ-ſi-noi-re, Il ſe



Gliſ-ſa dans la

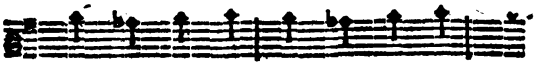


fit la Fa-ce noi-re, En Char-

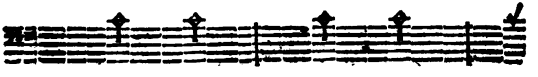
Baſ-ſi-noi-re, Il ſe

bon ſe dé-gui-ſa,

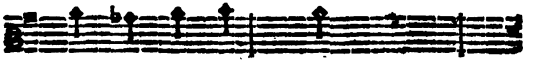
fit



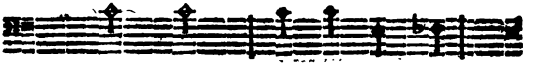
fit la Fa-ce noi-re, En Char-



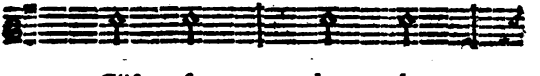
Glif-fa dans la



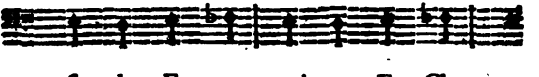
bon ſe dé-gui-ſa,



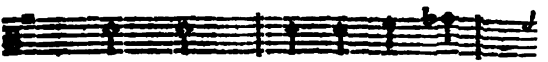
Baſ-ſi noi-re, Il ſe



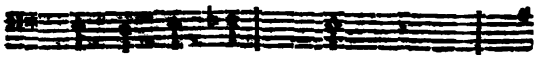
Glif-fa dans la



fit la Fa-ce noi-re, En Char-



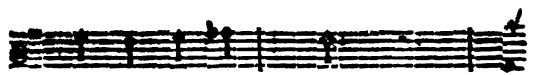
Baſ - ſi - noi - re, Il ſe



bon ſe dé - gui - ſa,

fit la Fa - ce noi - re, En Char-

Glif - ſa dans la



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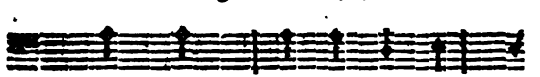
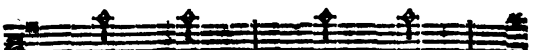


Baſ - ſi - noi - re, Il ſe

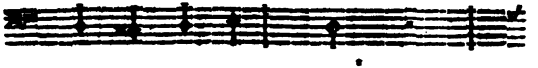
Glif-



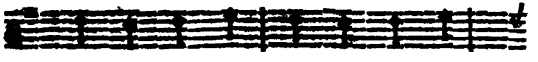
Glif - ſa dans la

fit la Fa - ce noi - re, En Char-

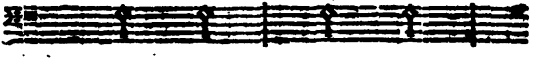
Baſ - ſi - noi - re, Il ſe



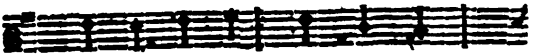
bon ſe dé - gui - ſa,



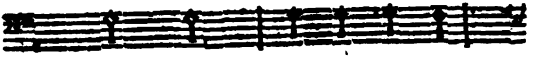
fit la Fa - ce noi - re, En Char-



Glif - ſa dans la

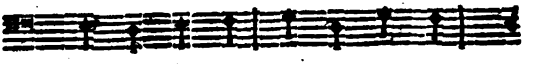


bon ſe dé-gui - ſa, Il ſe

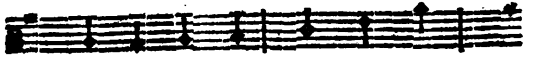


Baſ - ſi - noi-re, Gliſ-ſa

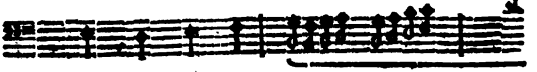
fit la Fa-ce noi-re, En Char-



dans la Baſ-ſi-noi-re, Fit le

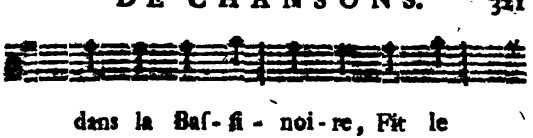


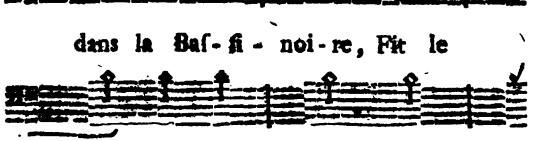
bon ſe dé-gui-ſa, Gliſ-ſa

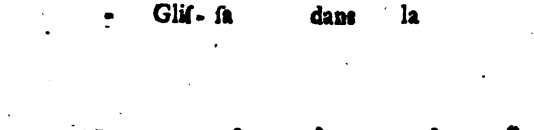


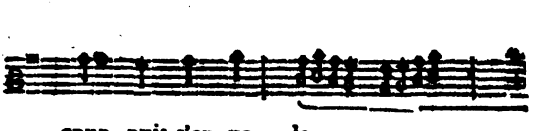
coup, puis s'en-vo - la,

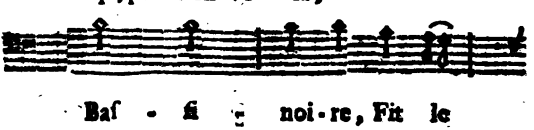
dans

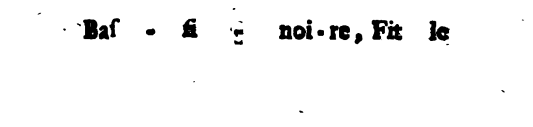

dans la Baſ- ſi - noi - re, Fit le


- Gliſ- ſa dans la

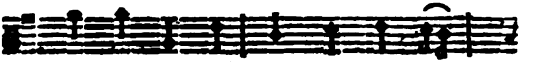

coup, puis s'en- vo - la, -


Baſ - ſi - noi - re, Fit le

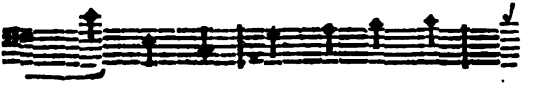

- Gliſ- ſa dans la Baſ- ſi-


coup, puis s'en- vo - la, -

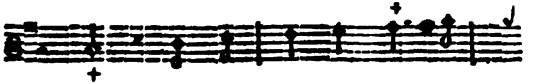
noire,



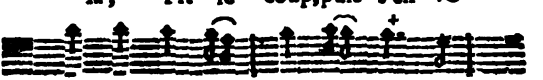
noi-re, Fit le coup, puis s'en-vo-



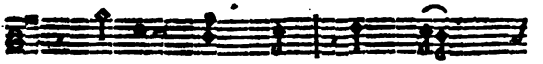
- Gliſ-ſa dans la Baſ-ſi-



la, Fit le coup, puis s'en-vo-



noi-re, Fit le coup, puis s'en-vo-



la, Fit le coup, puis

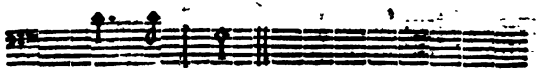
la, Fit le coup, puis

s'en-

s'en - vo - la, Fit le coup, puis

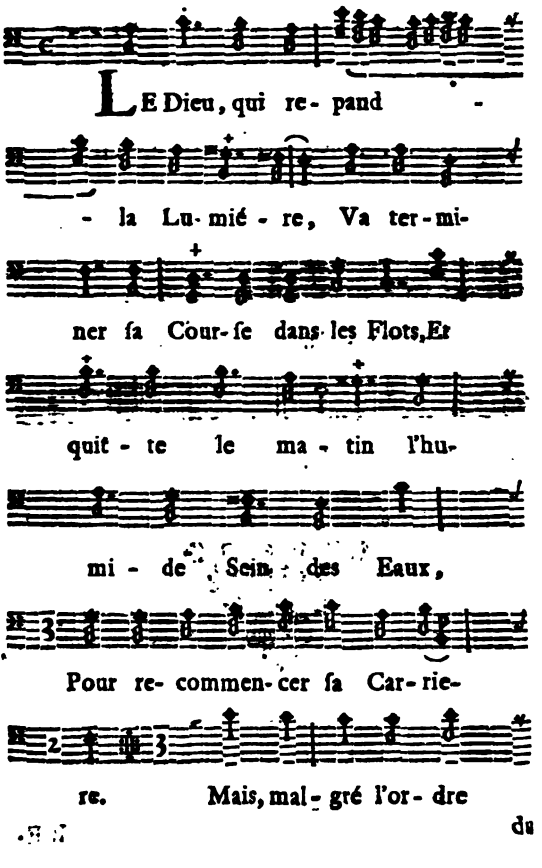
s'en - vo - la, Fit le coup, puis

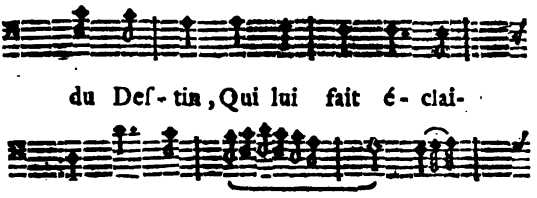
s'en - vo - la.

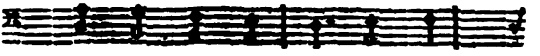


s'en - vo - la.

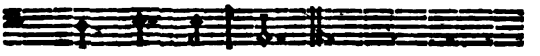
RECIT DE BASSE.




du Deſ - tin, Qui lui fait é - clai -
rer, é - clai - rer - le
Mon - de, S'il cou - choit dans le
Vin, Comme il cou - che dans
l'On - - - - de,
Il ne ſor - ti - roit pas de
ſon Lit ſi ma - tin, Il



ne ſor - ti - roit pas de ſon



Lit ſi ma - tin.

RECIT DE BASSE.

De Mr. Le Maire.

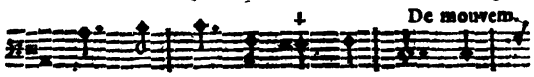
QUel Spec - ta - cle enchan-

teur, qu'il a de quoi me plai-

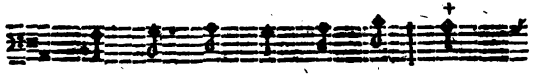
re! Au mi - lieu des dé-

bris d'un ſu - per - be Feſ - tin, Je

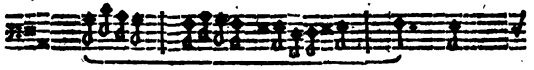
vois



vois Phi - lis, le Verre en main, D'un

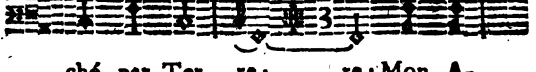


air dé - dai-gneux, & ma - lin,



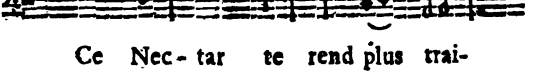
ri- - - - re

de mes Ri - vaux, Que j'ai cou-

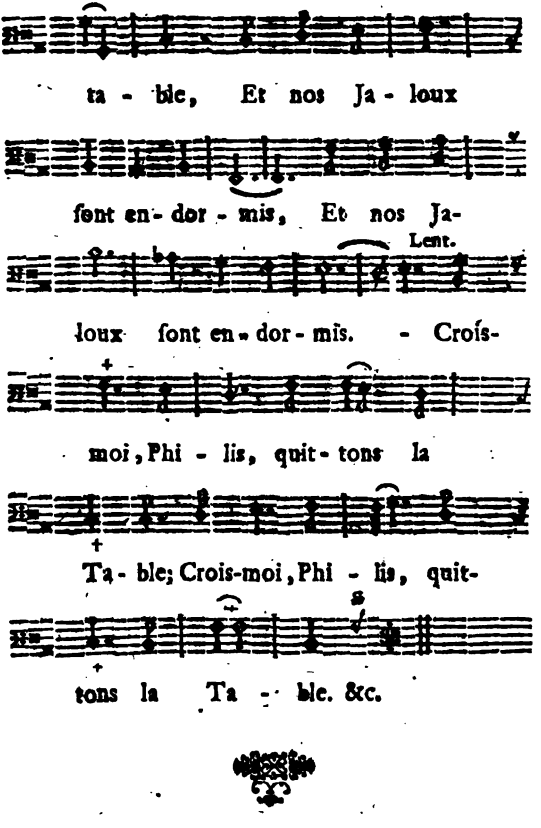


ché par Ter - re: re: Mon A-

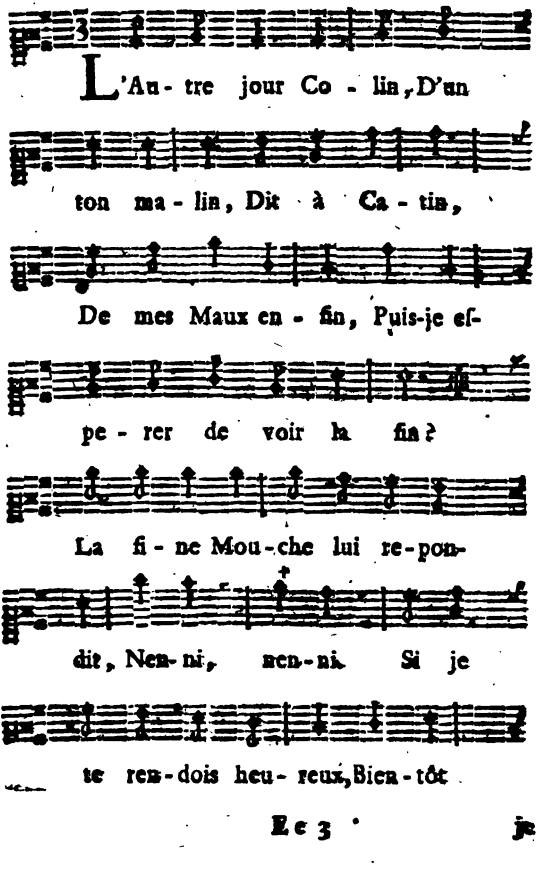
mour n'a plus d'En - ne - mis,



Ce Nec - tar te rend plus trai-


ta - ble, Et nos Ja - loux
ſont en - dor - mis, Et nos Ja-
Lent.
loux ſont en - dor - mis. - Croiſ-
moi, Phi - lis, quit - tons la
Ta - ble; Crois-moi, Phi - lis, quit-
tons la Ta - ble. &c.

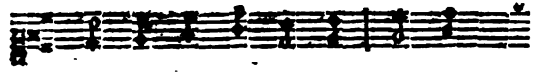
MENUET ITALIEN.



je ver- rois ral - len - tir tes

Feux. Tu de- vien-drois, a - près

la Fa- veur, Cau-ſeur, Trompeur;

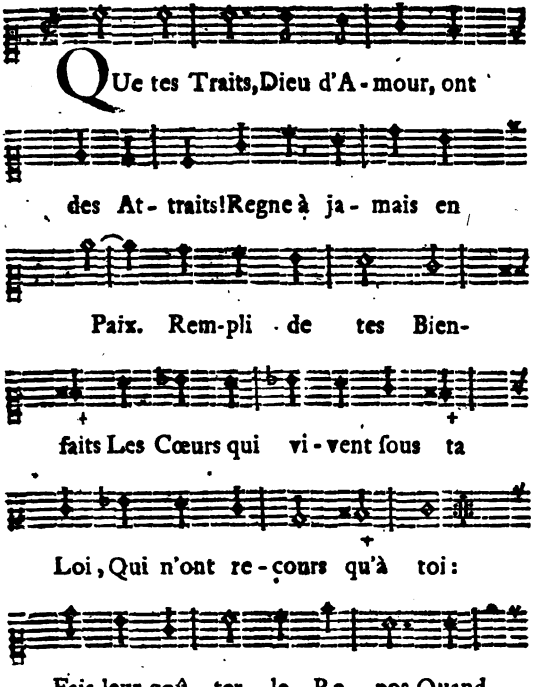


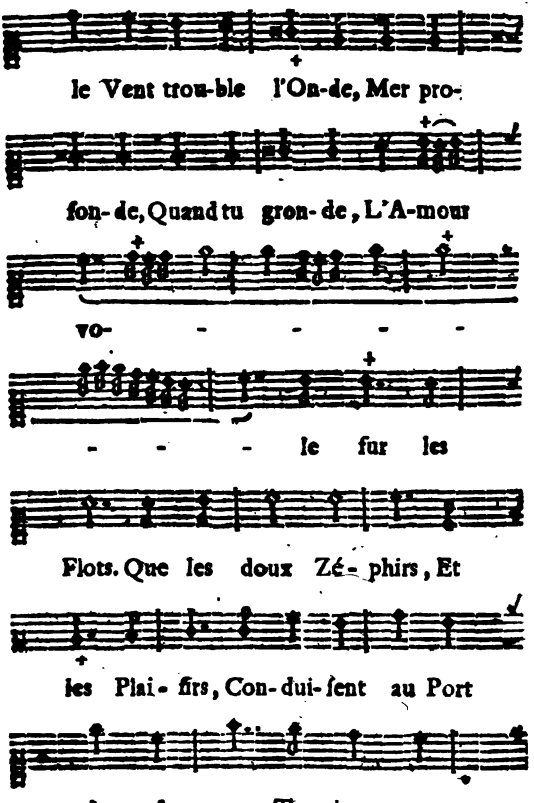
Et je me gar - de - rai bien de

te laiſ- ſer pren-dre mon Cœur.

AIR DE MATELOT.

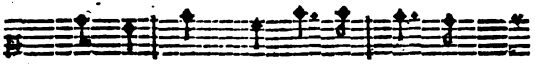
De Mr. de la Coſte.



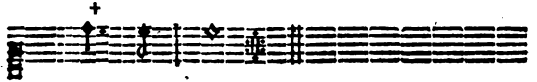

le Vent trou-ble l'On-de, Mer pro-
fon-de, Quand tu gron-de, L'A-mour
vo- - - - -
- - - le fur les
Flots. Que les doux Zé- phirs, Et
les Plai- firs, Con-dui-ſent au Port
les A - mans, Tou-jours con-

ſſans! Pro - fi - tez du tems,

De vo - tre Prin - tems: Em-



bar-quez-vous; L'Empi- re de l'A-

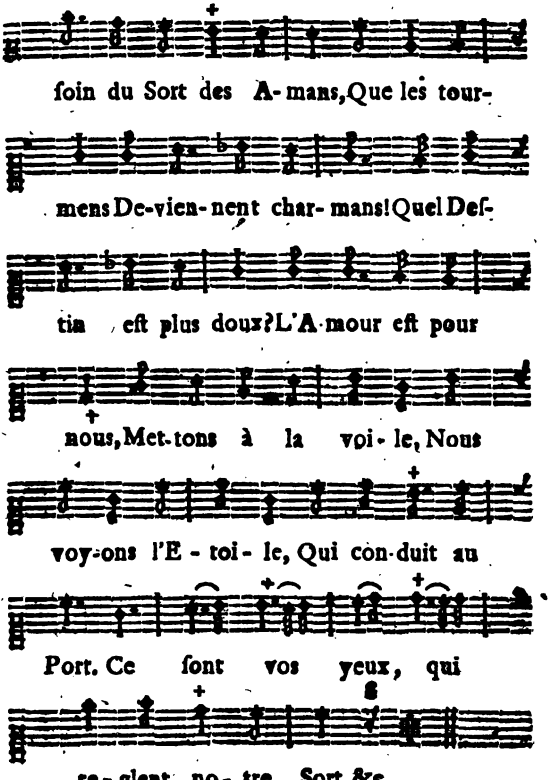


mour eſt doux.

AIR

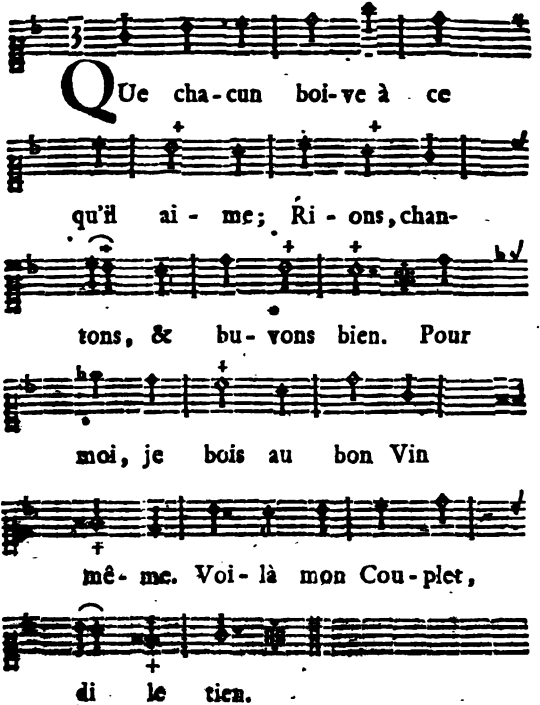
AIR *de Mr. de la Coſſe.*

foin


foin du Sort des A- mans, Que les tour-
mens De-vien-nent char- mans! Quel Deſ-
tin eſt plus doux? L'A-mour eſt pour
nous, Met-tons à la voi- le, Nous
voy-ons l'E - toi - le, Qui con-duit au
Port. Ce ſont vos yeux, qui
re-glent no- tre Sort, &c.

RON-

RONDE DE TABLE.



Je

Je ne bois qu'à mon Iſabelle,
Sans qui je ne puis aimer rien:
Le bon Vin ne vaut rien ſans elle,
Voilà mon Couplet, di le tien.

✽

Célébrons mon Epouſe Hortenſe,
Malgré le Conjugal Lien:
Mais, c'eſt pour boire à ſon Abſence.
Voilà mon Couplet, di le tien.

✽

Je ne m'enyvre qu'à la gloire
De Catin, qui fait tout mon Bien:
Nous nous aimons, elle fait boire.
Voilà mon Couplet, di le tien.

✽

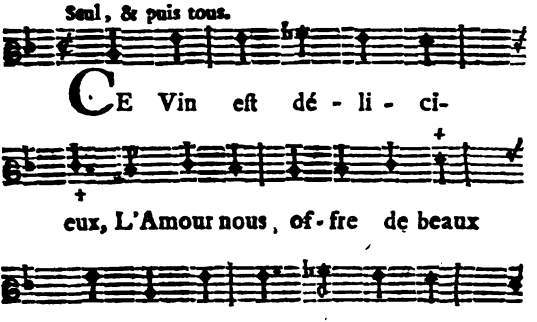
Pour moi, dans cette douce Guerre,
L'Ami du bon Vin eſt le mien:
Je bois à qui remplit mon Verre.
Voilà mon Couplet, di le tien.

✽

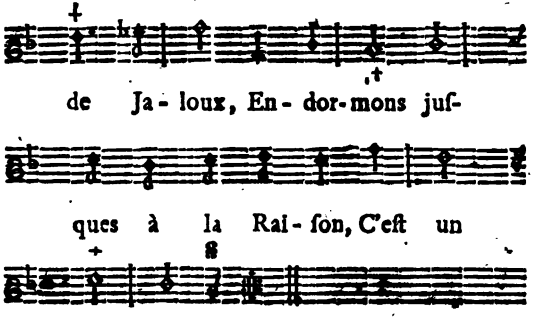
Quoique je ſois petite Fille,
Le bon Vin me plait déja bien:
Plus j'en bois, & plus j'en babille.
Voilà mon Couplet, di le tien.

RONDE DE TABLE.

De Mr. Le Maire.



de



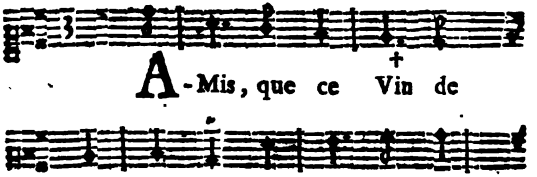
Seul. De Philis, en ce Repas,
Bachus augmente les Appas,
Refuſer d'y ſoumettre ſon Cœur,
C'eſt une Erreur.
Tous. Ce Vin, &c.

Seul. Cette Belle, à tout moment,
Nous verſe de ce Jus charmant:
Quelquefois je tombe à ſes genoux,
Quel bien plus doux!
Tous. Ce Vin, &c.

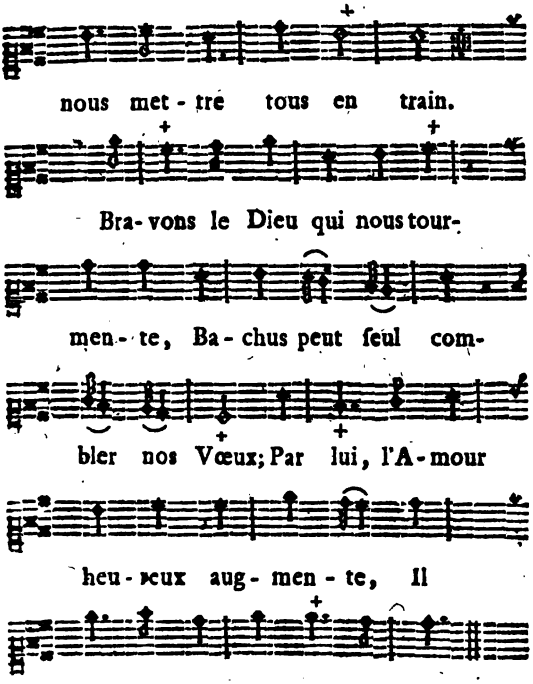
Seul. De tout ce que l'on y fait,
Ne découvrons pas le secret;
Chacun fait qu'entre de bons Amis,
Tout eſt permis.
Tous. Ce Vin, &c.

PARODIE.

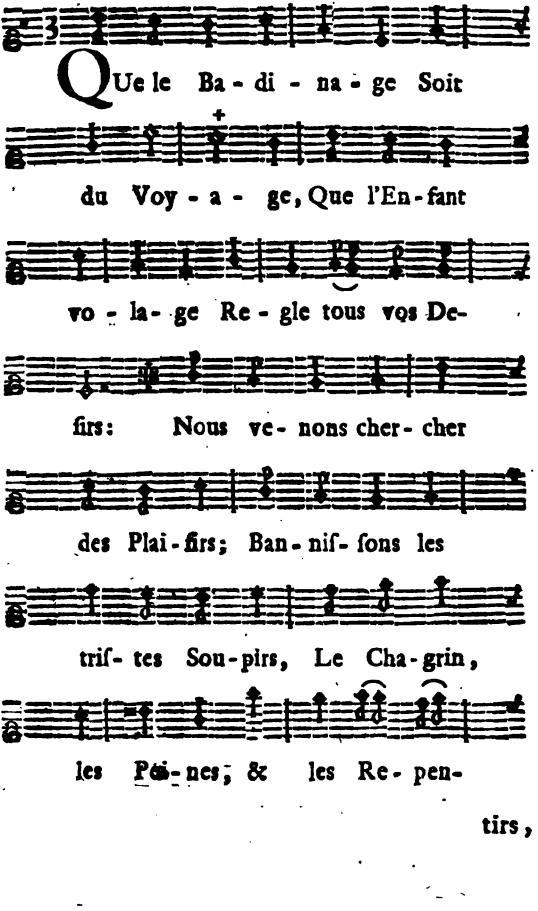
AIR BACHIQUE.

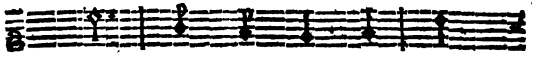


nous


nous met-tre tous en train.
Bra-vons le Dieu qui nous tour-
men-te, Ba-chus peut ſeul com-
bler nos Vœux; Par lui, l'A-mour
heu-reux aug-men-te, Il
dé-truit l'A-mour mal-heu-reux.

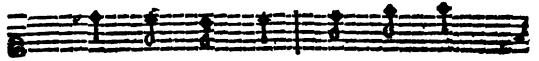
MENUET.


QUe le Ba - di - na - ge Soit
du Voy - a - ge, Que l'En - fant
vo - la - ge Re - gle tous vos De-
firs: Nous ve - nons cher - cher
des Plai - firs; Ban - nif - fons les
trif - tes Sou - pirs, Le Cha - grin,
les Pei - nes; & les Re - pen-
tirs,

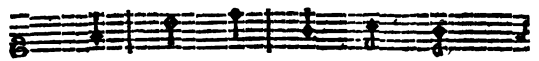


tirs. E - car - tons d'i - ci

les Ja - loux, Ne les ſouf-frons



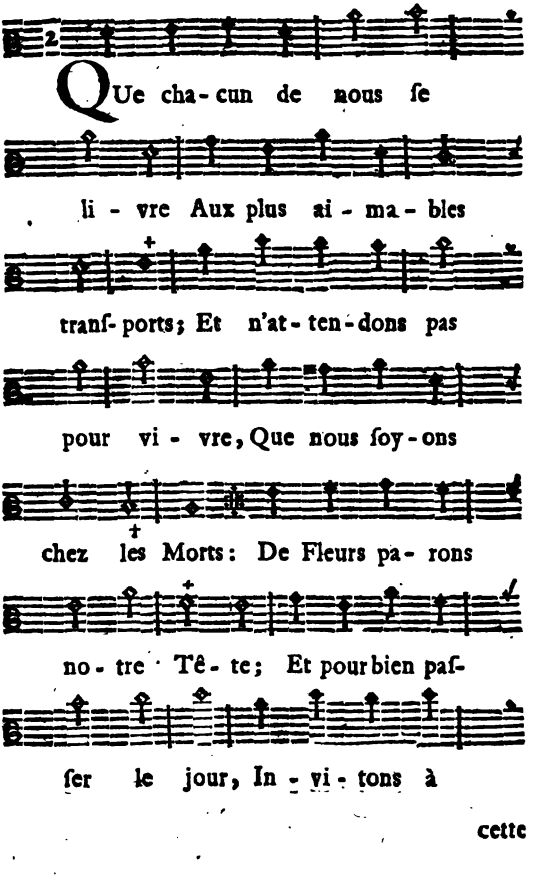
point par - mi nous: Qu'i - ci les



plus ſa - ges de - vien - nent

les plus foux.

VAUDEVILLE.



cette

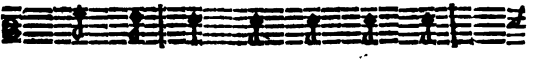
Aux Erreurs de l'Eſperance
N'immolons point nos Deſirs;
L'heure fatale s'avance,
Qui détruira nos Plaiſirs:
L'Amour aux Royaumes ſombres,
Ne porte point ſon Flambeau,
L'on n'embraſſe que des Ombres,
Et l'on n'y boit que de l'Eau.

Vos Yeux, aimable Thémire,
Lancent mille traits vainqueurs;
Profitez de tout l'Empire,
Qu'ils vous donnent ſur les Cœurs:
Ce n'eſt point aſſez de plaire,
Il faut ſe laiſſer charmer:
La gloire d'être ſévere
Ne vaut pas le bien d'aimer.

Rions de l'Erreur extrême
De ce Sage prétendu,
Toujours contraire à lui-même,
A s'attrister assidu ;
Qui, fidéle à son Systême,
Dans un douteux avenir,
Va chercher le Bien suprême :
Contentons-nous d'en jouïr.

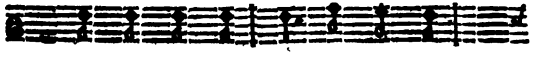
MENUET PARODIÉ.

QUoi ! ce bon Vin, Ai - ma-



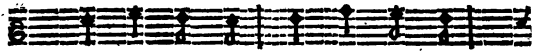
ble Ca - tin, Ne vous ten - te

point ! Qu'un Ver-re en vo - tre main,

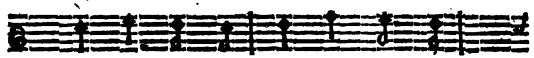


De ce Jus Di - vin, Y bril - le-

roit ;

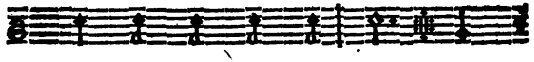


roit, En-ga-ge-roit, A-ni-me-



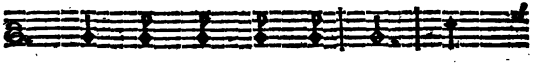
roit, En-flam-me-roit, Ré-jou-i-

roit! Ah! grands Dieux! Qu'amour, en ces



lieux, Fe-roit d'en-vi-eux! Mais,

ce Bon-Bon, Sou-vent, ce dit-

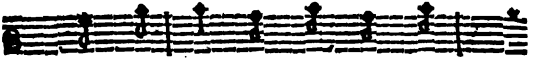


on, Gâ-te la Rai-ſon. Qu'im-

por-te, al-lons, Vui-dons ce Fla-

con, Vi-te un Tir-Bou-chon: Non,

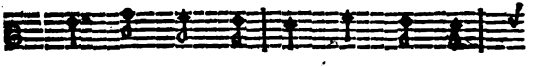
non, ſou-vent par le Vin, L'on de-



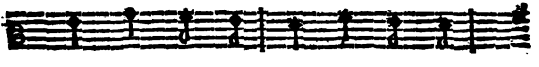
vient mu-tin, L'on va ſon che-

min, L'on par-vient, en-fin, *A*

l'heu-reux mo-ment, Que l'on nous dé-



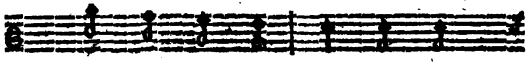
fend. Ca-tin, hé-las! Que vos ap-



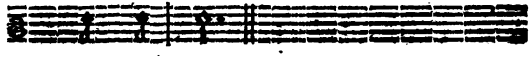
pas, Font de Fra-cas, Dans ce Re-

pas,

pas, Sur un Bu- veur, Dont le Cœur



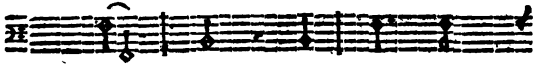
Met tout ſon Bon- heur Dans cet-



te Li- queur.

RECIT DE BASSE.

CA- ba- re- tier im- pi- to-

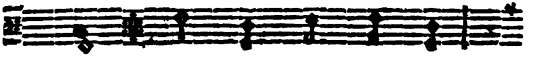


ya - ble, De gra - ce,

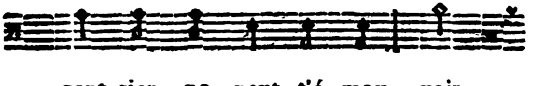
prê- te moi du Vin. Ton re-

fus me per-ce le ſein. Je

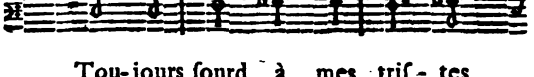
vais mou-rir, la Soif m'ac-ca-



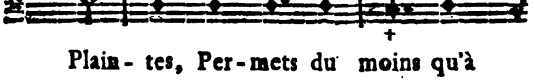
ble: Ah!-lorſ-que ſans Ar-



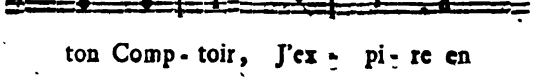
gent rien ne peut t'é-mou--voir,



Tou-jours ſourd à mes triſ-tes

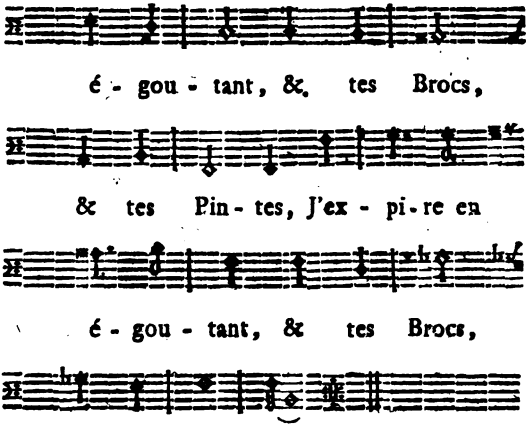


Plain-tes, Per-mets du moins qu'à



ton Comp-toir, J'ex-pi-re en

égou-

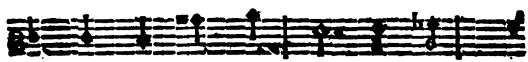

é - gou - tant, &. tes Brocs,
& tes Pin - tes, J'ex - pi - re en
é - gou - tant, & tes Brocs,
& tes Pin - tes.

LES PARTISANS DE BACHUS.

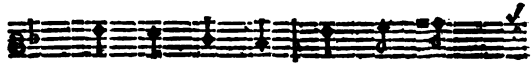
Air de Matelots, de Mr. Rameau.

vend

vend cher ſes Fa - veurs. Ce



ſont les ſeuls Bu - veurs, Qui poſ-

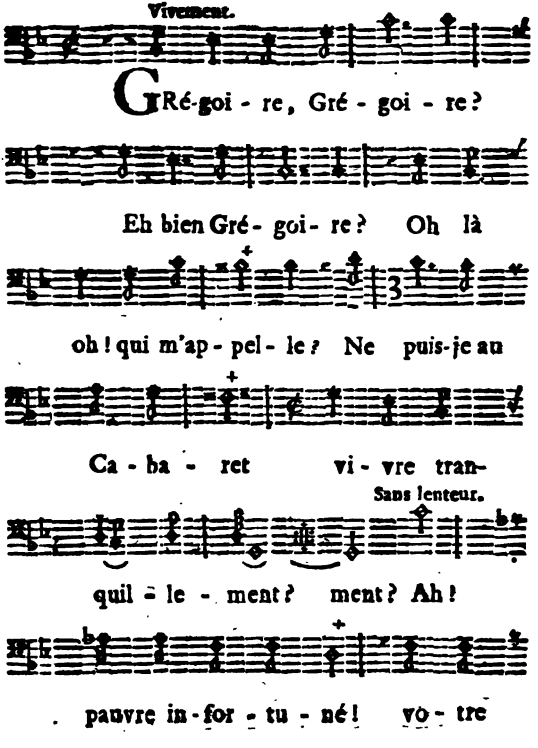


ſe - dent la Sa - geſ - ſe. Tout

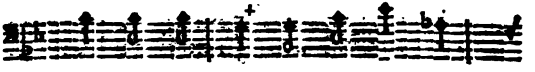
eſt à moi, Lorſ-que je boi.

AIR A BOIRE.

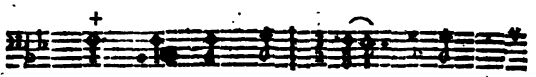
De Mr. de Blamont.



Fem-

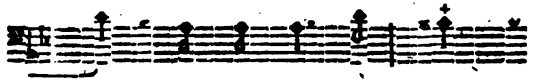


Femme I-ſa - bel-le Peut-ê-tre ex-

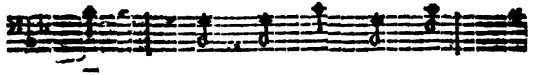


pi - re en ce mo - ment. Ma

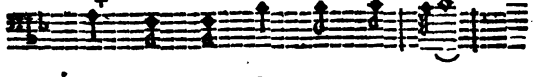
Fem-me, di - tes - vous? Ciel!



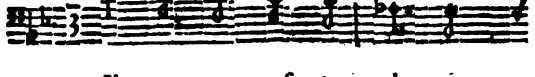
- qui l'au-roit pû croi-



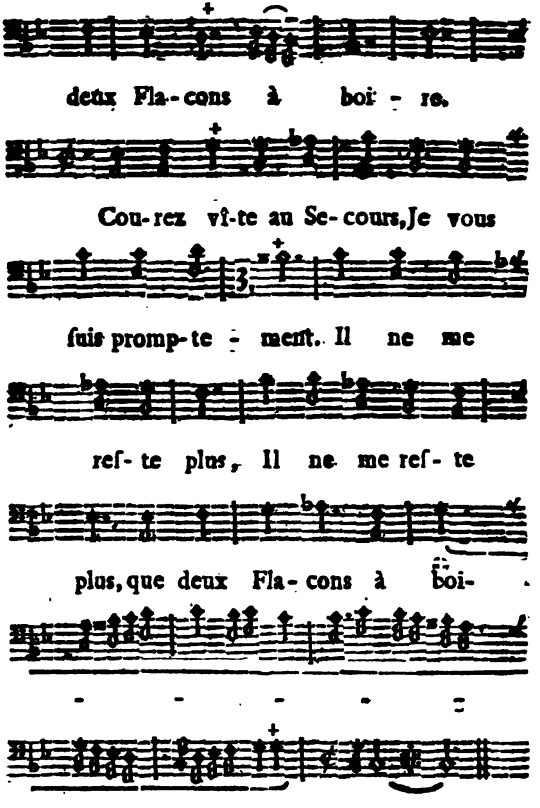
re! Cou - rez vî - te au Se-



cours, Je vous ſuis promp-te - ment.



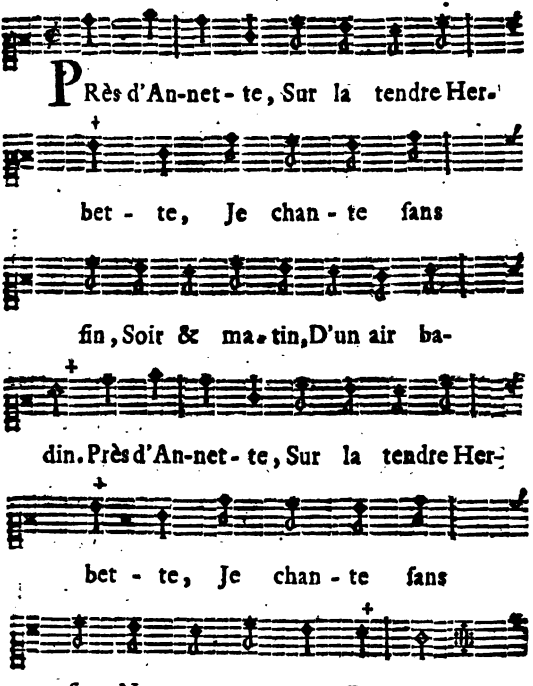
Il ne me reſ - te plus que


deux Fla-cons à boi-re.
Cou-rez vî-te au Se-cours, Je vous
ſuis promp-te-ment. Il ne me
reſ-te plus, Il ne me reſ-te
plus, que deux Fla-cons à boi-
re. re.

MU-

MUSETTE.

De Mr. Le Maire.



Cette

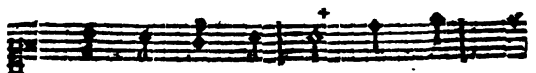
Cet-te Fo-let-te Re-prend ſou-

dain Le Re-frain De ma Chanſon-

net-te. Près d'An-net-te,

Sur la ten-dre Her-bet-te,

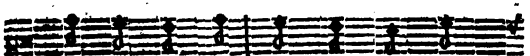
Je chan-te ſans fin, Soir & ma-



tin, D'un air ba-din. Près d'An-

net-te, Sur la tendre Her-bet-te,

Je



Je chan-te ſans fin No-tre a-mou-

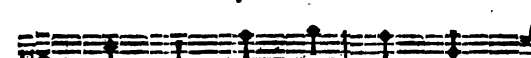
reux Deſ-tin, Vien, Co-lin, dit en-

fin La Fi-net-te, Mei-ne ſeu-

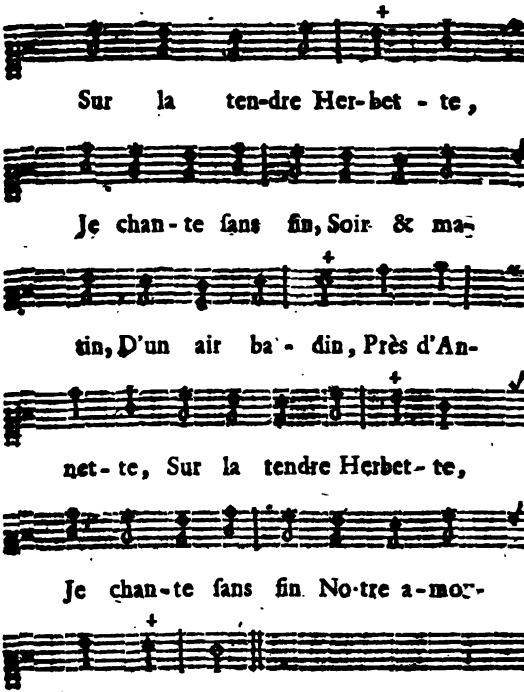
let-te, Par la main, Ta Bru-

net-te, Dans le Bois pro-chain.

Sois cer-tain D'y com-bler, notre a-mou-

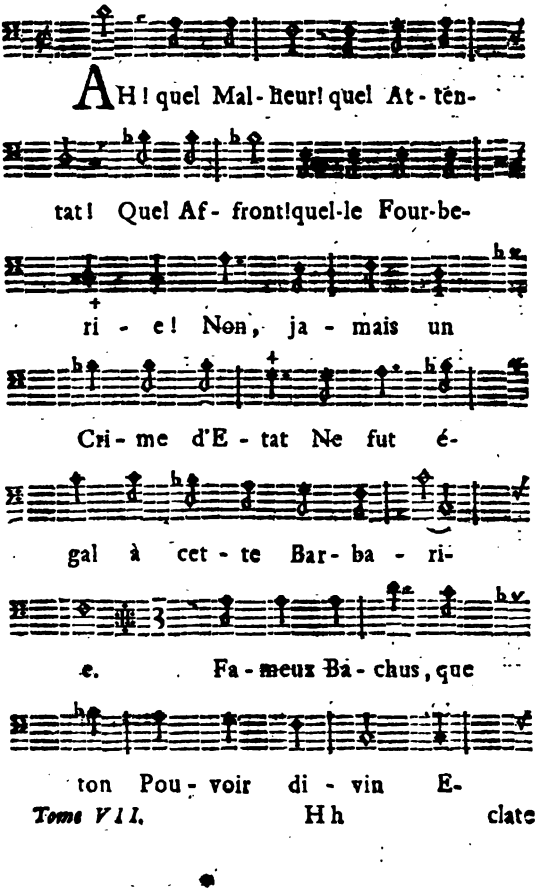


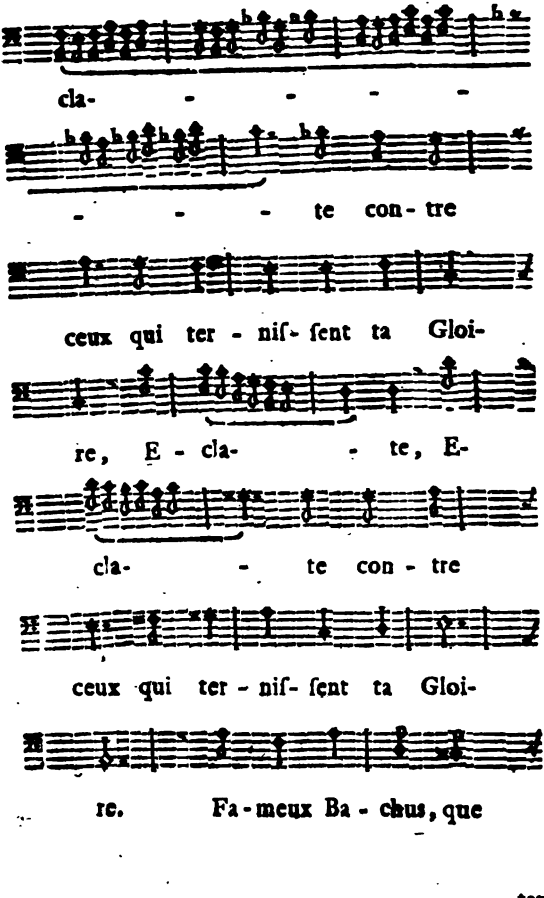
ret-te. Près d'An-net-te,


Sur la ten-dre Her-bet - te,
Je chan - te ſans fin, Soir & ma-
tin, D'un air ba - din, Près d'An-
net - te, Sur la tendre Herbet - te,
Je chan - te ſans fin. No-tre a-mor-
reux Deſ - tin.

RE-

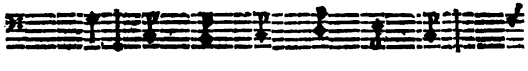
RECIT DE BASSE.



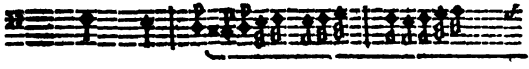

cla- - - - -
- - - te con- tre
ceux qui ter - nif- ſent ta Gloi-
re, E - cla- - te, E-
cla- - te con - tre
ceux qui ter - nif- ſent ta Gloi-
re. Fa - meux Ba - chus, que

ton

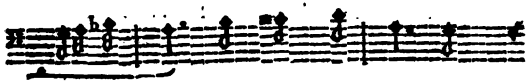
ton Pou-voir di - vin, Fa-meux



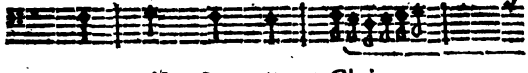
Ba- chus, que ton Pou- voir Di-



vin, E - cla- - - -

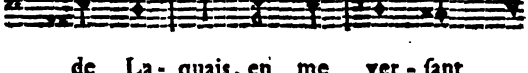


- te con- tre ceux qui



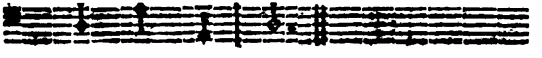
ter - nif - fent ta Gloi- -

- re. Un Co- quin



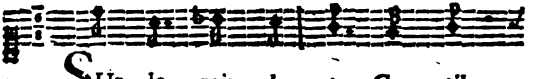
de La- quais, en me ver - fant

à . boi - re, . A ver - ſé de

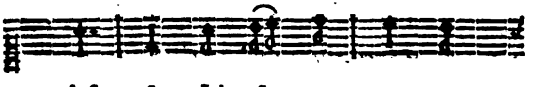


l'Eau dans mon Vin.

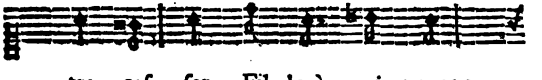
VAUDEVILLE.



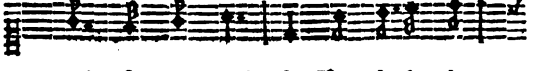
SUr le prix de ta Gen - til-



leſ - ſe, Li - ſe, ne va pas

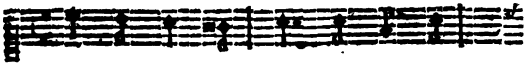


tra - caſ - ſer. Fil - le à quin-ze ans

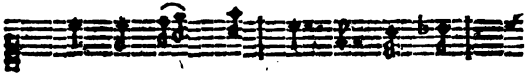


qui ſe re - dreſ - ſe Vou-droit à

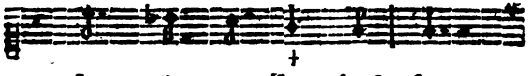
trente



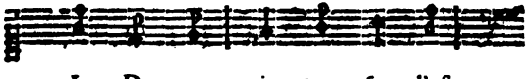
tren-te ca-reſ-ſer. Ja-dis cer-



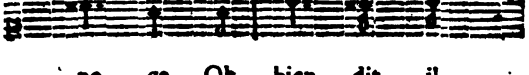
tain Sa-ge de Gré-ce Vint à



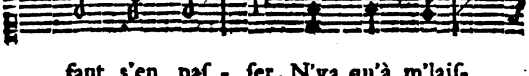
La-ïs pour l'em-braſ-ſer.



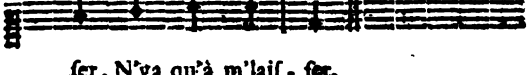
La Da-me tint trop ſur l'eſ-



pe-ce. Oh bien, dit-il,



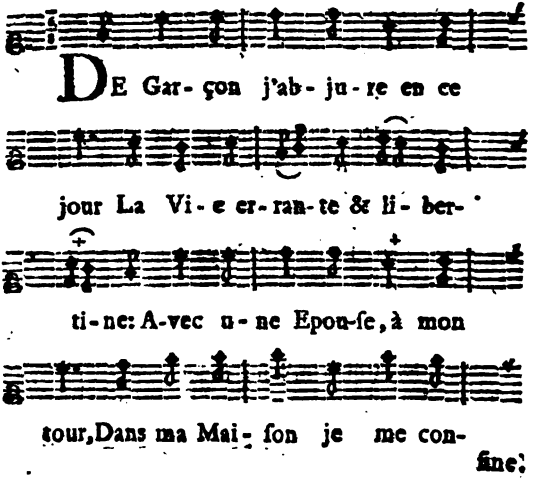
faut s'en paſ-ſer, N'ya qu'à m'laiſ-



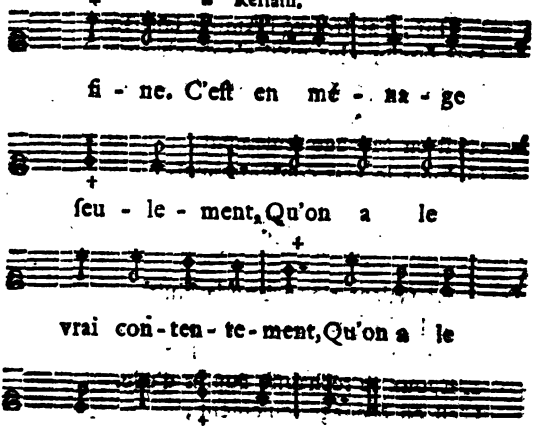
ſer, N'ya qu'à m'laiſ-ſer.

L'Amour eſt un vrai Traitre à pendre;
Il faut trop d'Art pour l'abuſer.
Il a, le Drôle, ôſé repandre
Mon Verre plein, & le caſſer.
Bachus outré, pour me défendre,
Etoit tout prêt à le feſſer;
Quand Fanchon, d'un air triſte & tendre,
Nous dit, c'étoit ſans y penſer,
N'ya qu'à l'laiſſer. *Bis.*

VAUDEVILLE.



§ Refrain.



Reconnoiſſant de tes Bienfaits,
Hymen, pour toi, qui l'eut pû croire!
Je fais une Chanſon exprès,
Avec ce Refrain à ta Gloire:
C'eſt en Ménage ſeulement,
Qu'on a le vrai contentement.

Oui, j'ai trouvé l'Amour sans toi,
Dangereux plus qu'il n'a de charmes:
Mais, qu'on se range sous ta Loi,
C'est-là qu'on le fait sans allarmes.
C'est en Ménage seulement,
Qu'on a le vrai contentement.

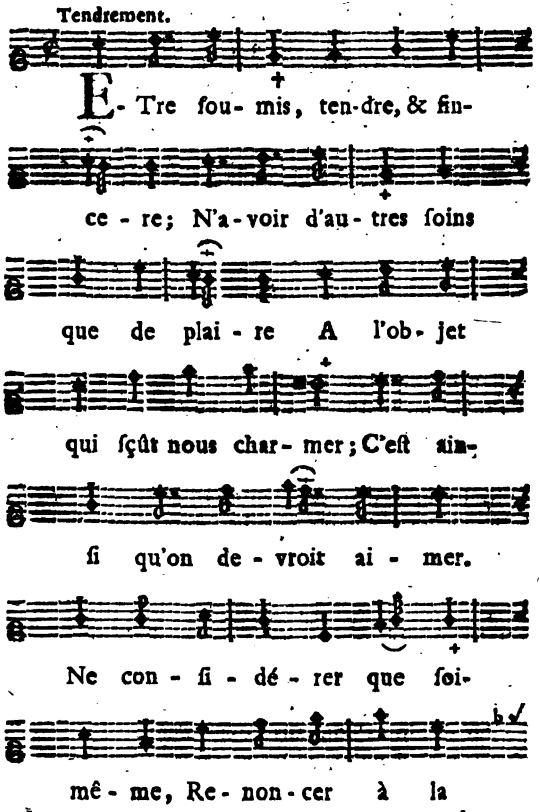
Le Galant s'enrhûme la Nuit,
Sous la fenêtre d'une Belle,
Tandis que doucement au Lit
L'Epoux se rechauffe auprès d'elle.
C'est en Ménage seulement,
Qu'on a le vrai contentement.

Exempt de tous les embarras,
Avec une moitié touchante,
Sans crainte je prends mes ébats,
Mari content toujours je chante.
C'est en Ménage seulement,
Qu'on a le vrai contentement.

AIR

AIR TENDRE.

Tendrement.



Loin des beaux Yeux de ſa Maîtreſſe,
Sentir une vive Tendreſſe,
Qu'aucun Plaiſir ne peut calmer ;
C'eſt ainſi qu'on devroit aimer.
N'y penſer plus dès le jour même,
Se livrer à d'autres Amours,
Et changer d'objet tous les jours ;
C'eſt ainſi que l'on aime.

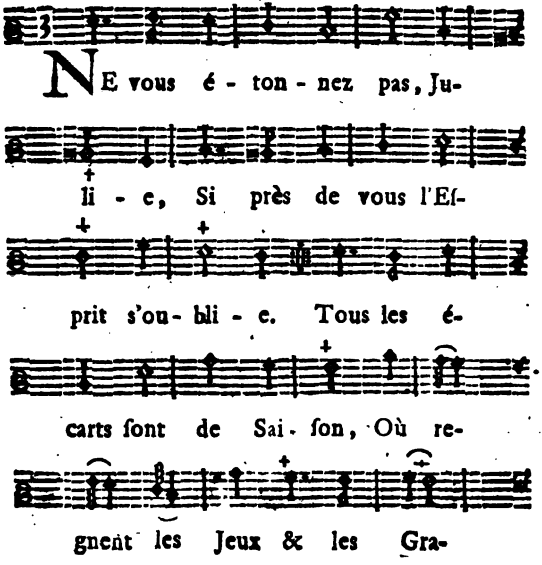
Se plaire dans ſon doux Martyre,
Reſſentir beaucoup, & peu dire,
Par des ſoins conſtans s'exprimer ;
C'eſt ainſi qu'on devroit aimer.

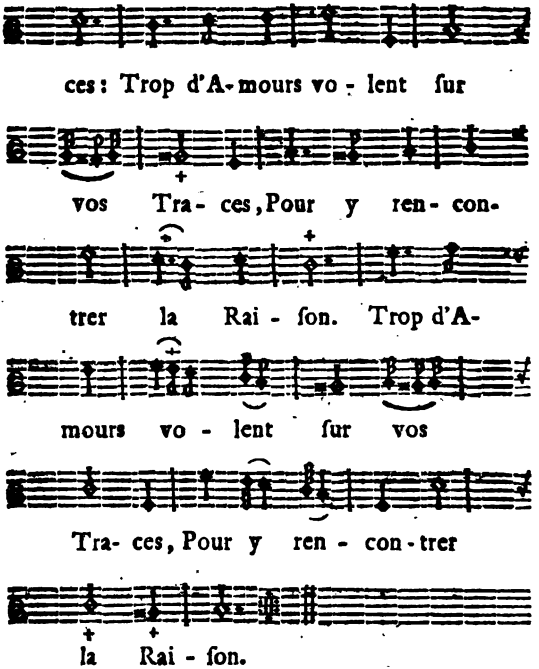
Affec-

Affecter une peine extrême,
Feindre sans cesse de languir,
Beaucoup dire, & peu ressentir;
C'est ainsi que l'on aime.

AIR BADIN.

De Mr. de Blamont.





FIN.

Heurtebise
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